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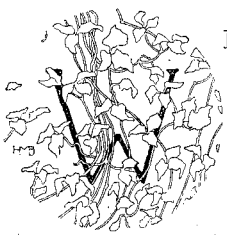
STEAMSHIP LINES OF THE WORLD.

By Ridgely Hunt, U. S. Navy.



WRITERS of maritime history give to the United States the credit of establishing long lines of communication by sea with far-distant countries. As early as 1789 the merchants of Boston despatched their ships direct to China and the East Indies, some time before England entered on this trade; for the American vessels not only brought their cargoes to the home markets, but also transshipped spices, silks, teas, sugar, coffee, and cotton to Europe. In those times a skipper felt satisfied if he made the outward voyage of 15,000 miles, by way of the Cape of Good Hope, in 150 days, and came back *via* Cape Horn, some 17,000 miles, in the same time.

The development of the resources of the East by the East India Company, and the richness of the freights carried by the United States vessels—the proceeds of a single voyage often defraying the first cost of the ship—induced England to enter into competition; thus starting that rivalry between the sailing fleets of the two nations that was long the admiration of the world. In 1845 the American clippers, long, low, of good beam, very fine lines, and with yards so square and spars so lofty as to set a greater spread of canvas in proportion to their tonnage than any ship hitherto sailed, entered the race and left all rivals far astern. Then followed the days of which the old "sad sea-dogs" still love to tell, when every stitch of sail was carried until the fierce wind blew it from the bolt-ropes; when for weeks the lee scuppers lay buried in the seething waters and the flying jibboom plunged deep into the white-capped waves; when the good ship Sovereign of the Seas came into port 90 days from Hong Kong, and the town gathered on the wharf to welcome the daring navigators; while the cargo of teas and coffees was sold at fabulous prices. And these old salts still discuss the dinner given the bold captain that night, when the log of the voyage would be read and men would sit amazed at hearing that in 22 days the ship had sailed over 5,391 miles, that for four days her daily run had been 341.8 miles, and that in one day she had done 375 miles, at the rate of 15.6 knots.

The discovery of gold in California started a line of travel 14,000 miles long from Europe and the Eastern seaboard of the United States via Cape Horn to the western coast of North America. Ships on this line took out merchandise of every description to be used in building and maintaining the city of San Francisco, and after landing this freight, for which they received $25 a ton, they sailed for China, whence, after loading with teas and sugars at $25 and $30 a ton for freight, they returned direct to the United States or England.

In the meantime Australia had been opened up, and the Australian packet lines, leaving London for Melbourne 12,000 miles away, were making 100-

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days voyages by way of the Cape, "with a chance of being drowned." This line carried many passengers, but it was not until 1850 that this traffic began

Promenade Deck of an Orient Liner.

to assume such importance that vessels were run on regular schedules for its accommodation. During the time of the Crimean war this trade was enormous, and the Liverpool packet lines between England and New York reaped a rich remuneration in spite of serious accidents. It is reported that in the year 1854 no less than nine emigrant ships foundered at sea.

The day of the sailing ship on short routes was now closing, for the steamship entering into competition, gradually absorbed the lucrative passenger traffic and much of the more valuable freight.

In looking over the history of the lines of the world, none is found to have exerted more influence upon subsequent progress than the old route between India and England. This route at first doubled the Cape of Good Hope—a distance of 14,000 miles, so long and uncertain that the East India Company frequently sent their despatches by way of the Persian Gulf and then overland between Bagdad and Constantinople. The successful crossing of the Atlantic Ocean by the steamship Savannah suggested the possibility of a like means of communication with India. Accordingly, the English side-wheel steamship Enterprise, of 470 tons, 122 feet long, bark-rigged, left Falmouth in the year 1825 and reached Calcutta, after a voyage of 13,700 miles, in 113 days, of which 64 were steaming days. This result, though unsatisfactory, stimulated efforts looking toward remunerative steam navigation in the East. The first steamship arrived at Macao, China, in 1830. As an inducement to people to choose this novel mode of travelling, a Canton paper contained the following notice of a steamer: "She carries a crew, a surgeon, a band of music, and has rooms elegantly fitted up for cards and opium smoking."

The problem of a short route to Europe from India was practically solved in 1830, by sending a steamer from Bombay to Suez, a distance of 3,000 miles,

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DRAWN BY CARLTON T. CHAPMAN.

Entrance to the Suez Canal at Port Said.

ENGRAVED BY T. H. HEARD.

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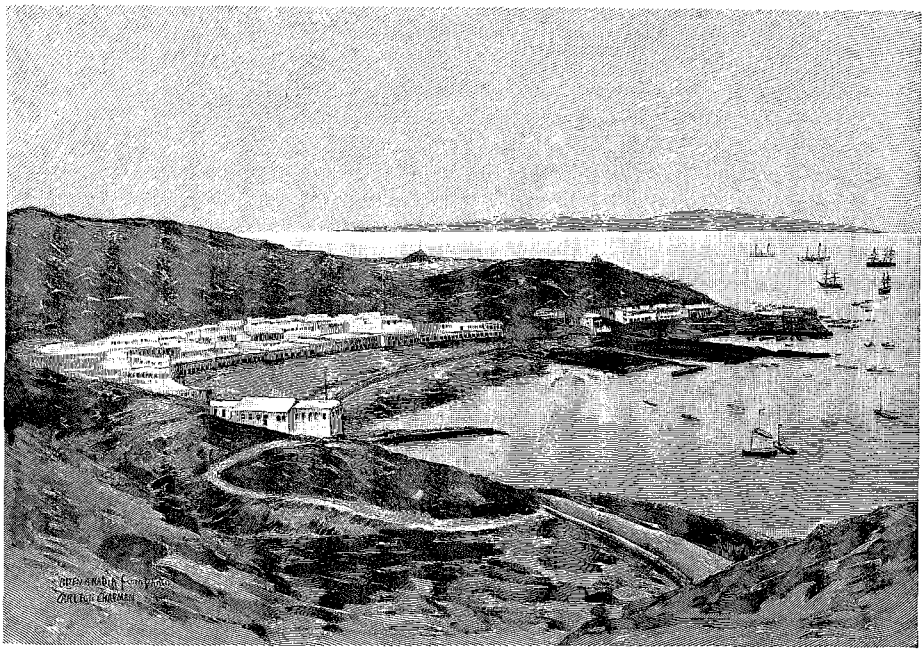

The Port of Aden, Arabia.

in 25 days. In a few years a regular line was established between the two places, connecting with steamers at Alexandria by means of a camel service across the desert. The camel post was succeeded by four-horse vans, and later these were followed by the Suez Canal and the railway.

With the progress of time sailing-ships have given way to steamships, and the routes of communication which they, after years of navigating, did so much to establish, have become the highways of an enormous trade, along which large and swift steamships are constantly going to and fro with the certainty and regularity of railway trains. A steamer to-day leaves her wharf at the moment of time set forth in her schedule, and arrives at the terminus of her voyage—it may be many thousand miles away—with almost equal promptitude.

Like railway traffic, steamer traffic follows certain main routes or grand trunk lines, having numerous feeders or subsidiary lines. The great ocean thoroughfares of the world are:

1. The route across the Atlantic, through the Mediterranean Sea, Suez Canal, and Red Sea, to India, China, Australia, and eastern Africa.

2. The route by the Pacific Ocean to Japan, China, and Australia.

3. The route by the Atlantic Ocean down the east coast of South America, and around Cape Horn, to western America and Australasia; and

4. The route down the Atlantic and the west coast of Africa, around the Cape of Good Hope, to East Africa, Australasia, and the East. The number of steamers traversing these grand routes, and those tributary to them, is estimated to be more than 11,000. In order to emphasize the importance of ocean navigation, the appended table* of the number of steam vessels, their money value, and the value of the merchandise they carry, is given for the five greatest nations of the globe:

	Number of steam vessels.	Gross tons.	Value of vessels.	Value of trade carried in vessels.
Great Britain.	6,403	8,235,854	$550,000,000	$3,476,500,000
Germany.....	741	928,911	63,500,000	1,624,000,000
France.....	526	809,598	48,500,000	1,471,000,000
United States.	416	517,394	42,000,000	1,462,500,000
Italy.....	212	300,625	22,000,000	415,000,000
Russia.....	236	106,155	12,500,000	60,000,000

* The table is from Lloyd's Register, 1890-91.

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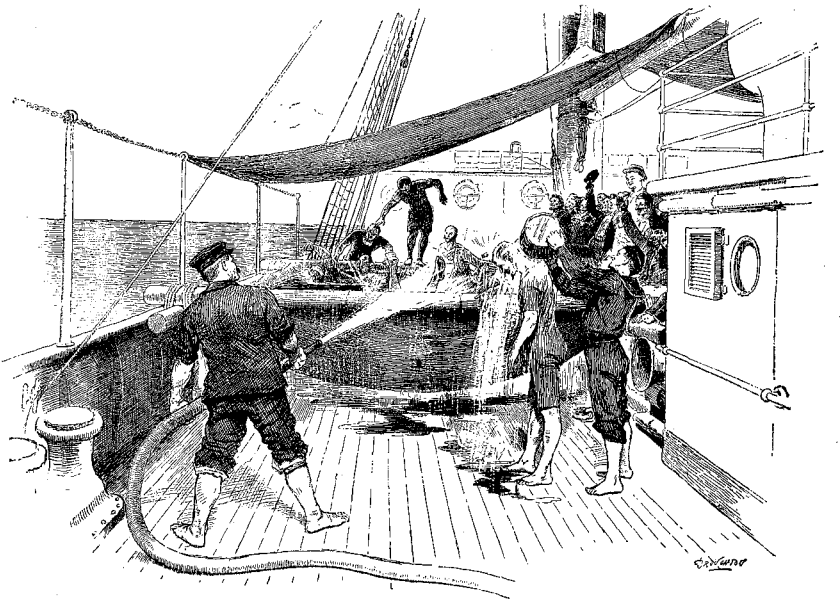
Owing to the various lines of communication which have been opened up, the traveller is now offered the choice of a number of routes, each vying with the other in attractiveness and interest. For instance, the whole journey from London to Constantinople can be performed with no more than 17 hours of sea-passage ; or, if a more leisurely way be preferred, the whole journey can be made by water. Therefore the first thing to be done is to determine the route to be followed, and the time to be given the trip. Then the dates of sailing should be settled. These preliminaries concluded, there comes the question of the selection of steamers. If England is to be visited, passage must be booked on some line bound to that country. If, however, the objective point be on the Continent, a room



A Deck-bath in the Tropics.

should be engaged on some line bound for Germany, France, Spain, or the Mediterranean.

The number of steamers engaged in the regular passenger service between the Eastern seaboard of the United States and the Old World is probably greater than most travellers imagine. At the present time there are upward of thirty-five distinct lines, each with a larger or smaller fleet of steamers regularly engaged in Atlantic transport. Six of these, the Cunard, the White Star, the Anchor, the Guion, the National, and the Inman, sail between New York and Liverpool. Four others, the Norddeutscher Lloyd, the Hamburg-American Packet Company, the Union Line, and the Baltic Line, trade between New York and German ports. The National Line, the Hill Line, and the Wilson Line go to London ; two others, the Allan-State and the Anchor, to Glasgow. Two French lines, the General Transatlantic and the French Commercial Steamship Company sail for Havre and Marseilles. Two lines communicate with Dutch ports, the Netherlands-American Steam Navigation Company, and the Royal Netherlands Steamship Company ; two more, the Red Star and the White Cross lines, leave for Antwerp ; one line, the Thingvalla, steams to Copenhagen, and the General Italian Navigation Company, and the Anchor Line, make Italian ports.

The regular service by steam between Europe and the rich and varied East, by way of the Mediterranean, Suez Canal, and India, is carried on by several dif-

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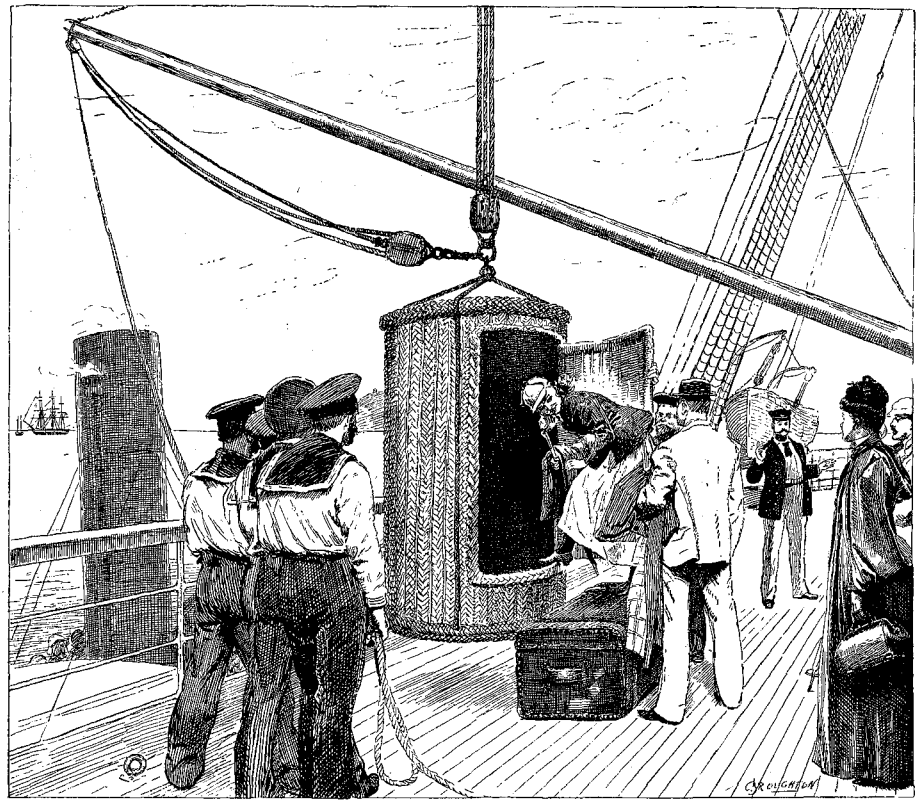

Landing Passengers at Natal, South Africa.

ferent companies, the best known of which are the Peninsular & Oriental Company of England, the Messageries Maritimes of France, the Norddeutscher Lloyd of Germany, and the Austrian Lloyd of Austria. Each of these mail lines offers to travellers all that can be desired in the way of food, quarters, comforts, and facilities for seeing strange lands and peoples; so the selection of any particular one must be decided by personal considerations.

The P. & O. (as the Peninsular & Oriental Steam Navigation Company is commonly called) is one of the most extensive steamship organizations in the world, the yearly distance run on all its lines, main and subsidiary, exceeding 2,500,000 miles. In 1840 the company began the carrying of English mails in steamers between Alexandria and London, receiving for this service a subsidy of $160,000 a year. To-day the fleet numbers 50 vessels, which touch at ports of importance in the Mediterranean, Egypt, the Indian Ocean, China, Japan, and Australia, and the subsidy received for the transportation of mails to and from all these parts is $1,750,000 per annum.

If the traveller wishes to go by this line, he may commence his journey from either London or Plymouth, cross the Bay of Biscay, where the chances of getting an ugly sea and perhaps a gale of wind are about even, and entering the Mediterranean, make Gibraltar his first port, 5 days and 1,300 miles distant from London. A stay of 4 hours will allow a short run on shore. A drive around the superb Rock is worth the taking, also a visit to the battery, where the 16-inch 100-ton guns keep watch over the threshold of the blue sea. Loquacious guides tell of an under-the-sea tunnel between the fortress and Apes Hill, Africa, through which monkeys have passed, and that once upon a time five venturesome sailors started down this subway; three of

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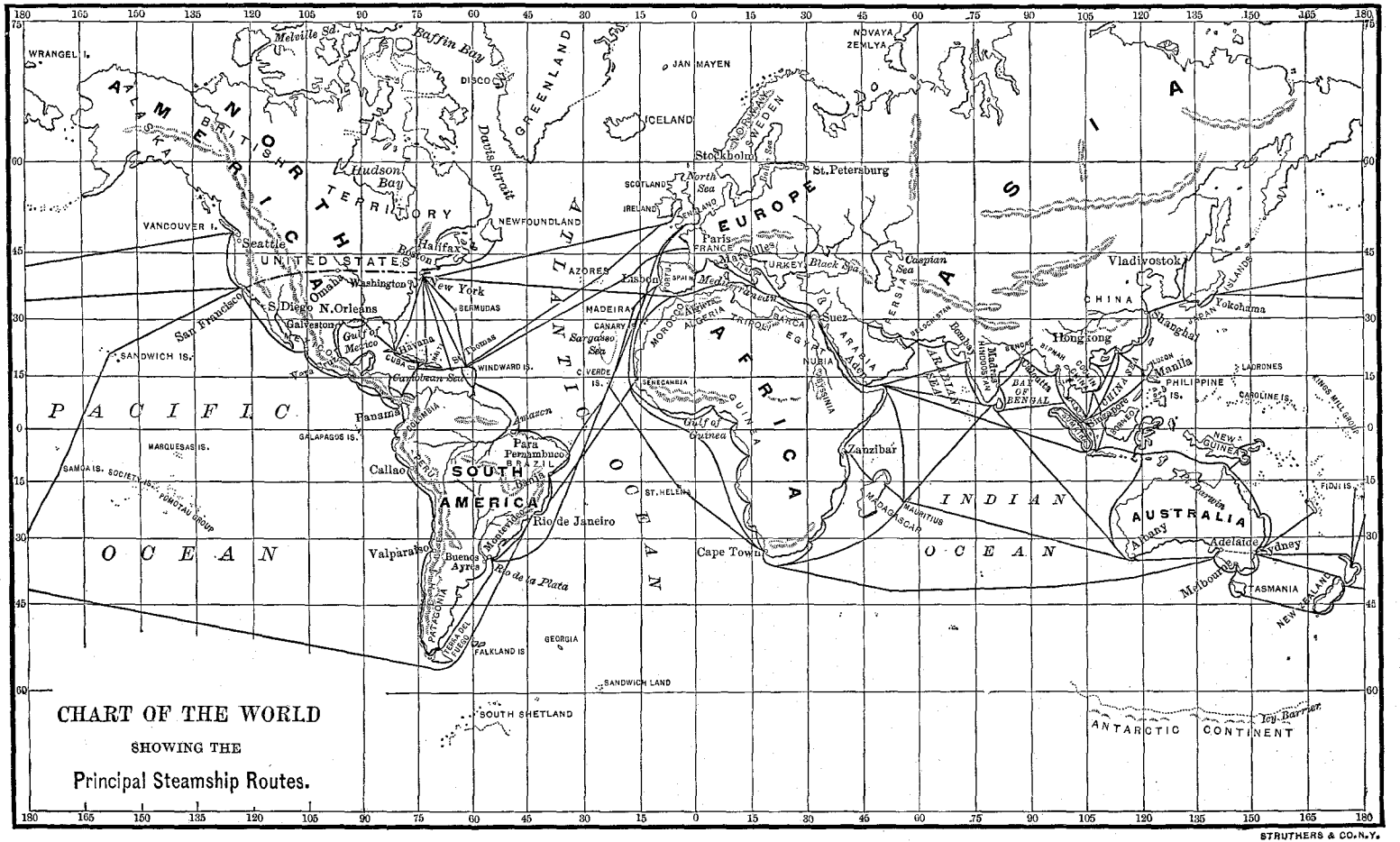

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them soon turned back, those remaining —but "that is another story."

From Gibraltar the P. & O. steamers steer for Malta, 980 miles away, generally through a smooth sea, though in winter northwesters blow at times with great violence off the Sicilian coast, raising a heavy sea in the channel. In summer the winds are from the southward, hot, humid, and prostrating, but they are not of frequent occurrence nor of long duration. On the fourth day the traveller is landed in Valetta, with 8 or 10 hours at his disposal. He should see the interior of the Church of St. John, where the floor is made of mosaic tablets in memory of the old knights, each tablet bearing a coat of arms formed by the most skilful inlaying of marble tiles.

From Malta to Port Said is 935 miles, made in 4 days. In winter there may be a norther. The traveller has now, after having gone 3,200 miles in 13 days, reached the port to which all ships bound southward make their way. Here will be found P. & O. steamers that have come from Brindisi with the Indian mails, having stopped at Alexandria to ship them by rail to Suez. This route, known as the Indian Mail, is the quickest of all between Europe and India. The train service runs from London to Brindisi in less than 50 hours. From Brindisi, where the steamer is waiting, and where the mails and passengers are hurried aboard, the run is made to Alexandria, 825 miles away, in 3½ days. At Alexandria mails and through passengers are transported by rail to Suez in 16 hours, and from Suez a steamer leaves for Bombay *via* Aden, arriving 12 days later; the whole journey from London to Bombay, 4,020 miles, having taken 18 days.

A second great English line that makes for Port Said is the British India Steam Navigation Company, incorporated in 1856 to open up the coasting trade of India. This organization, upon the opening of the Suez Canal, despatched the first steamer through to London that carried an Indian cargo. Shortly afterward regular routes were inaugurated between London, Aden, and the Persian Gulf; and between Aden and the African coast to Zanzibar. Also a trunk route was established for the various coasting lines of India, extending from London to Calcutta. A further extension was begun about ten years ago, when Batavia, Thursday Island, Brisbane, and Sidney in Australia were added to its itinerary. The British India Steam Navigation Company employs on its main and auxiliary routes a fleet of over 100 vessels, large and small, that traverse about 3,000,000 miles a year.

If the traveller has reached Port Said from Marseilles, he has doubtless come in the Messageries Maritimes steamer. This great French undertaking began its first over-sea contract in 1851, carrying mails as far as Egypt. The next extension of operations was a line to Brazil and the Rio de la Plata. Finally a mail contract established the route to India, China, and Australia. To-day the Messageries fleet comprises 65 superb vessels that have cost about $27,000,000; and the aggregate distance they steam amounts to 2,520,000 miles every year. The ships bound for China leave Marseilles and Naples, and make the ports of Aden, Colombo, Singapore, Saigon, Hong-Kong, and Shanghai. A second main line stretches from Aden down to the Seychelles Islands, Mauritius, Melbourne, Sydney, and New Caledonia. The Messageries Company also operates lines to the West Indies and South America.

To Port Said comes also the Norddeutscher Lloyd Imperial Steamship Company, better known as the German Mail. The East Asian mail line of this company was established only in 1886, and is rapidly growing in importance and favor. The steamers leave Bremen, call at Antwerp, Southampton, and Genoa, thence through the canal to Aden, Colombo, Singapore, and Hong-Kong, to Shanghai. The mail route to Australasia reaches the ports of Adelaide, Melbourne, and Sydney, whence a branch line leads to the Samoan Islands and Tongatabu. The German Lloyd also operate a line from Trieste via Brindisi to Alexandria. For carrying the mails on the above three lines, in accordance with government stipulations, the German Lloyd receives a subsidy of $1,047,619 per annum.

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TABLE OF DISTANCES, DAYS, AND APPROXIMATE PRICES FROM LONDON EASTWARD BY SEA TO SAN FRANCISCO.

From New York to London is 3,000 miles, 7–8 days, and $100.

From San Francisco to New York by rail is 3,000 miles, 6 days, and $200.

London.			Gibraltar.			Malta.			Port Said.			Aden.			Bombay.			Colombo.			Singapore.			Hong-Kong.			Yokohama.			
Miles.	Days.	Price.	Miles.	D.	Price.	Miles.	D.	Price.	Miles.	D.	Price.	Miles.	D.	Price.	Miles.	D.	Price.	Miles.	D.	Price.	Miles.	D.	Price.	Miles.	D.	Price.	Miles.	D.	Price.	
1,299	5	$45	981	4	$80	935	4	$35	1,395	7	$120	1,664	7	$90	875	4	$40	1,659	7	$90	1,437	7	$60	1,802	8	$70	5,000	18	$200	San Francisco.
2,280	9	75																												
3,215	13	100	1,916	8	60	2,330	11	120	3,059	14	200	2,093	11	100	2,584	11	130	3,096	14	150	3,239	15	100	6,800	26	200				
4,610	20	125	3,311	15	125	3,994	18	220	3,488	18	230	3,752	18	220	3,971	18	190	4,898	22	200	3,240	33	250							
6,274	27	250	4,975	22	240	4,423	22	240	5,147	25	300	5,189	25	250	5,773	26	240	9,900	40	335										
6,703	31	250	5,404	26	250	6,082	29	250	6,554	32	340	6,991	33	300	10,775	44	360													
8,362	38	290	7,063	33	270	7,519	36	340	8,386	40	370	12,460	51	450																
9,799	45	340	8,500	40	340	9,321	44	390	13,860	58	550																			
11,601	53	390	10,302	48	390	14,900	62	580																						
16,600	71	590	15,780	66	590																									

Some of the other long lines operated by this efficient organization, which owns more than 75 ocean steamers, are those between Bremen and the United States, between Bremen and Brazil, and between Bremen and Montevideo and Buenos Ayres.

The Austro-Hungarian Lloyd's Steam Navigation Company, the fourth great mail line passing through the Suez Canal, was organized about the year 1840, with 7 steamers for Mediterranean trade. In time, the company prolonged its lines, until, under a liberal government bounty, routes were established between Trieste and Hong-Kong, and between Trieste and Brazil. For the proper performance of all these services the Austrian Lloyds are paid an annuity by the Government amounting to $800,000. The fleet, all told, numbers 75 ships, valued at about $10,000,000, and steams over 1,300,000 miles every year.

Of the different steamship corporations that despatch their vessels by way of the Suez Canal to Australia, the Orient Steam Navigation Company of London deserves special mention. In 1878 it founded a first-class line to Australia, which to-day is a formidable rival of the Peninsula & Oriental Company, receiving a like subsidy of $425,000 for transporting the mails between Naples and Adelaide in 32 days, a distance of 9,000 miles.

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There are many other companies sending vessels, via the canal, to India, to China, and to Australasia; on nearly all of them the traveller can find comfort and good cheer, should he desire to be longer at sea and longer in port. The names of a few of the most important of these companies are as follows:

Under the English flag: the Ducal, the Hall, the Harrison, the Clan, the Star, the City, the Direct, the MacIver, and the Anchor Lines; the National Navigation Company of France; the Navigatione Generale Italiana (Italian mail) of Genoa; the Compañia Transatlantica, from Barcelona, Spain; the Nederland India line from Amsterdam; a Russian line; and a Turkish line.

Some of these steamers make the east coast of Africa for cargoes; some go to Australia; some to the Spice Islands, Java and the Philippines; some go no farther than India; and, finally, some reach Japan, Corea, and Vladivostock.

Port Said, the product of the canal, is built on the flat sands at the entrance of the Suez Canal. Its harbor, formed by two long breakwaters, contains one of the largest coaling depots in the world, where vessels are supplied at the rate of 200 tons an hour. The place is noted for its wickedness; it abounds in French cafés and dance-halls where wine, women, and music continue the night long. The traveller should purchase a white helmet at Port Said; these hats are cheap, and add considerably to personal comfort.

The steam traffic of the place is enormous; last year 3,389 vessels traversed the canal. The average time of transit by day is 24 hours; by night with electric lights it is 19 hours, and has been done in 15 hours. In order to navigate by night, a vessel must light the way by carrying an electric projector at her bow as close to the water as possible, and pay the closest attention to the orders from the passing stations or *gares*. Three white lights shown vertically indicate "slow down;" then the display of two white lights is the order to stop and haul in to the *gare*. The steamer presently hauls in, makes fast, puts out all lights, and lies snug in her berth alongside the desert, while the oncoming vessel, looking like a locomotive at night, passes by. One white light from the *gare* and lines are let go, and the journey continued until Suez is reached.

Suez is an uninteresting collection of shipping-houses and squalid native huts, with a few tumble-down mosques. Donkeys and donkey-boys swarm along the docks, and if the vessel stop an hour or two the novelty of such a ride may be enjoyed. The heat of the day is intense, but the nights, especially in the canal, have a "soft, warm witchery" about them that is delicious.

After leaving Suez the way lies through the Gulf of the same name, into the Red Sea, where the water is blue, the background light brown, the hazy atmosphere pink, and the temperature red-hot. Vessels spread double awnings and hang up side curtains, but there is no escaping the intolerable heat experienced day and night going down this sea with the wind aft. Far away to the left, in the dim distance, is the fast-receding brown peak of Mount Sinai; other well-remembered biblical places stretch along the indistinct coast line; the ship speeds southward; the constellations in the blue heavens of night begin to change; the Straits of Bab-el-Mandeb are passed; and as the four points of the Southern Cross arise bright and sparkling, the anchor is let go off Aden, in Arabia.

Aden, on its rocky and bare volcanic peninsula, is the Gibraltar of the Red Sea. It interests the traveller because of the big black Somalis, the oily, avaricious Jews, and the thin, ungainly camels moving up and down the streets. The town is too hot for enjoyment; it is better to stay on board ship, buy an imitation ostrich feather from a cheating Jew, and throw coppers into the water for little shave-headed naked negro boys to dive after.

During a stay of a few hours vessels fill up with coal and fresh provisions, land a small cargo of naval stores, cotton, and cotton-twist, and after taking on board coffee (nearly all Mocha is shipped here), dye-stuffs, feathers, dates, etc., depart for Bombay, for Colombo, for Australia, and for Africa.

The weather along the highways of the Indian Ocean is generally fair and warm, with a smooth sea, though, dur-

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ing the southwest monsoon, from May to September, there is a perceptible swell, and when this trade-wind sets in, in May, it is sure to bring gales, rain, lightning and thunder. August is the best summer month for cruising in the Indian Ocean. The northeast monsoon, the winter trade-wind, is less violent than the southwest, and has clear skies and a milder temperature. However, in going round the world, passengers, like ships, should take their chances with the weather, for having it fair at Bombay may bring it foul at Calcutta.

Vessels make Bombay, 1,670 miles eastward of Aden, in 7 days, and go alongside the docks when the tide permits. The traveller should at once hurry ashore to gaze with wonder at the infinite variety before him. For here are congregated Indian princes dressed in flowing robes of richest colors; Brahmins and Buddhists with turbans of softest texture bound about their brows; Parsees in long white, full-skirted coats and odd-shaped high hats; Turks in fezes; Chinamen in silks; Persians in white trousers, loose alpaca coats, and shako astrakhan hats; effeminate Cinghalese, Jews, Mohammedans, and Europeans from England, France, Germany, and Russia. Along the water front pass unceasingly women, straight as javelins, tall, lithe, and graceful, their breasts covered by tight sleeveless tunics, their waists and hips wound in light flowing gauze. Silver bangles adorn their arms and legs, and rings glisten in their noses and ears, and on their toes and fingers. Bare-legged, bare-footed, their black hair tucked loosely up upon their shapely heads, on which are poised high brass water-jugs burnished like gold, these graceful creatures walk the streets like the queens of an Oriental fable.

Many lines of vessels converge at Bombay: the P. & O., the British India, and three or four others of less importance; two French lines, a German line, the Austrian Lloyd, the Italian Mail, and a Dutch line, are some of those to be seen during a stay of a fortnight. The British India offers the largest number of routes to the sight-seeing traveller. One of its lines leads to Kurrachee, the northern port of India; another goes to Calcutta, stopping at way ports; a third extends to Zanzibar and Mozambique, and a fourth reaches places on the Persian Gulf. This fourth route the tourist should certainly take if he has the time, though it carry him into the most trying climate imaginable. Before starting he should get Moore's "Lalla Rookh," it can be bought at an excellent English bookstore in Bombay, and read it on the way, as some of the scenes are laid in these waters.

The passengers on these Gulf steamers are of as many types as those seen on Change in Bombay. It is not unlikely that of the twenty or more who sit down to dinner, no two will be of the same color, costume, nationality, or religion. Even the crew ceases to be European; Chinamen usually cook and wait, and Indians handle cargo and work the ship.

About 600 miles and 4 days from Kurrachee, Ormuz is made, dirty, dilapidated, with absolutely no remains of its historic wealth. The first place of importance is Bushire, 300 miles farther up. It is the principal seaport of Persia, and does considerable trade, long caravans of camels transporting merchandise to and from the interior. Persian cats can be got here; a pair offered for $25 was sold finally for $5; with more time they could have been bought for $2.

From Bushire to Bassorah, on the Euphrates, is 180 miles. A narrow canal-like stream leads from the river to the native village where Sindbad the Sailor is said to have roamed. Connection can be made at Bassorah with a steamboat going up the river past the Garden of Eden, a disappointing, flat, uncared-for plain, to Bagdad; and thence, by camel to points in the interior. Steamers in the Persian Gulf trade take in dates, grain, and wool, leaving cotton fabrics, rice, opium, etc.

On returning to Kurrachee, the traveller would do well to take the railway to Agra, and the Taj, Benares, and other places, and so back again to Bombay and the ocean highways.

Henceforth, the character of the passengers on board ship changes somewhat; many of the Europeans leave for extended tours by rail to Calcutta and

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other Indian cities, their places being taken by Parsee merchants, rich Indians, and enterprising Chinamen bound away on business.

The run to Colombo, Ceylon, 875 miles to the southward, is made over a warm, smooth sea, and on the evening of the fifth day the harbor is entered. Colombo is a steamship centre where all the vessels of the long trunk lines rendezvous to coal, provision, exchange passengers, and frequently freight. They come from the four quarters of the globe, from Calcutta and Bombay in the north, from China and Singapore in the east, from Australia, Mauritius, and Africa in the south, and from Aden and the Suez Canal in the west. Colombo has much to attract a traveller during the 24 or 48 hours the steamer stays, but usually the Oriental Hotel claims his time and attention, for this is the place of meeting of all who go upon the waters, and high wassail is apt to be the order of the night.

The dining-room of the Oriental is the refreshment-room at the intersection of the chief steam lines of the world. It is, as it were, the restaurant of a Union depot where everyone must go for a meal; at its tables travellers from opposite points of the world meet, Chinese bound for Europe, Englishmen to report for Indian duty, French soldiers en route for Saigon, and Australians making the grand tour.

If the traveller has stayed in the same ship all the way from London, he has, by the time he arrives at Colombo, been 30 days *en voyage* and navigated a distance of 6,700 miles. By whatever line he has come, he should have enjoyed his life on board ship, for after the first day or two out from port acquaintances are made that rapidly ripen into good fellowship. Deck cricket, quoits, and cock fighting enliven the forenoons; a novel and a nap wear away the afternoons; an innocent rubber with the ladies brightens the evenings; a good chorus begins the nights merrily, and a small game of draw shortens the dying hours.

At Colombo often the best of friends must part, some to stay in the country, others to go to a different ship; for the choice of routes is varied, there being some 15 steamship lines radiating hence toward the attractive countries of Australia, Africa, the Dutch East Indies, China, Japan, India, and Europe.

The run up the coast from Ceylon past the French settlement of Pondicherry, where the French steamers touch, to Madras, 614 miles to the northward, is smooth sailing if the monsoon months of April, June, November, and December be avoided. A day in port is sufficient for landing the cargo, brought off in lighters manned by stalwart lascars, naked except for the narrowest of breechclouts and the most enormous of turbans. The traveller, while at Madras, should see the Indian jugglers, and to do this comfortably, should make arrangements to have the exhibition held on board ship. Two or three natives, sitting on the open deck at his feet, place a mango-stone with a handful of dirt under an old cotton sheet, which, after talking gibberish, they remove, disclosing a small green sprout about 8 inches high. "Big mango?" is then inquired by the head juggler; "big mango?" Receiving assent, the twig is carefully re-covered and incantations follow, while the jugglers slowly raise the centre of the sheet higher and higher, until finally, on removing it, there stands a mango-bush 5 feet high, bearing fruit which the juggler will pick and distribute. The trick is worth the $10 it has cost.

From Madras to Calcutta the distance is 770 miles. The most interesting feature of the journey is the difficult navigation of the Hoogly, or Calcutta River, under the direction of the skilful pilots; each of whom brings his own leadsman on board, sometimes two of them, and his own native servant, so as to be quite independent of the ship and her crew.

The river front of Calcutta is one long wharf with vessels moored in columns of twos, threes, and fours for a couple of miles. The steamer traffic is large, nearly 1,000 foreign ships coming and going within a year, and as many coasting steamers. The import trade is principally in cotton goods, metals, and malt liquors; the exports are borax, rice, opium, gums, gunny cloth, etc.

From Calcutta several short sea routes

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may be taken to strange countries: the British India ships go to Rangoon, in Burmah, and then down the Malay Peninsula to Penang, one of the Strait Settlements. Penang is on the road from Ceylon to Singapore, and some of the great liners stop for a couple of hours to take in a mail, some tin, and a few spices. The harbor is one of singular beauty, but not otherwise of much interest to the traveller, hurrying on through the picturesque Straits of Malacca to Singapore.

Singapore is the half-way house on the great highway between India and China, where all ships, large and small, stop. Its position is a most important one, not only as a large coaling and docking station, but to a greater extent as an immense entrepôt for goods, the trade being largely one of transit. The shipping business done is enormous; the docks and streets are full of bustle and activity, of hurrying, running, hard-working Chinese, Javanese, Moluccans, and Europeans, unmindful of a temperature averaging 86° Fahrenheit.

This town of such activity and go lies almost under the equator, in latitude 1° 17′ north; its longitude is nearly 104° east; just 12 hours and 9 minutes ahead of New York, from which city it is separated by 12,000 miles of water, requiring about 43 days of ocean navigation.

Singapore has steam communication with 152 different ports, far and near. During the year, 3,600 foreign ships enter the harbor, and nearly the same number clear, representing a shipping movement of over 5,500,000 tons. The regular liners make connection at Singapore with the Netherland-India Steamship Company—"De Nederlandsch-Indische Stoomvaart Maatschappij"—an efficient organization with headquarters at Batavia, Java. Some of the by-ways of travel over which the tourist can agreeably saunter by means of the 30 or more good steamers of this company lead to all the ports on the coasts of the islands of Java, Sumatra, and Borneo, to the Moluccas, Philippines, Celebes, and so back to Singapore, where the traveller boards the steamer bound for Hong-Kong.

The mail, and other full-powered steamships, leaving Singapore for the northward, head straight up the China Sea for Hong-Kong, 1,435 miles away. During this run of 6 days the most learned discussions are held concerning the weather. Typhoons are most prevalent from July to December; from December to May they seldom happen, still they have been known to occur in every month of the year. The September equinox is a very precarious period; therefore, if the tourist is anxious to make sure of smooth weather, he should time his voyaging so as to be in these waters in early June, when the southwest monsoon is lightest. But this brings the ship to Hong-Kong at the beginning of the warm weather and rainy season, whereas the months of December and January are the most delightful, the mean temperature being 65° F.

In the wet or damp season the traveller must keep watch of his clothes, books, shoes, etc., or they will get injured by mildew. This supervision of one's effects is necessary throughout the entire voyage around India, the dew at night being penetrating and saturating. Two serviceable suits of flannel should be taken to be worn alternately, so that one suit can be drying. Leather shoes, particularly blacked boots, are damaged by the mould that forms on them when exposed; the proper foot-gear is the canvas shoe with rubber sole.

Hong-Kong is attractive because of the high peak, 2,000 feet above the water, the forts half-way down the mountain's side, and the city built on the long easy slope running into the capacious bay, where the wharfs, docks, mooring-buoys, and the like give unmistakable evidences of the maritime importance of the place. The men at the clubs on shore, both English and German, will tell the traveller that Hong-Kong ranks as the fourth port in the world in the amount of shipping that annually passes through its waters: a few years ago this was estimated to be above 12,000,000 tons, which, if correct, would give Hong-Kong nearly as much as New York.

Should the traveller desire to visit China and Japan, he must disembark at Hong-Kong. This he will do regret-

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fully, for he has become attached to his ship, her officers, and his messmates. He has been well and courteously treated throughout a long and at times tedious voyage, during which everything has been done to make him comfortable and contented. Really, the main differences existing between the steamers of the different companies are those of route and time. For instance, the P. & O. lands the passenger at Hong-Kong 44 days from London, via Gibraltar, Malta, the Canal, Bombay, Colombo, and Singapore, a total distance of 9,800 miles. At every main port touched en route, no matter by what line, at least 6 hours, oftener 12 or 24 hours, can be had on shore in which to see the place, and there are no annoyances or vexations as to Custom-house duties or inspections. The M. M. line, which departs from Marseilles, touches at Naples, and reaches Hong-Kong via the Canal, Aden, Colombo, Singapore, and Saigon, goes over 8,160 miles of water in 36 days. The German mail, leaving Bremen and Antwerp and going by way of the Canal via Colombo and Singapore, traverses 10,223 miles in 43 days. The Austrian Lloyd, from Trieste via Bombay, makes port in 50 days, after a journey of 8,345 miles.

To visit Canton the steamboat should be taken that leaves Hong-Kong daily. The trip of 7 hours' duration will be enlivened by the noisy Chinese passengers on board, and by the numerous Chinese junks constantly passed as they are going up and down the river under sails and oars. The traveller will also encounter some Europeans, who will gladly tell him good stories and put him up at their snug little club-house on the Shameen, the island connected with Canton, where the white population resides. Canton should be seen; it is a typical Chinese city into which modern civilization has made no visible headway.

Returning to Hong-Kong, the waterfront offers much that is attractive. Thousands of junks lie in rows, anchored off the harbor, and thousands more are moored along the sea-wall; the noise made by the crews of these boats, beating gongs, firing crackers, singing, shouting, and burning papers and joss-sticks to their favorite Buddhas, is pandemonium. On shore coolies trot about in couples, with long bamboo-poles on their shoulders, transporting chests of tea, silk, matting, etc., from the junks to the big storehouses and from the storehouses to the lighters to be towed alongside the steamers, where the bales are hoisted into the holds.

At this port the traveller will find a newly organized transpacific service, running by way of Yokohama to Vancouver, where connection is made with the Canadian Pacific Railway to Quebec and Halifax, and thence to London. The line, as at present formed, consists of 3 magnificent steamers, sailing monthly. The Empress of India, the pioneer of the line, recently made the voyage from Yokohama to Vancouver in the unprecedented time of 10 days and 15 hours.

Observing the steamers closely, the traveller will discover that one of them is flying a different flag from those he has been accustomed to see while on the journey along the great Indian Ocean highway: the stars-and-stripes belong to one of the vessels of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company of the United States.

The Pacific Mail Steamship Company was organized in 1847, at the time of the colonization of the Pacific States, and gained notoriety by despatching one of its first vessels, the California, from New York, in 1848, to San Francisco by way of Cape Horn. The successful termination of this extraordinary performance, in those early days of steam navigation, enabled the company to inaugurate a steamship service between Panama and San Francisco. The route thus opened was from New York to Colon (Aspinwall), and thence across the Isthmus to Panama, where the steamer was in waiting to run up the Mexican coast to California. The transpacific route was commenced in 1867, soon after the opening of the Pacific Railroad, and is now worked in conjunction with an English line, the Oriental & Occidental.

The traveller bound from Hong-Kong for Yokohama can take either the Canadian Pacific steamers or the Pacific Mail. If, however, he is anxious to see the ports of China and Japan before

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entering on the great thoroughfare of the Pacific Ocean, he has at his choice several efficient lines of local and coasting steamers, that will bear him safely to the different treaty ports and afford him all the time he will require for sight-seeing.

Most of the European mail lines go to Shanghai, and the coasting lines of both China and Japan make it a stopping-place. Shanghai is worth a visit because of the different European ways of living in China. The city is composed of sections where each nation has established its own settlement, contiguous to, but quite distinct from, that of any other nation. There is an American town, an English town, a French town, a German town, and a Chinese town, each preserving its own language and society, and as far as possible its own architecture.

The Mitsu Bishe line of steamers, the Mippon Yusen, and two or three others, ply between the ports of Japan along the really beautiful inland passage, and up the Japan Sea. If one be interested in Japanese ceramics, swords, armor, and antiquities, he should take this way trip; eventually bringing up at Yokohama, whence a railway ride of an hour will land him in Tokio.

At Yokohama passage is secured for San Francisco, 5,000 miles to the eastward, across the broadest part of the Pacific Ocean. This route is one of the longest direct lines between two places that is steamed over by the ships of any company. It is a dull and monotonous voyage; nothing but blue water for 18 days, no land is seen, no strange sail sighted, rarely even do gales of wind blow hard enough to make things lively. The cabin passengers are principally Americans returning to their native land, a few Englishmen making the round of the world, a couple of Australians full of talk of the greatness of their own country and sceptical as to the advance and improvement of any other; some Japanese, curious, polite, intelligent; one or two rich Chinamen who keep to themselves, and a sprinkling of other nationalities. This heterogeneous crowd gets on well together, plays cards, makes pools on each day's run, discusses the 180th meridian question, as to why the week is one day longer than seven, jokes, laughs, reads, smokes, and drinks.

The steerage passengers are mostly Chinamen returning to California after a visit home. Special accommodations are fitted for them. Not infrequently the Chinese in large numbers take passage on the Pacific Mail to be landed at Honolulu. This will give the traveller a day in port, when he should go on shore to enjoy Sandwich Island hospitality, and see the Hoola-hoola—a native dance that must be prearranged and paid for, since it is interdicted by the Government because of its supposed demoralizing influence—on the native. After a voyage of 2,000 miles in 7 days to the northeast, the steamer enters the Golden Gate, and passes up to the city of San Francisco. A six-day run by railroad, and the traveller is once again back in New York.

The whole distance travelled by the way described is, in round numbers, 23,000 miles, and the time taken to do this may have been but 80 or 90 days, or more; the longer the better, for it requires plenty of time to enjoy a trip around the world. It also requires money. About $1,000 would be necessary for passage-money alone; double this amount would be sufficient to take the traveller in comfort and ease, and upon his arrival home he would consider it money admirably spent.

The traveller reaching San Francisco by the above highway of circumnavigation can further add to his knowledge of strange countries by selecting a sea journey to New York, instead of a land run by railroad across the continent. To go by sea passage must be secured on board a Pacific Mail coasting steamer, the only line running to Mexico, Central America, and Panama. Steaming down the beautiful coast of California, stopping at picturesque harbors in Mexico, anchoring off roadsteads of Central America, taking on and off a few passengers, an Englishman, a German, an American, handling cargo—such is the rough log of the cruise of 20 days and 3,200 miles until the splendid Bay of Panama is reached. The eight or ten ports of call are better seen from the

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ship than from the shore. The enchantment of distance gives way upon close examination to pity and disgust, for dirt, indigence, and a total ignorance of how to live decently are noticeable everywhere.

At Panama two widely different routes leading to the United States are offered: the one goes over the Isthmus of Panama by rail and thence to New York by sea; the other stretches away down the west coast of South America, through the Straits of Magellan, and up the Atlantic highway.

By the first route the railway journey over the 45 miles of land separating the Pacific from the Atlantic Ocean, crosses, recrosses, and runs beside the deserted canal, affording ocular proof of the failure of the scheme. At both Panama and Colon the same appearance of being left is noticeable. The business of the two ports is one of transit only, but is sufficiently great to furnish employment to some thousands of Americans and Jamaicans.

Nearly a dozen steamship lines leave Colon for ports in the United States, Europe, the West Indies, and the neighboring coasts, and by one or two of them the traveller can run up to Greytown, where he will have an opportunity to see the Nicaraguan Canal. This canal, when completed, will make important changes in existing routes between the United States and Europe at one end of the line, and the west coast of the American Continent, China, Japan, and Australasia at the other. For instance, the route from London to Sydney is 12,500 miles, via the Suez Canal; by the Nicaraguan Canal the distance will be less than 12,000 miles. And if the lengths of the routes from the Atlantic seaboards to the Pacific seaboards, both east and west, be compared with those now followed, the great saving by the Nicaraguan gateway becomes still more apparent. Returning to Colon, the traveller boards the north-bound steamer, and lands in New York, 2,000 miles distant, in 8 days.

It may be, however, that the traveller decides upon proceeding by the second route, leading from Panama to New York. If so, he books on board a steamer belonging to the Pacific Steam Navigation Company of England, a powerful organization having the contract for carrying the mails, and controlling almost exclusively the Isthmian trade to and from South America. The ships of the Company run into all the ports of consequence on the west coast, and the lines extend from Valparaiso by way of Magellan Straits to the river Plate and Brazil ports, and thence to Lisbon and England. An important point for consideration in connection with this southern trip is the probability of there being a revolution in progress in some of the countries to be visited, which might interfere with going on shore.

At length the steamer leaves Panama, and the passenger for the United States begins his long journey. His companions are very few, South Americans, principally, bound for ports along the coast, so he is left to his own resources. He can read, and lounge, and make good friends with the officers of the ship, who are Englishmen. At night he can stretch out in his steamer chair and dream away the warm hours gazing at the "majestical roof fretted with golden fire."

From Panama to Valparaiso, some 3,100 miles, 25 ports are touched at, which, Callao excepted, are of no special interest. Callao, the seaport of Peru, is in itself unattractive, the town and the people are dirty; the empty docks, the lazy inhabitants, the atmosphere of *laissez aller*, confirm the opinion that the place and all around it have had their day. From Callao the traveller should go to Lima, 7 miles distant by rail, and take the Oroya railway to the top of the Andes, 15,000 feet above the sea-level; the wonderful engineering ability displayed in constructing this road will prove quite as impressive as the truly magnificent mountain scenery. Two days will suffice to make the excursion and bring him back to Lima, an old Spanish city with many interesting corners. The cathedral should be visited; in the crypt lie the bones of the great Pizarro. A dirty Cholo shows them. Reverently pulling aside a ragged curtain from before a dingy stone bench, he exclaims, "Behold the bones of Francisco Pizarro!" Their state of perfect preservation and sym-

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metry of arrangement might incline one to doubt the truth of the statement.

Leaving Callao, en route for Valparaiso, the steamer makes several ports; some of them interesting because of the recent war operations, but otherwise they had better be viewed from the ship's deck, for the same low adobe dwellings and squalid existence characterize them all. After 11 days of pleasant weather Valparaiso is reached. Valparaiso is built on several hill slopes running to the water from a high ridge back of the city. It is a place of great activity; the docks are piled high with freight, the people move about with spirit, the harbor is full of ships, and there is that general air which betokens financial soundness and commercial prosperity. The streets are noticeably clean, the buildings are of good architecture, the stores are inviting, and the frequently recurring signs in English, French, and German, and the people met, are indicative of the cosmopolitan nature of the inhabitants.

The Bay of Valparaiso is open to the northward, from which point the heavy gales blow, raising a long rolling sea that works considerable damage to shipping. Steamers weigh and stand out when these blows come on.

Valparaiso has connection, via Magellan Straits, with Montevideo, 2,750 miles distant, by means of four or five lines of good steamships. The P. S. N.—as the Pacific Steam Navigation Company is called—runs vessels over this route. So do the Cosmos and Hamburg Companies, German lines; there are besides French and Italian lines.

Since leaving Panama, 21 days ago, the weather along the Pacific highway has been uniformly pleasant—for northers are infrequent—the breezes have been light and warm from the southward, the sea long and smooth, and the ship seldom out of sight of the bare sandy hills running along the shore, or the towering Andes stretching away in the background. To the south from Valparaiso, however, this changes. It grows colder, the sea gets rougher, and by the time the Gulf of Peñas, the entrance to the inside passage, is reached, the chances are it will be thick and unsettled, with every prospect of a foul gale. When the storm breaks it is tremendous; in no other part of the world do winds blow harder or seas rise higher; lofty ships carry low sails hereabouts, and steamers frequently have to lie to.

The mad ocean is left astern when the ship enters the inside passage leading along the coast of Patagonia and the Straits of Magellan. Here the scene is one of unparalleled magnificence. High bare walls of stone, towering barren cliffs, lofty snow-capped peaks, weather-scarred mountains down whose furrowed sides extend steel-blue glaciers—all reveal nature in her most majestic and awe-inspiring form.

From Sandy Point, a small settlement midway in the strait, where coal can be obtained, to Cape Virgins, 150 miles beyond, the lay of the land is less varied and attractive. At the Cape the ship enters on the tempestuous Atlantic highway, and heads northward for Montevideo, 1,300 miles away. Five days later the anchor is let go about 3 miles off the city. The traveller must remember, when going on shore at Montevideo, that pamperos blow frequently, raising a nasty cross-sea which makes boating very uncertain. Several well-known lines of foreign vessels make Montevideo a port of call; among them the Messageries Maritimes; the North German Lloyds, the Austro-Hungarian Lloyds, and the Italian Mail. Of the many other lines, English, French, German, Italian, Spanish, and Brazilian, to be seen in the harbor, none is of more importance than the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company, of Southampton. In 1842 this steamship company was the first that carried mails to the West Indies from Europe. It began the Brazilian and River Plate (Rio de la Plata) mail service in 1850. To-day its routes include the West India Islands, Mexico, and Central and South America.

The regular liners to Montevideo, and the several local and coasting steamers, come to off Buenos Ayres, 100 miles to the southeastward. The extensive harbor works, for the purpose of making the city a deep-water port, at once excite admiration. Both Montevideo and Buenos Ayres are attractive cities of regular streets, many substantial houses, public buildings with Italian

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marble façades, Spanish cathedrals, and extensive suburbs of handsome residences surrounded by beautiful gardens. The mean temperature of the two places, 63°, corresponds with that of Palermo and Rome. The business of Montevideo is good, the imports of merchandise, machinery, and manufactured articles exceeding $22,000,000, and the exports of hides, horns, wool, and beef being valued at $15,000,000. The trade of Buenos Ayres is much larger, the imports being valued at $88,000,000, the exports at $65,000,000.

The traveller for Rio Janeiro can take a coasting line if he desires to visit Southern Brazil; otherwise, any one of the big mail ships will make the run of 1,150 miles in 6 days. The port of Rio, large, deep, and the most beautiful in the world, is entered by a channel a mile and a half wide, defended by forts. Inside the bay is 17 miles long by 10 miles broad. The town is most attractive from the water. It is especially picturesque at night, when the arrangement of the innumerable gas-lights distinctly outlines the entire city, built on a gentle incline toward the bay. The streets are narrow, badly paved, and not over-clean. The traveller will find that he can get on well enough if he talk French, for there is a certain French air about the community. Many of the stores have French signs, nearly all the shopkeepers speak French, it is the language of the hotel clerks, the opera bouffe sings it, and the black-eyed señoritas murmur it.

Rio is connected with Europe by 12 regular lines of steamships, and with the United States by 3. New York being the traveller's objective port, he should take passage on board one of the vessels of the United States & Brazil Mail Steamship Company, flying the American flag. Since leaving Panama, 40 odd days ago, the tourist has steamed over 7,000 miles of ocean highway, yet throughout all this time and distance, he has never once seen the stars-and-stripes. The ships of the United States & Brazil Mail Steamship Company are despatched monthly from Rio, making stops at Bahia, Pernambuco, Maranham, and Para in Brazil. At Para a most interesting route is offered by regular steamers running up the Amazon to Manaos, 1,000 miles away; thence, irregular vessels go 2,000 miles farther. From Para the United States & Brazil Company makes Barbadoes, of the Windward Isles, in 5 days—a healthy, delightful winter resort, where a mean daily temperature of 80° is tempered by the steady northeast trade-winds.

The weather along the Atlantic highway, from the River Plate to the Windward Islands, is for the most part fine, clear, and warm, with occasional rain-squalls when on the line, and possibly a stiff blow when rounding Cape St. Roque. Excepting the pleasure incident to being at sea, there is little to excite the traveller, for the passengers are few, Americans and South Americans, and are not addicted to much amusement. Lounging, reading, smoking, and walking the deck, conversation and cards pass the time.

At Barbadoes the traveller enters the waters of the West India Islands. These islands present a great contrast to South America, not only in physical features, but in weather and population. During the winter months the northeast trades blow at times with force enough to raise a rough sea. During the summer season hurricanes are to be feared. The differences of race characteristics are more noticeable than those of the weather. Instead of the lazy, polite, cruel South Americans, the traveller encounters the ubiquitous West Indian darky, celebrated for his insolence, chaff, and annoying persistence.

From Barbadoes the steamer shapes her course for the Island of St. Thomas, a day's run of 300 miles. St. Thomas is a place of great shipping activity. It communicates with Europe by lines running to England, France, Germany, and Spain. It is the West India headquarters of the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company, and the central point from which branch lines radiate that will take the traveller to any or all of the islands, as he desires.

Now that the West Indies, the Bahamas, and Cuba are growing in favor as winter resorts, the lines and routes of steamers from the West Indies are many and various. For instance, to reach New York the Clyde and Atlas lines sail from Hayti; the New York & Cuba

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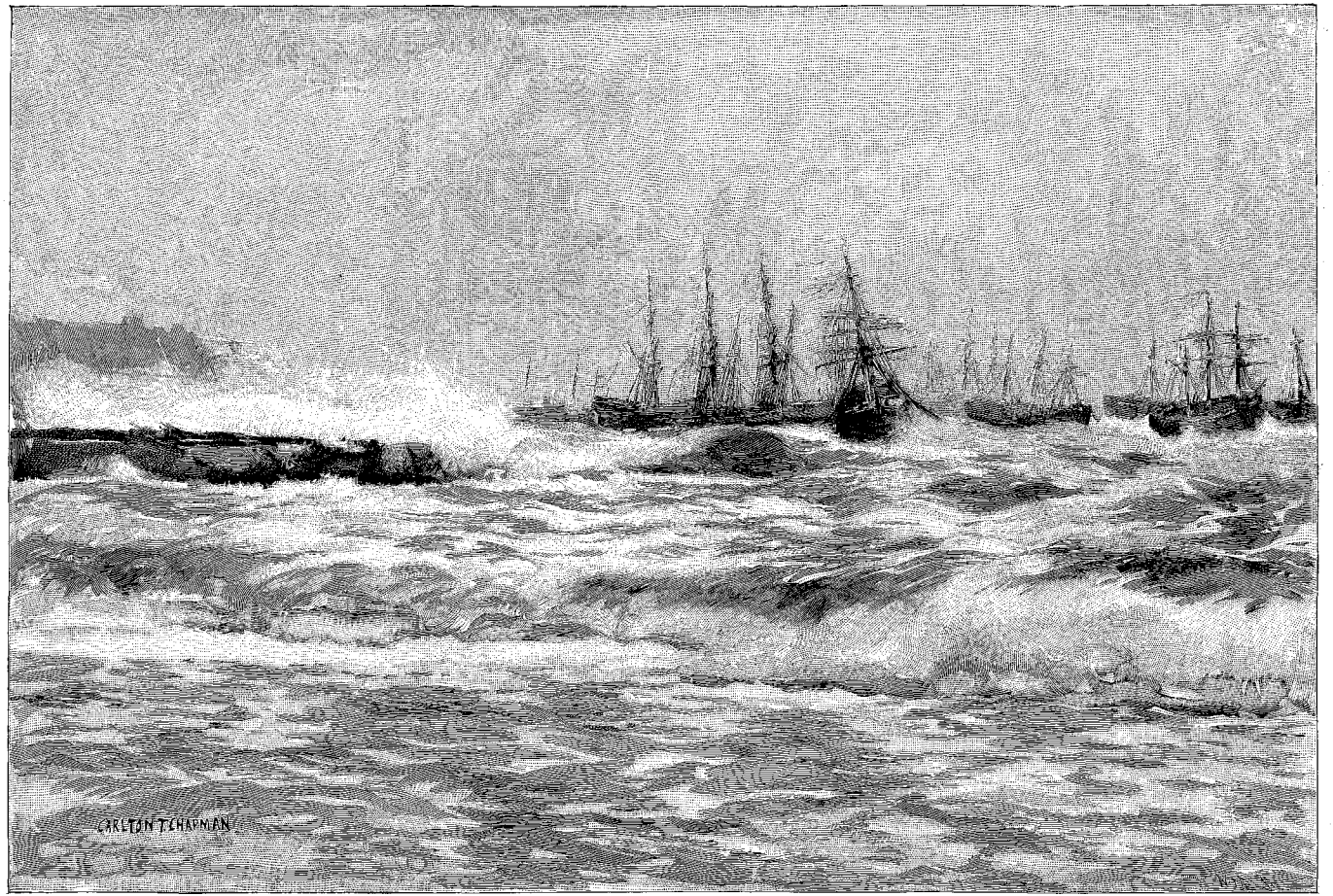

DRAWN BY CARLTON T. CHAPMAN.

The Port of Valparaiso in a Norther.

ENGRAVED BY W. B. WITTE.

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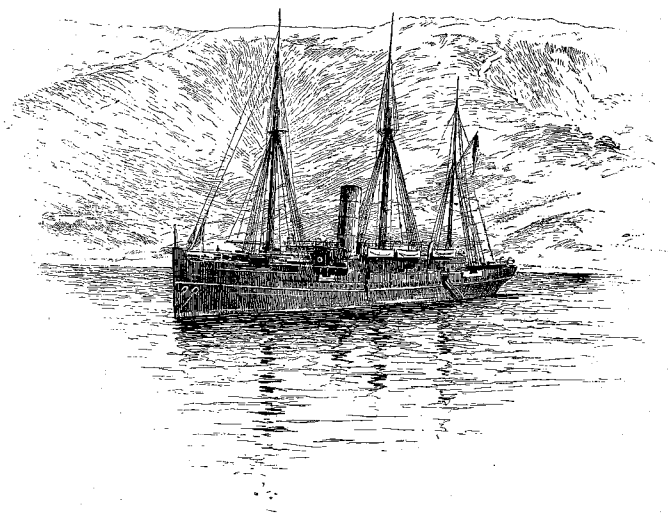
line from Cuba and the Bahamas; the New York & Porto Rico line from St. Johns; the Red D line from Curaçao and Colombian ports; the Quebec Steamship Company from St. Kitts and other Windward Islands and Bermuda; the Atlas, Honduras & Central America and Wessels lines from Jamaica, and the Trinidad line from Port of Spain, Grenada, and Guiana. The Plant line from Jamaica lands the traveller in Tampa, Florida, a place in communication with Havana, as is New Orleans.

If, however, the traveller has taken none of these minor routes, but stayed by the United States & Brazil steamer at St. Thomas, he is landed in New York, 1,450 miles distant, in 6 days.

The whole voyage from San Francisco around the American continent to New York, along the ocean highways commonly navigated by the larger steamships, is 16,500 miles long. The time taken to make this distance is about 100 days. The cost of the journey for tickets, transfers, and unavoidable delays is $1,000; $2,000 will enable the passenger to do it comfortably.

The traveller from New York has been has spent $4,000. He has learned that there are other lands and other peoples than his own worthy his admiration and study. Let him take a year and $5,000 for this rounding the world, and he will be better satisfied and better informed, and appreciate more fully that "going to sea clears a man's head of much nonsense of his wigwam."

The fourth great ocean thoroughfare, the route around the Cape of Good Hope to Africa, Australia, and the East, is traversed by many fine steamers. The way lies from Europe via Madeira, Cape Verd, St. Helena, West Africa, and Cape Town, thence to East Africa via Mauritius to Australia, whence the Occident line leaves for New Zealand, Samoa, Sandwich Islands, and San Francisco. This long route covers 30,000 miles. To reach the Cape, 6,000 miles from England, the two well-known English Mail lines, the Union Steamship Company and the Castle Mail Packets Company offer the most attractive routes; the steamer service of both is of the highest order. The time out is 18 days, the fare about $180.



Steamer at Anchor, Simon's Bay, Cape of Good Hope.

gone from start to finish, by the ocean highways to Europe, India, China, San Francisco, South America, and back to New York, nearly 200 days; has steamed over about 40,000 miles of water, and

Two English lines, the New Zealand Shipping Company and the Shaw, Savill & Albion Company deserve special mention, because the route they follow gives the longest possible stretch of

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ocean navigation, each vessel making a complete circuit of the world on the round voyage. The fleet of each company comprises 5 large, well-appointed steamships, despatched alternately every two weeks over the following route: From Plymouth to Teneriffe, 1,420 miles in 5 days, where a stay of 6 hours for coaling gives opportunity for a trip on shore. Then a run of 4,450 miles in 15 days brings the steamer to Cape Town, where an 8 or 10 hour stay is made. Passengers for African ports transfer here. From Cape Town a run of 5,400 miles in 17 days brings the steamer to Hobart, where Tasmanian and Australian passengers leave the vessel. After a few hours in this beautiful harbor a 4 days' run of 1,270 miles lands the traveller in Wellington, New Zealand.

For the homeward voyage a course is shaped for Cape Horn, a 14 days' run. Once around this point the ship makes Rio, 22 days and 6,820 miles distant from Wellington. The next port of call is Teneriffe, 3,360 miles and 12 days distant, whence a 5 days' run is sufficient to cover the 1,420 miles that again lands the traveller in Plymouth, after having been gone 81 days and travelled over 25,150 miles. The price of a ticket over this longest of great sea routes is about $650.

THE WRECKER.

By Robert Louis Stevenson and Lloyd Osbourne.

CHAPTER IV.

IN WHICH I EXPERIENCE EXTREMES OF FORTUNE.

WHETHER it came from my training and repeated bankruptcy at the commercial college, or by direct inheritance from old Loudon, the Edinburgh mason, there can be no doubt about the fact that I was thrifty. Looking myself impartially over, I believe that is my only manly virtue. During my first two years in Paris I not only made it a point to keep well inside of my allowance, but accumulated considerable savings in the bank. You will say, with my masquerade of living as a penniless student, it must have been easy to do so: I should have had no difficulty, however, in doing the reverse. Indeed, it is wonderful I did not; and early in the third year, or soon after I had known Pinkerton, a singular incident proved it to have been equally wise. Quarter-day came, and brought no allowance. A letter of remonstrance was despatched, and for the first time in my experience remained unanswered. A cablegram was more effectual; for it brought me at least a promise of attention. "Will write at once," my father telegraphed; but I waited long for his letter. I was puzzled, angry, and alarmed; but, thanks to my previous thrift, I cannot say that I was ever practically embarrassed. The embarrassment, the distress, the agony were all for my unhappy father at home in Muskegon, struggling for life and fortune against untoward chances, returning at night from a day of ill-starred shifts and ventures, to read and perhaps to weep over that last harsh letter from his only child, to which he lacked the courage to reply.

Nearly three months after time, and when my economies were beginning to run low, I received at last a letter with the customary bills of exchange.

"My dearest boy," it ran, "I believe, in the press of anxious business, your letters and even your allowance have been somewhile neglected. You must try to forgive your poor old dad, for he has had a trying time; and now, when it is over, the doctor wants me to take my shotgun and go to the Adirondacks for a change. You must not fancy I am sick, only over-driven and under the weather. Many of our foremost opera-

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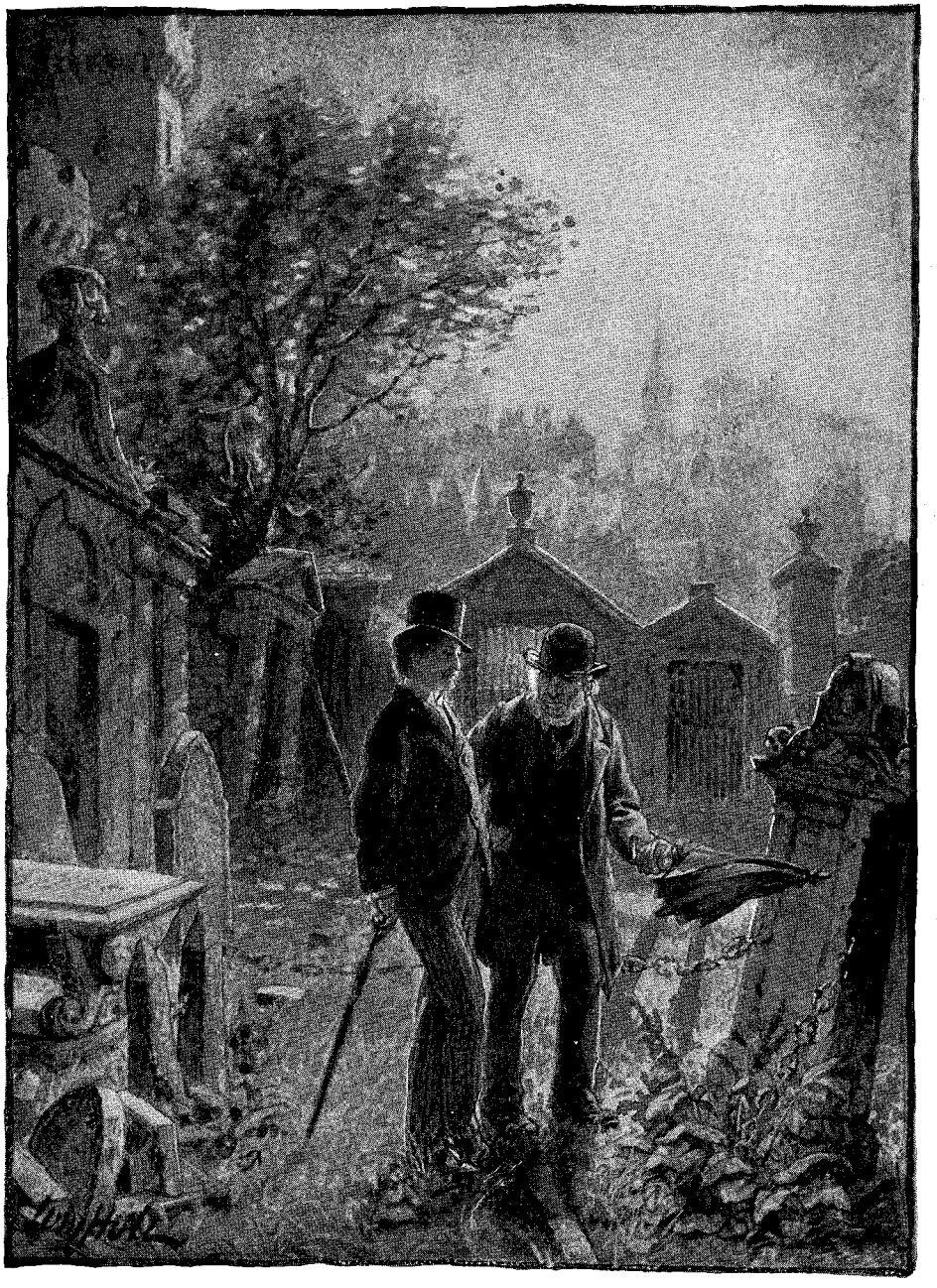

"'I wanted ye to see the place,' said he."—Page 304.

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tors have gone down: John T. M'Brady skipped to Canada with a trunkful of boodle; Billy Sandwith, Charlie Downs, Joe Kaiser, and many others of our leading men in this city bit the dust. But Big-Head Dodd has again weathered the blizzard, and I think I have fixed things so that we may be richer than ever before autumn.

"Now I will tell you, my dear, what I propose. You say you are well advanced with your first statue; start in manfully and finish it, and if your teacher—I can never remember how to spell his name—will send me a certificate that it is up to market standard, you shall have ten thousand dollars to do what you like with, either at home or in Paris. I suggest, since you say the facilities for work are so much greater in that city, you would do well to buy or build a little home; and the first thing you know, your dad will be dropping in for a luncheon. Indeed, I would come now, for I am beginning to grow old, and I long to see my dear boy; but there are still some operations that want watching and nursing. Tell your friend, Mr. Pinkerton, that I read his letters every week; and though I have looked in vain lately for my Loudon's name, still I learn something of the life he is leading in that strange, old world, depicted by an able pen."

Here was a letter that no young man could possibly digest in solitude. It marked one of those junctures when the confidant is necessary; and the confidant selected was none other than Jim Pinkerton. My father's message may have had an influence in this decision; but I scarce suppose so, for the intimacy was already far advanced. I had a genuine and lively taste for my compatriot; I laughed at, I scolded, and I loved him. He, upon his side, paid me a kind of dog-like service of admiration, gazing at me from afar off as at one who had liberally enjoyed those "advantages" which he envied for himself. He followed at heel; his laugh was ready chorus; our friends gave him the nickname of "The Henchman." It was in this insidious form that servitude approached me.

Pinkerton and I read and re-read the famous news: he, I can swear, with an enjoyment as unalloyed and far more vocal than my own. The statue was nearly done: a few days' work sufficed to prepare it for exhibition; the master was approached; he gave his consent; and one cloudless morning of May beheld us gathered in my studio for the hour of trial. The master wore his many hued rosette; he came attended by two of my French fellow-pupils—friends of mine and both considerable sculptors in Paris at this hour. "Corporal John" (as we used to call him) breaking for once those habits of study and reserve which have since carried him so high in the opinion of the world, had left his easel of a morning to countenance a fellow-countryman in some suspense. My dear old Romney was there by particular request; for who that knew him would think a pleasure quite complete unless he shared it, or not support a mortification more easily if he were present to console? The party was completed by John Myner, the Englishman; by the brothers Stennis,—Stennis-*aîné* and Stennis-*frère*, as they used to figure on their accounts at Barbizon—a pair of hare-brained Scots; and by the inevitable Jim, as white as a sheet and bedewed with the sweat of anxiety.

I suppose I was little better myself when I unveiled the Genius of Muskegon. The master walked about it seriously; then he smiled.

"It is already not so bad," said he, in that funny English of which he was so proud. "No, already not so bad."

We all drew a deep breath of relief; and Corporal John (as the most considerable junior present) explained to him it was intended for a public building, a kind of prefecture—

"*Hé! Quoi?*" cried he, relapsing into French. "*Qu'est-ce que vous me chantez là?* O, in América," he added, on further information being hastily furnished. "That is anozer sing. O véry good, véry good."

The idea of the required certificate had to be introduced to his mind in the light of a pleasantry—the fancy of a nabob little more advanced than the red Indians of "Fénnimore Cooperr;" and it took all our talents combined to conceive a form of words that would be ac-

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ceptable on both sides. One was found, however: Corporal John engrossed it in his undecipherable hand, the master lent it the sanction of his name and flourish, I slipped it into an envelope along with one of the two letters I had ready prepared in my pocket, and as the rest of us moved off along the boulevard to breakfast, Pinkerton was detached in a cab and duly committed it to the post.

The breakfast was ordered at Lavenue's, where no one need be ashamed to entertain even the master; the table was laid in the garden; I had chosen the bill of fare myself; on the wine question, we held a council of war with the most fortunate results; and the talk, as soon as the master laid aside his painful English, became fast and furious. There were a few interruptions, indeed, in the way of toasts. The master's health had to be drunk, and he responded in a little well-turned speech, full of neat allusions to my future and to the United States; my health followed; and then my father's must not only be proposed and drunk, but a full report must be despatched to him at once by cablegram—an extravagance which was almost the means of the master's dissolution. Choosing Corporal John to be his confidant (on the ground, I presume, that he was already too good an artist to be any longer an American except in name) he summed up his amazement in one oft-repeated formula—"*C'est barbare!*" Apart from these genial formalities, we talked, talked of art, and talked of it as only artists can. Here in the South Seas we talk schooners most of the time; in the Quarter we talked art with the like unflagging interest, and perhaps as much result.

Before very long, the master went away; Corporal John (who was already a sort of young master) followed on his heels; and the rank and file were naturally relieved by their departure. We were now among equals; the bottle passed, the conversation sped. I think I can still hear the Stennis brothers pour forth their copious tirades; Dijon, my portly French fellow-student, drop witticisms well-conditioned like himself; and another (who was weak in foreign languages) dash hotly into the current of talk with some "*Je trove que pore oon sontimong de delicacy, Corot. . .*," or some "*Pour moi Corot est le plou . . .*;" and then, his little raft of French foundering at once, scramble silently to shore again. He at least could understand; but to Pinkerton, I think the noise, the wine, the sun, the shadows of the leaves, and the esoteric glory of being seated at a foreign festival, made up the whole available means of entertainment.

We sat down about half past eleven; I suppose it was two when, some point arising and some particular picture being instanced, an adjournment to the Louvre was proposed. I paid the score, and in a moment we were trooping down the Rue de Renne. It was smoking hot; Paris glittered with that superficial brilliancy which is so agreeable to the man in high spirits, and in moods of dejection so depressing; the wine sang in my ears, it danced and brightened in my eyes. The pictures that we saw that afternoon, as we sped briskly and loquaciously through the immortal galleries, appear to me, upon a retrospect, the loveliest of all; the comments we exchanged to have touched the highest mark of criticism, grave or gay.

It was only when we issued again from the museum that a difference of race broke up the party. Dijon proposed an adjournment to a café, there to finish the afternoon on beer; the elder Stennis, revolted at the thought, moved for the country, a forest if possible, and a long walk. At once the English speakers rallied to the name of any exercise: even to me, who have been often twitted with my sedentary habits, the thought of country air and stillness proved invincibly attractive. It appeared, upon investigation, we had just time to hail a cab and catch one of the fast trains for Fontainebleau. Beyond the clothes we stood in, all were destitute of what is called (with dainty vagueness) personal effects; and it was earnestly mooted, on the other side, whether we had not time to call upon the way and pack a satchel? But the Stennis boys exclaimed upon our effeminacy. They had come from London, it

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appeared, a week before with nothing but greatcoats and tooth-brushes. No baggage—there was the secret of existence. It was expensive, to be sure; for every time you had to comb your hair, a barber must be paid, and every time you changed your linen, one shirt must be bought and another thrown away; but anything was better (argued these young gentlemen) than to be the slaves of haversacks. "A fellow has to get rid gradually of all material attachments; that was manhood" (said they); "and as long as you were bound down to anything,—house, umbrella, or portmanteau,—you were still tethered by the umbilical cord." Something engaging in this theory carried the most of us away. The two Frenchmen, indeed, retired, scoffing, to their bock; and Romney, being too poor to join the excursion on his own resources and too proud to borrow, melted unobtrusively away. Meanwhile the remainder of the company crowded the benches of a cab; the horse was urged (as horses have to be) by an appeal to the pocket of the driver; the train caught by the inside of a minute; and in less than an hour and a half we were breathing deep of the sweet air of the forest and stretching our legs up the hill from Fontainebleau octroi, bound for Barbizon. That the leading members of our party covered the distance in fifty-one minutes and a half is (I believe) one of the historic landmarks of the colony; but you will scarce be surprised to learn that I was somewhat in the rear. Myner, a comparatively philosophic Briton, kept me company in my deliberate advance; the glory of the sun's going down, the fall of the long shadows, the inimitable scent and the inspiration of the woods, attuned me more and more to walk in a silence which progressively infected my companion; and I remember that, when at last he spoke, I was startled from a deep abstraction.

"Your father seems to be a pretty good kind of a father," said he. "Why don't he come to see you?" I was ready with some dozen of reasons, and had more in stock; but Myner, with that shrewdness which made him feared and admired, suddenly fixed me with his eye-glass, and asked, "Ever press him?"

The blood came in my face. No; I had never pressed him; I had never even encouraged him to come. I was proud of him; proud of his handsome looks, of his kind, gentle ways, of that bright face he could show when others were happy; proud, too (meanly proud, if you like), of his great wealth and startling liberalities. And yet he would have been in the way of my Paris life, of much of which he would have disapproved. I had feared to expose to criticism his innocent remarks on art; I had told myself, I had even partly believed, he did not want to come; I had been (and still am) convinced that he was sure to be unhappy out of Muskegon; in short, I had a thousand reasons, good and bad, not all of which could alter one iota of the fact that I knew he only waited for my invitation.

"Thank you, Myner," said I; "you're a much better fellow than ever I supposed. I'll write to-night."

"O, you're a pretty decent sort yourself," returned Myner, with more than his usual flippancy of manner, but (as I was gratefully aware) not a trace of his occasional irony of meaning.

Well, these were brave days, on which I could dwell forever. Brave, too, were those that followed, when Pinkerton and I walked Paris and the suburbs, viewing and pricing houses for my new establishment, or covered ourselves with dust and returned laden with Chinese gods and brass warming-pans from the dealers in antiquities. I found Pinkerton well up in the situation of these establishments as well as in the current prices, and with quite a smattering of critical judgment; it turned out he was investing capital in pictures and curiosities for the States, and the superficial thoroughness of the creature appeared in the fact, that although he would never be a connoisseur, he was already something of an expert. The things themselves left him as near as may be cold; but he had a joy of his own in understanding how to buy and sell them.

In such engagements the time passed until I might very well expect an answer from my father. Two mails followed each other, and brought nothing. By the third I received a long and almost incoherent letter of remorse, encourage-

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ment, consolation, and despair. From this pitiful document, which (with a movement of piety) I burned as soon as I read it, I gathered that the bubble of my father's wealth was burst, that he was now both penniless and sick; and that I, so far from expecting ten thousand dollars to throw away in juvenile extravagance, must look no longer for the quarterly remittances on which I lived. My case was hard enough; but I had sense enough to perceive, and decency enough to do my duty. I sold my curiosities, or rather I sent Pinkerton to sell them; and he had previously bought and now disposed of them so wisely that the loss was trifling. This, with what remained of my last allowance, left me at the head of no less than five thousand francs. Five hundred I reserved for my own immediate necessities; the rest I mailed inside of the week to my father at Muskegon, where they came in time to pay his funeral expenses.

The news of his death was scarce a grief to me. I could not conceive my father a poor man. He had led too long a life of thoughtless and generous profusion to endure the change; and though I grieved for myself, I was able to rejoice that my father had been taken from the battle. I grieved, I say, for myself; and it is probable there were at the same date many thousands of persons grieving with less cause. I had lost my father; I had lost the allowance; my whole fortune (including what had been returned from Muskegon) scarce amounted to a thousand francs; and to crown my sorrows, the statuary contract had changed hands. The new contractor had a son of his own, or else a nephew; and it was signified to me with business-like plainness, that I must find another market for my pigs. In the meanwhile I had given up my room, and slept on a truckle-bed in a corner of the studio, where as I read myself to sleep at night, and when I awoke in the morning, that now useless bulk, the Genius of Muskegon, was ever present to my eyes. Poor stone lady! born to be enthroned under the gilded, echoing dome of the new capitol, whither was she now to drift? for what base purposes be ultimately broken up, like an unseaworthy ship? and what should befall her ill-starred artificer, standing, with his thousand francs, on the threshold of a life so hard as that of the unbefriended sculptor?

It was a subject often and earnestly debated by myself and Pinkerton. In his opinion, I should instantly discard my profession. "Just drop it, here and now," he would say. "Come back home with me, and let's throw our whole soul into business. I have the capital; you bring the culture, *Dodd & Pinkerton*—I never saw a better name for an advertisement; and you can't think, Loudon, how much depends upon a name." On my side, I would admit that a sculptor should possess one of three things—capital, influence, or an energy only to be qualified as hellish. The two first I had now lost; to the third I never had the smallest claim; and yet I wanted the cowardice (or perhaps it was the courage) to turn my back on my career without a fight. I told him, besides, that however poor my chances were in sculpture, I was convinced they were yet worse in business, for which I equally lacked taste and aptitude. But upon this head, he was my father over again; assured me that I spoke in ignorance; that any intelligent and cultured person was Bound to succeed; that I must, besides, have inherited some of my father's fitness; and, at any rate, that I had been regularly trained for that career in the commercial college.

"Pinkerton," I said, "can't you understand that, as long as I was there, I never took the smallest interest in any stricken thing? The whole affair was poison to me."

"It's not possible," he would cry; "it can't be; you couldn't live in the midst of it and not feel the charm; with all your poetry of soul, you couldn't help! Loudon," he would go on, "you drive me crazy. You expect a man to be all broken up about the sunset, and not to care a dime for a place where fortunes are fought for and made and lost all day; or for a career that consists in studying up life till you have it at your finger-ends, spying out every cranny where you can get your hand in and a dollar out, and standing there in the midst—one foot on bankruptcy, the

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other on a borrowed dollar, and the whole thing spinning round you like a mill—raking in the stamps, in spite of fate and fortune."

To this romance of dickering I would reply with the romance (which is also the virtue) of art: reminding him of those examples of constancy through many tribulations, with which the rôle of Apollo is illustrated; from the case of Millet, to those of many of our friends and comrades, who had chosen this agreeable mountain path through life, and were now bravely clambering among rocks and brambles, penniless and hopeful.

"You will never understand it, Pinkerton," I would say. "You look to the result, you want to see some profit of your endeavors: that is why you could never learn to paint, if you lived to be Methusalem. The result is always a fizzle: the eyes of the artist are turned in; he lives for a frame of mind. Look at Romney, now. There is the nature of the artist. He hasn't a cent; and if you offered him to-morrow the command of an army, or the presidentship of the United States, he wouldn't take it, and you know he wouldn't."

"I suppose not," Pinkerton would cry, scouring his hair with both his hands; "and I can't see why; I can't see what in fits he would be after, not to; I don't seem to rise to these views. Of course, it's the fault of not having had advantages in early life; but, Loudon, I'm so miserably low, that it seems to me silly. The fact is," he might add with a smile, "I don't seem to have the least use for a frame of mind without square meals; and you can't get it out of my head that it's a man's duty to die rich, if he can."

"What for?" I asked him once.

"O, I don't know," he replied. "Why in snakes should anybody want to be a sculptor, if you come to that? I would love to sculp myself. But what I can't see is why you should want to do nothing else. It seems to argue a poverty of nature."

Whether or not he ever came to understand me—and I have been so tossed about since then that I am not very sure I understand myself—he soon perceived that I was perfectly in earnest; and after about ten days of argument, suddenly dropped the subject, and announced that he was wasting capital, and must go home at once. No doubt he should have gone long before, and had already lingered over his intended time for the sake of our companionship and my misfortune; but man is so unjustly minded that the very fact, which ought to have disarmed, only embittered my vexation. I resented his departure in the light of a desertion; I would not say, but doubtless I betrayed it; and something hangdog in the man's face and bearing led me to believe he was himself remorseful. It is certain at least that, during the time of his preparations, we grew sensibly apart—a circumstance that I recall with shame. On the last day he had me to dinner at a restaurant which he knew I had formerly frequented, and had only forsworn of late from considerations of economy. He seemed ill at ease; I was myself both sorry and sulky; and the meal passed with little conversation.

"Now, Loudon," said he, with a visible effort, after the coffee was come and our pipes lighted, "you can never understand the gratitude and loyalty I bear you. You don't know what a boon it is to be taken up by a man that stands on the pinnacle of civilization; you can't think how it's refined and purified me, how it's appealed to my spiritual nature; and I want to tell you that I would die at your door like a dog."

I don't know what answer I tried to make, but he cut me short.

"Let me say it out!" he cried. "I revere you for your whole-souled devotion to art; I can't rise to it, but there's a strain of poetry in my nature, Loudon, that responds to it. I want you to carry it out, and I mean to help you."

"Pinkerton, what nonsense is this?" I interrupted.

"Now don't get mad, Loudon; this is a plain piece of business," said he; "it's done every day; it's even typical. How are all those fellows over here in Paris, Henderson, Sumner, Long?—it's all the same story: a young man just plum full of artistic genius on the one side, a man of business on the other who doesn't know what to do with his dollars——"

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"But, you fool, you're as poor as a rat," I cried.

"You wait till I get my irons in the fire!" returned Pinkerton. "I'm bound to be rich; and I tell you I mean to have some of the fun as I go along. Here's your first allowance; take it at the hand of a friend; I'm one that holds friendship sacred as you do yourself. It's only a hundred francs; you'll get the same every month, and as soon as my business begins to expand we'll increase it to something fitting. And so far from it's being a favor, just let me handle your statuary for the American market, and I'll call it one of the smartest strokes of business in my life."

It took me a long time, and it had cost us both much grateful and painful emotion, before I had finally managed to refuse his offer and compounded for a bottle of particular wine. He dropped the subject at last suddenly with a "Never mind; that's all done with," nor did he again refer to the subject, though we passed together the rest of the afternoon, and I accompanied him, on his departure, to the doors of the waiting-room at Saint Lazare. I felt myself strangely alone; a voice told me that I had rejected both the counsels of wisdom and the helping hand of friendship; and as I passed through the great bright city on my homeward way, I measured it for the first time with the eye of an adversary.

CHAPTER V.

IN WHICH I AM DOWN ON MY LUCK IN PARIS.

In no part of the world is starvation an agreeable business; but I believe it is admitted there is no worse place to starve in than this city of Paris. The appearances of life are there so especially gay, it is so much a magnified beer-garden, the houses are so ornate, the theatres so numerous, the very pace of the vehicles is so brisk, that a man in any deep concern of mind or pain of body is constantly driven in upon himself. In his own eyes, he seems the one serious creature moving in a world of horrible unreality; voluble people issuing from a café, the queue at theatre doors, Sunday cabfuls of second-rate pleasure-seekers, the bedizened ladies of the pavement, the show in the jewellers' windows—all the familiar sights contributing to flout his own unhappiness, want, and isolation. At the same time, if he be at all after my pattern, he is perhaps supported by a childish satisfaction: this is life at last, he may tell himself, this is the real thing; the bladders on which I was set swimming are now empty, my own weight depends upon the ocean; by my own exertions I must perish or succeed; and I am now enduring in the vivid fact, what I so much delighted to read of in the case of Lonsteau or Lucien, Rodolphe or Schaunard.

Of the steps of my misery I cannot tell at length, in ordinary times what were politically called "loans" (although they were never meant to be repaid) were matters of constant course among the students, and many a man has partly lived on them for years. But my misfortune befell me at an awkward juncture. Many of my friends were gone; others were themselves in a precarious situation. Romney (for instance) was reduced to tramping Paris in a pair of country sabots, his only suit of clothes so imperfect (in spite of cunningly adjusted pins) that the authorities at the Luxembourg suggested his withdrawal from the gallery. Dijon, too, was on a lee shore, designing clocks and gas-brackets for a dealer; and the most he could do was to offer me a corner of his studio where I might work. My own studio (it will be gathered) I had by that time lost; and in the course of my expulsion the Genius of Muskegon was finally separated from her author. To continue to possess a full-sized statue, a man must have a studio, a gallery, or at least the freedom of a back garden. He cannot carry it about with him, like a satchel, in the bottom of a cab, nor can he cohabit in a garret, ten by fifteen, with so momentous a companion. It was my first idea to leave her behind at my departure. There, in her birthplace, she might lend an inspiration, methought, to my successor. But the proprietor, with whom I had unhappily quarrelled, seized the occasion to be dis-

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agreeable, and called upon me to remove my property. For a man in such straits as I now found myself, the hire of a lorry was a consideration ; and yet even that I could have faced, if I had had anywhere to drive to after it was hired. Hysterical laughter seized upon me, as I beheld (in imagination) myself, the waggoner, and the Genius of Muskegon, standing in the public view of Paris, without the shadow of a destination ; perhaps driving at last to the nearest rubbish-heap, and dumping there, among the ordures of a city, the beloved child of my invention. From these extremities I was relieved by a seasonable offer ; and I parted from the Genius of Muskegon for thirty francs. Where she now stands, under what name she is admired or criticised, history does not inform us ; but I like to think she may adorn the shrubbery of some suburban tea-garden, where holiday shop-girls hang their hats upon the mother, and their swains (by way of an approach of gallantry) identify the winged infant with the god of love.

In a certain cabman's eating-house on the outer boulevard I got credit for my midday meal. Supper I was supposed not to require, sitting down nightly to the delicate table of some rich acquaintances. This arrangement was extremely ill-considered. My fable, credible enough at first, and so long as my clothes were in good order, must have seemed worse than doubtful after my coat became frayed about the edges, and my boots began to squelch and pipe along the restaurant floors. The allowance of one meal a day besides, though suitable enough to the state of my finances, agreed poorly with my stomach. The restaurant was a place I had often visited experimentally, to taste the life of students then more unfortunate than myself ; and I had never in those days entered it without disgust, or left it without nausea. It was strange to find myself sitting down with avidity, rising up with satisfaction, and counting the hours that divided me from my return to such a booth. But hunger is a great magician ; and so soon as I had spent my ready cash, and could no longer fill up on bowls of chocolate or hunks of bread, I must depend entirely on that cabman's eating-house, and upon certain rare, long-expected, long-remembered windfalls. Dijon (for instance) might get paid for some of his pot-boiling work, or else an old friend would pass through Paris ; and then I would be entertained to a meal after my own soul, and contract a Latin Quarter loan, which would keep me in tobacco and my morning coffee for a fortnight. It might be thought the latter would appear the more important. It might be supposed that a life, led so near the confines of actual famine, should have dulled the nicety of my palate. On the contrary, the poorer a man's diet, the more sharply is he set on dainties. The last of my ready cash, about thirty francs, was deliberately squandered on a single dinner ; and a great part of my time when I was alone was passed upon the details of imaginary feasts.

One gleam of hope visited me — an order for a bust from a rich Southerner. He was free-handed, jolly of speech, merry of countenance ; kept me in good humor through the sittings, and when they were over, carried me off with him to dinner and the sights of Paris. I ate well ; I laid on flesh ; by all accounts, I made a favorable likeness of the being, and I confess I thought my future was assured. But when the bust was done, and I had despatched it across the Atlantic, I could never so much as learn of its arrival. The blow felled me ; I should have lain down and tried no stroke to right myself, had not the honor of my country been involved. For Dijon improved the opportunity in the European style ; informing me (for the first time) of the manners of America : how it was a den of banditti without the smallest rudiment of law or order, and debts could be there only collected with a shotgun. "The whole world knows it," he would say ; "you are alone, *mon petit Loudon*, you are alone to be in ignorance of these facts. The judges of the Supreme Court fought but the other day with stilettos on the bench at Cincinnati. You should read the little book of one of my friends : *Le Touriste dans le Far-West ;* you will see it all there in good French.". At last, incensed by days of such discussion, I undertook to prove to him the contrary, and

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put the affair in the hands of my late father's lawyer. From him I had the gratification of hearing, after a due interval, that my debtor was dead of the yellow fever in Key West, and had left his affairs in some confusion. I suppress his name; for though he treated me with cruel nonchalance, it is probable he meant to deal fairly in the end.

Soon after this a shade of change in my reception at the cabman's eating-house marked the beginning of a new phase in my distress. The first day, I told myself it was but fancy; the next, I made quite sure it was a fact; the third, in mere panic I stayed away, and went for forty-eight hours fasting. This was an act of great unreason; for the debtor who stays away is but the more remarked, and the boarder who misses a meal is sure to be accused of infidelity. On the fourth day, therefore, I returned, inwardly quaking. The proprietor looked askance upon my entrance; the waitresses (who were his daughters) neglected my wants and sniffed at the affected joviality of my salutations; last and most plain, when I called for a *suisse* (such as was being served to all the other diners) I was bluntly told there were no more. It was obvious I was near the end of my tether; one plank divided me from want, and now I felt it tremble. I passed a sleepless night, and the first thing in the morning took my way to Myner's studio. It was a step I had long meditated and long refrained from; for I was scarce intimate with the Englishman; and though I knew him to possess plenty of money, neither his manner nor his reputation were the least encouraging to beggars.

I found him at work on a picture, which I was able conscientiously to praise, dressed in his usual tweeds, plain, but pretty fresh, and standing out in disagreeable contrast to my own withered and degraded outfit. As we talked, he continued to shift his eyes watchfully between his handiwork and the fat model, who sat at the far end of the studio in a state of nature, with one arm gallantly arched above her head. My errand would have been difficult enough under the best of circumstances: placed between Myner, immersed in his art, and the white, fat, naked female in a ridiculous attitude, I found it quite impossible. Again and again I attempted to approach the point, again and again fell back on commendations of the picture; and it was not until the model had enjoyed an interval of repose, during which she took the conversation in her own hands and regaled us (in a soft, weak voice) with details as to her husband's prosperity, her sister's lamented decline from the paths of virtue, and the consequent wrath of her father, a peasant of stern principles, in the vicinity of Chalons on the Marne;—it was not, I say, until after this was over, and I had once more cleared my throat for the attack, and once more dropped aside into some commonplace about the picture, that Myner himself brought me suddenly and vigorously to the point.

"You didn't come here to talk this rot," said he.

"No," I replied sullenly; "I came to borrow money."

He painted awhile in silence.

"I don't think we were ever very intimate?" he asked.

"Thank you," said I. "I can take my answer," and I made as if to go, rage boiling in my heart.

"Of course you can go if you like," said Myner; "but I advise you to stay and have it out."

"What more is there to say?" I cried. "You don't want to keep me here for a needless humiliation?"

"Look here, Dodd, you must try and command your temper," said he. "This interview is of your own seeking, and not mine; if you suppose it's not disagreeable to me, you're wrong; and if you think I will give you money without knowing thoroughly about your prospects, you take me for a fool. Besides," he added, "if you come to look at it, you've got over the worst of it by now: you have done the asking, and you have every reason to know I mean to refuse. I hold out no false hopes, but it may be worth your while to let me judge."

Thus—I was going to say—encouraged, I stumbled through my story; told him I had credit at the cabman's eating-house, but began to think it was drawing to a close; how Dijon lent me

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a corner of his studio, where I tried to model ornaments, figures for clocks, Time with the scythe, Leda and the swan, musketeers for candlesticks, and other kickshaws, which had never (up to that day) been honored with the least approval.

"And your room?" asked Myner.

"O, my room is all right, I think," said I. "She is a very good old lady, and has never even mentioned her bill."

"Because she is a very good old lady, I don't see why she should be fined," observed Myner.

"What do you mean by that?" I cried.

"I mean this," said he. "The French give a great deal of credit amongst themselves; they find it pays on the whole, or the system would hardly be continued; but I can't see where *we* come in; I can't see that it's honest of us Anglo-Saxons to profit by their easy ways, and then skip over the channel or (as you Yankees do) across the Atlantic."

"But I'm not proposing to skip," I objected.

"Exactly," he replied. "And shouldn't you? There's the problem. You seem to me to have a lack of sympathy for the proprietors of cabmen's eating-houses. By your own account you're not getting on: the longer you stay, it'll only be the more out of the pocket of the dear old lady at your lodgings. Now I'll tell you what I'll do: if you consent to go, I'll pay your passage to New York, and your railway fare and expenses to Muskegon (if I have the name right) where your father lived, where he must have left friends, and where, no doubt, you'll find an opening. I don't seek any gratitude, for of course you'll think me a beast; but I do ask you to pay it back when you are able. At any rate, that's all I can do. It might be different if I thought you a genius, Dodd; but I don't, and I advise you not to."

"I think that was uncalled for, at least," said I.

"I dare say it was," he returned, with the same steadiness. "It seemed to me pertinent; and besides, when you ask me for money upon no security, you treat me with the liberty of a friend, and it's to be presumed that I can do the like. But the point is, do you accept?"

"No, thank you," said I; "I have another string to my bow."

"All right," says Myner. "Be sure it's honest."

"Honest? honest?" I cried. "What do you mean by calling my honesty in question?"

"I won't, if you don't like it," he replied. "You seem to think honesty as easy as Blind Man's Buff: I don't. It's some difference of definition."

I went straight from this irritating interview, during which Myner had never discontinued painting, to the studio of my old master. Only one card remained for me to play, and I was now resolved to play it: I must drop the gentleman and the frock-coat, and approach art in the workman's tunic.

"*Tiens*, this little Dodd!" cried the master; and then, as his eye fell on my dilapidated clothing, I thought I could perceive his countenance to darken.

I made my plea in English; for I knew, if he were vain of anything, it was of his achievement of the island tongue. "Master," said I, "will you take me in your studio again? but this time as a workman."

"I sought your fazér was immensely reech," said he.

I explained to him that I was now an orphan and penniless.

He shook his head. "I have betterr workmen waiting at my door," said he; "far betterr workmen."

"You used to think something of my work, sir," I pleaded.

"Somesing, somesing—yes!" he cried; "énough for a son of a reech man—not énough for an orphan. Besides, I sought you might learn to be an artist; I did not sink you might learn to be a workman."

On a certain bench on the outer boulevard, not far from the tomb of Napoleon, a bench shaded at that date by a shabby tree, and commanding a view of muddy roadway and blank wall, I sat down to wrestle with my misery. The weather was cheerless and dark; in three days I had eaten but once; I had no tobacco; my shoes were soaked, my trousers horrid with mire; my humor

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and all the circumstances of the time and place lugubriously attuned. Here were two men who had both spoken fairly of my work while I was rich and wanted nothing; now that I was poor and lacked all: "no genius," said the one; "not enough for an orphan," the other; and the first offered me my passage like a pauper immigrant, and the second refused me a day's wage as a hewer of stone—plain dealing for an empty belly. They had not been insincere in the past; they were not insincere to-day: change of circumstance had introduced a new criterion: that was all.

But if I acquitted my two Job's comforters of insincerity, I was yet far from admitting them infallible. Artists had been contemned before, and had lived to turn the laugh on their contemners. How old was Corot before he struck the vein of his own precious metal? When had a young man been more derided (or more justly so) than the god of my admiration, Balzac? Or if I required a bolder inspiration, what had I to do but turn my head to where the gold dome of the Invalides glittered against inky squalls, and recall the tale of him sleeping there: from the day when a young artillery-sub could be giggled at and nicknamed Puss-in-Boots by frisky misses; on to the days of so many crowns and so many victories, and so many hundred mouths of cannon, and so many thousand war-hoofs trampling the roadways of astonished Europe eighty miles in front of the grand army? To go back, to give up, to proclaim myself a failure, an ambitious failure, first a rocket, then a stick! I, Loudon Dodd, who had refused all other livelihoods with scorn, and been advertised in the Saint Joseph *Sunday Herald* as a patriot and an artist, to be returned upon my native Muskegon like damaged goods, and go the circuit of my father's acquaintance, cap in hand, and begging to sweep offices! No, by Napoleon! I would die at my chosen trade; and the two who had that day flouted me should live to envy my success, or to weep tears of unavailing penitence behind my pauper coffin.

Meantime, if my courage was still undiminished, I was none the nearer to a meal. At no great distance my cabman's eating-house stood, at the tail of a muddy cab-rank, on the shores of a wide thoroughfare of mud, offering (to fancy) a face of ambiguous invitation. I might be received, I might once more fill my belly there; on the other hand, it was perhaps this day the bolt was destined to fall, and I might be expelled instead, with vulgar hubbub. It was policy to make the attempt, and I knew it was policy; but I had already, in the course of that one morning, endured too many affronts, and I felt I could rather starve than face another. I had courage and to spare for the future, none left for that day; courage for the main campaign, but not a spark of it for that preliminary skirmish of the cabman's restaurant. I continued accordingly to sit upon my bench, not far from the ashes of Napoleon, now drowsy, now light-headed, now in complete mental obstruction, or only conscious of an animal pleasure in quiescence; and now thinking, planning, and remembering with unexampled clearness, telling myself tales of sudden wealth, and gustfully ordering and greedily consuming imaginary meals: in the course of which I must have dropped asleep.

It was towards dark that I was suddenly recalled to famine by a cold souse of rain, and sprang shivering to my feet. For a moment I stood bewildered: the whole train of my reasoning and dreaming passed afresh through my mind; I was again tempted, drawn as if with cords, by the image of the cabman's eating-house, and again recoiled from the possibility of insult. "*Qui dort dîne*," thought I to myself; and took my homeward way with wavering footsteps, through rainy streets in which the lamps and the shop-windows now began to gleam; still marshalling imaginary dinners as I went.

"Ah, Monsieur Dodd," said the porter, "there has been a registered letter for you. The facteur will bring it again to-morrow."

A registered letter for me, who had been so long without one? Of what it could possibly contain, I had no vestige of a guess; nor did I delay myself guessing; far less from any conscious plan of dishonesty: the lies flowed from me like a natural secretion.

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"O," said I, "my remittance at last! What a bother I should have missed it! Can you lend me a hundred francs until to-morrow?"

I had never attempted to borrow from the porter till that moment: the registered letter was, besides, my warranty; and he gave me what he had—three napoleons and some francs in silver. I pocketed the money carelessly, lingered awhile chaffing, strolled leisurely to the door; and then (fast as my trembling legs could carry me) round the corner to the Café Cluny. French waiters are deft and speedy: they were not deft enough for me; and I had scarce decency to let the man set the wine upon the table or put the butter alongside the bread, before my glass and my mouth were filled. Exquisite bread of the Café Cluny, exquisite first glass of old Pomard tingling to my wet feet, indescribable first olive culled from the *hors d'œuvre*—I suppose, when I come to lie dying, and the lamp begins to grow dim, I shall still recall your savor. Over the rest of that meal, and the rest of the evening, clouds lie thick: clouds perhaps of Burgundy; perhaps, more properly, of famine and repletion.

I remember clearly, at least, the shame, the despair, of the next morning, when I reviewed what I had done, and how I had swindled the poor, honest porter; and, as if that were not enough, fairly burnt my ships, and brought bankruptcy home to that last refuge, my garret. The porter would expect his money; I could not pay him; here was scandal in the house; and I knew right well, the cause of scandal would have to pack. "What do you mean by calling my honesty in question?" I had cried the day before, turning upon Myner. Ah, that day before! the day before Waterloo, the day before the Flood; the day before I had sold the roof over my head, my future, and my self-respect, for a dinner at the Café Cluny!

In the midst of these lamentations the famous registered letter came to my door, with healing under its seals. It bore the postmark of San Francisco, where Pinkerton was already struggling to the neck in multifarious affairs: it renewed the offer of an allowance, which his improved estate permitted him to announce at the figure of five hundred francs a month; and in case I was in some immediate pinch, it enclosed an introductory draft for double the amount. There are a thousand excellent reasons why a man, in this self-helpful epoch, should decline to be dependent on another; but the most numerous and cogent considerations all bow to a necessity as stern as mine; and the banks were scarce open ere the draft was cashed.

It was early in December that I thus sold myself into slavery; and for six months I dragged a slowly lengthening chain of gratitude and uneasiness. At the cost of some debt I managed to excel myself and eclipse the Genius of Muskegon, in a small but highly patriotic Standard Bearer for the Salon; whither it was duly admitted, where it stood the proper length of days entirely unremarked, and whence it came back to me as patriotic as before. I threw my whole soul (as Pinkerton would have phrased it) into clocks and candlesticks; the devil a candlestick-maker would have anything to say to my designs. Even when Dijon, with his infinite good-humor and infinite scorn for all such journey-work, consented to peddle them in indiscriminately with his own, the dealers still detected and rejected mine. Home they returned to me, true as the Standard Bearer; who now, at the head of quite a regiment of lesser idols, began to grow an eyesore in the scanty studio of my friend. Dijon and I have sat by the hour, and gazed upon that company of images. The severe, the frisky, the classical, the Louis Quinze, were there—from Joan of Arc in her soldierly cuirass to Leda with the swan; nay, and God forgive me for a man that knew better! the humorous was represented also. We sat and gazed, I say; we criticised, we turned them hither and thither; even upon the closest inspection they looked quite like statuettes; and yet nobody would have a gift of them!

Vanity dies hard; in some obstinate cases it outlives the man: but about the sixth month, when I already owed eight hundred dollars to Pinkerton, and half

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as much again in debts scattered about Paris, I awoke one morning with a horrid sentiment of oppression, and found I was alone: my vanity had breathed her last during the night. I dared not plunge deeper in the bog; I saw no hope in my poor statuary; I owned myself beaten at last; and sitting down in my nightshirt beside the window, whence I had a glimpse of the tree-tops at the corner of the boulevard, and where the music of its early traffic fell agreeably upon my ear, I penned my farewell to Paris, to art, to my whole past life, and my whole former self. "I give in," I wrote. "When the next allowance arrives, I shall go straight out West, where you can do what you like with me."

It is to be understood that Pinkerton had been, in a sense, pressing me to come from the beginning; depicting his isolation among new acquaintances, "who have none of them your culture," he wrote; expressing his friendship in terms so warm that it sometimes embarrassed me to think how poorly I could echo them; dwelling upon his need for assistance; and the next moment turning about to commend my resolution and press me to remain in Paris. "Only remember, Loudon," he would write, "if you ever *do* tire of it, there's plenty work here for you—honest, hard, well-paid work, developing the resources of this practically virgin State. And of course I needn't say what a pleasure it would be to me if we were going at it *shoulder to shoulder*." I marvel (looking back) that I could so long have resisted these appeals, and continued to sink my friend's money in a manner that I knew him to dislike. At least, when I did awake to any sense of my position, I awoke to it entirely; and determined not only to follow his counsel for the future, but even as regards the past, to rectify his losses. For in this juncture of affairs I called to mind that I was not without a possible resource, and resolved, at whatever cost of mortification, to beard the Loudon family in their historic city.

In the excellent Scots' phrase, I made a moonlight flitting, a thing never dignified, but in my case unusually easy. As I had scarce a pair of boots worth portage, I deserted the whole of my effects without a pang. Dijon fell heir to Joan of Arc, the Standard Bearer, and the Musketeers. He was present when I bought and frugally stocked my new portmanteau; and it was at the door of the trunk shop that I took my leave of him, for my last few hours in Paris must be spent alone. It was alone (and at a far higher figure than my finances warranted) that I discussed my dinner; alone that I took my ticket at Saint Lazare; all alone, though in a carriage full of people, that I watched the moon shine on the Seine flood with its tufted islets, on Rouen with her spires, and on the shipping in the harbor of Dieppe. When the first light of the morning called me from troubled slumbers on the deck, I beheld the dawn at first with pleasure; I watched with pleasure the green shores of England rising out of rosy haze; I took the salt air with delight into my nostrils; and then all came back to me; that I was no longer an artist, no longer myself; that I was leaving all I cared for, and returning to all that I detested, the slave of debt and gratitude, a public and a branded failure.

From this picture of my own disgrace and wretchedness, it is not wonderful if my mind turned with relief to the thought of Pinkerton, waiting for me, as I knew, with unwearied affection, and regarding me with a respect that I had never deserved, and might therefore fairly hope that I should never forfeit. The inequality of our relation struck me rudely. I must have been stupid, indeed, if I could have considered the history of that friendship without shame—I, who had given so little, who had accepted and profited by so much. I had the whole day before me in London, and I determined (at least in words) to set the balance somewhat straighter. Seated in a corner of a public place, and calling for sheet after sheet of paper, I poured forth the expression of my gratitude, my penitence for the past, my resolutions for the future. Till now, I told him, my course had been mere selfishness. I had been selfish to my father and to my friend, taking their help, and denying them (what was all they asked) the poor gratification of my company and countenance.

Wonderful are the consolations of lit-

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erature! As soon as that letter was written and posted, the consciousness of virtue glowed in my veins like some rare vintage.

CHAPTER VI.

IN WHICH I GO WEST.

I REACHED my uncle's door next morning in time to sit down with the family to breakfast. More than three years had intervened almost without mutation in that stationary household, since I had sat there first, a young American freshman, bewildered among unfamiliar dainties, finnan haddock, kippered salmon, baps and mutton ham, and had wearied my mind in vain to guess what should be under the tea-cosey. If there were any change at all, it seemed that I had risen in the family esteem. My father's death once fittingly referred to, with a ceremonial lengthening of Scotch upper lips and wagging of the female head, the party launched at once (God help me) into the more cheerful topic of my own successes. They had been so pleased to hear such good accounts of me; I was quite a great man now; where was that beautiful statue of the Genius of Something or other? "You haven't it here? Really?" asked the sprightliest of my cousins, shaking curls at me; as though it were likely I had brought it in the cab, or kept it concealed about my person like a birthday surprise. In the bosom of this family, unaccustomed to the tropical nonsense of the West, it became plain the *Sunday Herald* and poor, blethering Pinkerton had been accepted for their face. It is not possible to invent a circumstance that could have more depressed me; and I am conscious that I behaved all through that breakfast like a whipt schoolboy.

At length, the meal and family prayers being both happily over, I requested the favor of an interview with Uncle Adam on "the state of my affairs." At sound of this ominous expression, the good man's face conspicuously lengthened; and when my grandfather, having had the proposition repeated to him (for he was hard of hearing) announced his intention of being present at the interview, I could not but think that Uncle Adam's sorrow kindled into momentary irritation. Nothing, however, but the usual grim cordiality appeared upon the surface; and we all passed ceremoniously to the adjoining library, a gloomy theatre for a depressing piece of business. My grandfather charged a clay pipe, and sat tremulously smoking in a corner of the fireless chimney; behind him, although the morning was both chill and dark, the window was partly open and the blind partly down; I cannot depict what an air he had of being out of place, like a man shipwrecked there. Uncle Adam had his station at the business table in the midst. Valuable rows of books looked down upon the place of torture; and I could hear sparrows chirping in the garden, and my sprightly cousin already banging the piano and pouring forth an acid stream of song from the drawing-room overhead.

It was in these circumstances that, with all brevity of speech and a certain boyish sullenness of manner, looking the while upon the floor, I informed my relatives of my financial situation: the amount I owed Pinkerton; the hopelessness of any maintenance from sculpture; the career offered me in the States; and how, before becoming more beholden to a stranger, I had judged it right to lay the case before my family.

"I am only sorry you did not come to me at first," said Uncle Adam. "I take the liberty to say it would have been more decent."

"I think so too, Uncle Adam," I replied; "but you must bear in mind I was ignorant in what light you might regard my application."

"I hope I would never turn my back on my own flesh and blood," he returned with emphasis; but to my anxious ear, with more of temper than affection. "I could never forget you were my sister's son. I regard this as a manifest duty. I have no choice but to accept the entire responsibility of the position you have made."

I did not know what else to do but murmur "thank you."

"Yes," he pursued, "and there is something providential in the circumstance that you come at the right time. In my old firm there is a vacancy; they

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call themselves Italian Warehousemen now," he continued, regarding me with a twinkle of humor; "so you may think yourself in luck; we were only grocers in my day. I shall place you there to-morrow."

"Stop a moment, Uncle Adam," I broke in. "This is not at all what I am asking. I ask you to pay Pinkerton, who is a poor man. I ask you to clear my feet of debt, not to arrange my life or any part of it."

"If I wished to be harsh, I might remind you that beggars cannot be choosers," said my uncle; "and as to managing your life, you have tried your own way already, and you see what you have made of it. You must now accept the guidance of those older and (whatever you may think of it) wiser than yourself. All these schemes of your friend (of whom I know nothing, by the by) and talk of openings in the West, I simply disregard. I have no idea whatever of your going troking across a continent on a wild-goose chase. In this situation, which I am fortunately able to place at your disposal, and which many a well-conducted young man would be glad to jump at, you will receive, to begin with, eighteen shillings a week."

"Eighteen shillings a week!" I cried. "Why, my poor friend gave me more than that for nothing!"

"And I think it is this very friend you are now trying to repay?" observed my uncle, with an air of one advancing a strong argument.

"Aadam!" said my grandfather.

"I'm vexed you should be present at this business," quoth Uncle Adam, swinging rather obsequiously towards the stonemason; "but I must remind you it is of your own seeking."

"Aadam!" repeated the old man.

"Well, sir, I am listening," says my uncle.

My grandfather took a puff or two in silence; and then, "Ye're makin' an awful poor appearance, Aadam," said he.

My uncle visibly reared at the affront. "I'm sorry you should think so," said he, "and still more sorry you should say so before present company."

"A believe that; A keen that, Aadam," returned old Loudon, dryly; "and the curiis thing is, I'm no very carin'. See here, ma man," he continued, addressing himself to me. "A'm your grandfaither, amn't I not? Never you mind what Aadam says. A'll see justice din ye. A'm rich."

"Father," said Uncle Adam, "I would like one word with you in private."

I rose to go.

"Set down upon your hinderlands," cried my grandfather, almost savagely. "If Aadam has anything to say, let him say it. It's me that has the money here; and by Gravy! I'm goin' to be obeyed."

Upon this scurvy encouragement, it appeared that my uncle had no remark to offer: twice challenged to "speak out and be done with it," he twice sullenly declined; and I may mention that about this period of the engagement, I began to be sorry for him.

"See here, then, Jeannie's yin!" resumed my grandfather. "A'm going to give ye a set-off. Your mither was always my fav'rite, for A never could agree with Aadam. A like ye fine yoursel'; there's nae noansense aboot ye; ye've a fine nayteral idee of builder's work; ye've been to France, where they tell me they're grand at the stuccy. A splendid thing for ceilin's, the stuccy! and it's a vailyable disguise, too; A don't believe there's a builder in Scotland has used more stuccy than me. But as A was sayin', if ye'll follie that trade, with the capital that A'm goin' to give ye, ye may live yet to be as rich as mysel'. Ye see, ye would have always had a share of it when A was gone; it appears ye're needin' it now; well, ye'll get the less, as is only just and proper."

Uncle Adam cleared his throat. "This is very handsome, father, said he; "and I am sure Loudon feels it so. Very handsome, and as you say, very just; but will you allow me to say that it had better, perhaps, be put in black and white?"

The enmity always smouldering between the two men at this ill-judged interruption almost burst in flame. The stonemason turned upon his offspring, his long upper lip pulled down, for all the world, like a monkey's. He stared awhile in virulent silence; and then, "Get Gregg!" said he.

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The effect of these words was very visible. "He will be gone to his office," stammered my uncle.

"Get Gregg!" repeated my grandfather.

"I tell you, he will be gone to his office," reiterated Adam.

"And I tell ye, he's takin' his smoke," retorted the old man.

"Very well, then," cried my uncle, getting to his feet with some alacrity, as upon a sudden change of thought, "I will get him myself."

"Ye will not!" cried my grandfather. "Ye will sit there upon your hinderlands."

"Then how the devil am I to get him?" my uncle broke forth, with not unnatural petulance.

My grandfather (having no possible answer) grinned at his son with the malice of a schoolboy; then he rang the bell.

"Take the garden key," said Uncle Adam to the servant; "go over to the garden, and if Mr. Gregg the lawyer is there (he generally sits under the red hawthorn), give him old Mr. Loudon's compliments, and will he step in here for a moment?"

"Mr. Gregg the lawyer!" At once I understood (what had been puzzling me) the significance of my grandfather and the alarm of my poor uncle: the stonemason's will, it was supposed, hung trembling in the balance.

"Look here, grandfather," I said, "I didn't want any of this. All I wanted was a loan of (say, two hundred pounds). I can take care of myself; I have prospects and opportunities, good friends in the States——"

The old man waved me down. "It's me that speaks here," he said curtly; and we waited the coming of the lawyer in a triple silence. He appeared at last, the maid ushering him in—a spectacled, dry but not ungenial looking man.

"Here, Gregg," cried my grandfather. "Just a question. What has Aadam got to do with my will?"

"I'm afraid I don't quite understand," said the lawyer, staring.

"What has he got to do with it?" repeated the old man, smiting with his fist upon the arm of his chair. "Is my money mine's, or is it Aadam's? Can Aadam interfere?"

"O, I see," said Mr. Gregg. "Certainly not. On the marriage of both of your children a certain sum was paid down and accepted in full of legitim. You have surely not forgotten the circumstance, Mr. Loudon?"

"So that, if I like," concluded my grandfather, hammering out his words, "I can leave every doit I die possessed of to the Great Magunn?"—meaning probably the Great Mogul.

"No doubt of it," replied Gregg, with a shadow of a smile.

"Ye hear that, Aadam?" asked my grandfather.

"I may be allowed to say I had no need to hear it," said my uncle.

"Very well," says my grandfather. "You and Jeannie's yin can go for a bit walk. Me and Gregg has business."

When once I was in the hall alone with Uncle Adam, I turned to him, sick at heart. "Uncle Adam," I said, "you can understand, better than I can say, how very painful all this is to me."

"Yes, I am sorry you have seen your grandfather in so unamiable a light," replied this extraordinary man. "You shouldn't allow it to affect your mind though. He has sterling qualities, quite an extraordinary character; and I have no fear but he means to behave handsomely to you."

His composure was beyond my imitation: the house could not contain me, nor could I even promise to return to it: in concession to which weakness, it was agreed that I should call in about an hour at the office of the lawyer, whom (as he left the library) Uncle Adam should waylay and inform of the arrangement. I suppose there was never a more topsy-turvy situation: you would have thought it was I who had suffered some rebuff, and that iron-sided Adam was a generous conqueror who scorned to take advantage.

It was plain enough that I was to be endowed: to what extent and upon what conditions I was now left for an hour to meditate in the wide and solitary thoroughfares of the new town, taking counsel with street-corner statues of George IV. and William Pitt, improving my mind with the pictures in the

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window of a music-shop, and renewing my acquaintance with Edinburgh east wind. By the end of the hour I made my way to Mr. Gregg's office, where I was placed, with a few appropriate words, in possession of a cheque for two thousand pounds and a small parcel of architectural works.

"Mr. Loudon bids me add," continued the lawyer, consulting a little sheet of notes, "that although these volumes are very valuable to the practical builder, you must be careful not to lose originality. He tells you also not to be 'hadden doun'—his own expression—by the theory of strains, and that Portland cement, properly sanded, will go a long way."

I smiled, and remarked that I supposed it would.

"I once lived in one of my excellent client's houses, observed the lawyer; "and I was tempted, in that case, to think it had gone far enough."

"Under these circumstances, sir," said I, "you will be rather relieved to hear that I have no intention of becoming a builder."

At this, he fairly laughed; and, the ice being broken, I was able to consult him as to my conduct. He insisted I must return to the house, at least, for luncheon, and one of my walks with Mr. Loudon. "For the evening, I will furnish you with an excuse, if you please," said he, "by asking you to a bachelor dinner with myself. But the luncheon and the walk are unavoidable. He is an old man, and, I believe, really fond of you; he would naturally feel aggrieved if there were any appearance of avoiding him; and as for Mr. Adam, do you know, I think your delicacy out of place. . . . And now, Mr. Dodd, what are you to do with this money?"

Ay, there was the question. With two thousand pounds—fifty thousand francs—I might return to Paris and the arts, and be a prince and millionnaire in that thrifty Latin Quarter. I think I had the grace, with one corner of my mind, to be glad that I had sent the London letter: I know very well that with the rest and worst of me, I repented bitterly of that precipitate act. On one point, however, my whole multiplex estate of man was unanimous: the letter being gone, there was no help but I must follow. The money was accordingly divided in two unequal shares: for the first, Mr. Gregg got me a bill in the name of Dijon to meet my liabilities in Paris; for the second, as I had already cash in hand for the expenses of my journey, he supplied me with drafts on San Francisco.

The rest of my business in Edinburgh, not to dwell on a very agreeable dinner with the lawyer or the horrors of the family luncheon, took the form of an excursion with the stonemason, who led me this time to no suburb or work of his old hands, but with an impulse both natural and pretty, to that more enduring home which he had chosen for his clay. It was in a cemetery, by some strange chance, immured within the bulwarks of a prison; standing, besides, on the margin of a cliff, crowded with elderly stone memorials, and green with turf and ivy. The east wind (which I thought too harsh for the old man) continually shook the boughs, and the thin sun of a Scottish summer drew their dancing shadows.

"I wanted ye to see the place," said he. "Yon's the stane. *Euphemia Roos:* that was my goodwife, your grandmither—hoots! I'm wrong; that was my first yin; I had no bairns by her; —yours is the second, *Mary Murray, Born* 1819, *Died* 1850: that's her—a fine, plain, decent sort of a creature, tak' her athegether. *Alexander Loudon, Born Seventeen Ninety-Twa, Died*—and then a hole in the ballant: that's me. Alexander's my name. They ca'd me Ecky when I was a boy. Eh, Ecky! ye're an awful auld man!"

I had a second and sadder experience of graveyards at my next alighting-place, the city of Muskegon, now rendered conspicuous by the dome of the new capitol encaged in scaffolding. It was late in the afternoon when I arrived, and raining; and as I walked in great streets, of the very name of which I was quite ignorant—double, treble, and quadruple lines of horse-cars jingling by—hundred-fold wires of telegraph and telephone matting heaven above my head—huge, staring houses, garish and gloomy, flanking me from either hand—the thought of the Rue Racine,

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ay, and of the cabman's eating-house, brought tears to my eyes. The whole monotonous Babel had grown, or I should rather say swelled, with such a leap since my departure, that I must continually inquire my way, and the very cemetery was brand new. Death, however, had been active; the graves were already numerous, and I must pick my way in the rain, among the tawdry sepulchres of millionnaires, and past the plain, black crosses of Hungarian laborers, till chance or instinct led me to the place that was my father's. The stone had been erected (I knew already) "by admiring friends"; I could now judge their taste in monuments; their taste in literature, methought, I could imagine, and I refrained from drawing near enough to read the terms of the inscription. But the name was in larger letters and stared at me—*James K. Dodd*. What a singular thing is a name, I thought; how it clings to a man, and continually misrepresents, and then survives him; and it flashed across my mind, with a mixture of regret and bitter mirth, that I had never known, and now probably never should know, what the K had represented. King, Kilter, Kay, Kaiser, I went, running over names at random, and then stumbled with ludicrous misspelling on Kornelius, and had nearly laughed aloud. I have never been more childish; I suppose (although the deeper voices of my nature seemed all dumb) because I have never been more moved. And at this last incongruous antic of my nerves, I was seized with a panic of remorse and fled the cemetery.

Scarce less funereal was the rest of my experience in Muskegon, where, nevertheless, I lingered, visiting my father's circle, for some days. It was in piety to him I lingered; and I might have spared myself the pain. His memory was already quite gone out. For his sake, indeed, I was made welcome; and for mine the conversation rolled awhile with laborious effort on the virtues of the deceased. His former comrades dwelt, in my company, upon his business talents or his generosity for public purposes; when my back was turned, they remembered him no more. My father had loved me; I had left him alone to live and die among the indifferent; now I returned to find him dead and buried and forgotten. Unavailing penitence translated itself in my thoughts to fresh resolve. There was another poor soul who loved me: Pinkerton. I must not be guilty twice of the same error.

A week perhaps had been thus wasted, nor had I prepared my friend for the delay. Accordingly, when I had changed trains at Council Bluffs, I was aware of a man appearing at the end of the car with a telegram in his hand and inquiring whether there were any one aboard "of the name of London Dodd?" I thought the name near enough, claimed the despatch, and found it was from Pinkerton: "What day do you arrive? Awfully important." I sent him an answer giving day and hour, and at Ogden found a fresh despatch awaiting me: "That will do. Unspeakable relief. Meet you at Sacramento." In Paris days I had a private name for Pinkerton: "The Irrepressible" was what I had called him in hours of bitterness; and the name rose once more on my lips. What mischief was he up to now? What new bowl was my benignant monster brewing for his Frankenstein? In what new imbroglio should I alight on the Pacific coast? My trust in the man was entire, and my distrust perfect. I knew he would never mean amiss; but I was convinced he would almost never (in my sense) do aright.

I suppose these vague anticipations added a shade of gloom to that already gloomy place of travel: Nebraska, Wyoming, Utah, Nevada, scowled in my face at least, and seemed to point me back again to that other native land of mine, the Latin Quarter. But when the Sierras had been climbed, and the train, after so long beating and panting, stretched itself upon the downward track — when I beheld that vast extent of prosperous country rolling seaward from the woods and the blue mountains, that illimitable spread of rippling corn, the trees growing and blowing in the merry weather, the country boys thronging aboard the train with figs and peaches, and the conductors, and the very darky stewards, visibly exulting in the change — up went my soul like a

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balloon; Care fell from his perch upon my shoulders; and when I spied my Pinkerton among the crowd at Sacramento, I thought of nothing but to shout and wave for him, and grasp him by the hand, like what he was — my dearest friend.

"O Loudon!" he cried. "Man, how I've pined for you! And you haven't come an hour too soon. You're known here and waited for; I've been booming you already; you're billed for a lecture to-morrow night: *Student Life in Paris, Grave and Gay:* twelve hundred places booked at the last stock! Tut, man, you're looking thin! Here, try a drop of this." And he produced a case bottle, staringly labelled PINKERTON'S THIRTEEN STAR GOLDEN STATE BRANDY, WARRANTED ENTIRE.

"God bless me!" said I, gasping and winking after my first plunge into this fiery fluid. "And what does 'Warranted Entire' mean?"

"Why, Loudon! you ought to know that!" cried Pinkerton. "It's real, copper-bottomed English; you see it on all the old-time wayside hostelries over there."

"But if I'm not mistaken, it means something Warranted Entirely different," said I, "and applies to the public house, and not the beverages sold."

"It's very possible," said Jim, quite unabashed. "It's effective, anyway; and I can tell you, sir, it has boomed that spirit: it goes now by the hundred gross of cases. By the way, I hope you won't mind; I've got your portrait all over San Francisco for the lecture, enlarged from that carte de visit: *H. Loudon Dodd, the Americo-Parisienne Sculptor.* Here's a proof of the small handbills; the posters are the same, only in red and blue, and the letters fourteen by one."

I looked at the handbill, and my head turned. What was the use of words? why seek to explain to Pinkerton the knotted horrors of "Americo-Parisienne?" He took an early occasion to point it out as "rather a good phrase; gives the two sides at a glance: I wanted the lecture written up to that." Even after we had reached San Francisco, and at the actual physical shock of my own effigy placarded on the streets I had broken forth in petulant words, he never comprehended in the least the ground of my aversion.

"If I had only known you disliked red lettering!" was as high as he could rise. "You are perfectly right: a clear-cut black is preferable, and shows a great deal farther. The only thing that pains me is the portrait: I own I thought that a success. I'm dreadfully and truly sorry, my dear fellow: I see now it's not what you had a right to expect; but I did it, Loudon, for the best; and the press is all delighted."

At the moment, sweeping through green tule swamps, I fell direct on the essential. "But, Pinkerton," I cried, "this lecture is the maddest of your madnesses. How can I prepare a lecture in thirty hours?"

"All done, Loudon!" he exclaimed in triumph. "All ready. Trust me to pull a piece of business through. You'll find it all type-written in my desk at home. I put the best talent of San Francisco on the job: Harry Miller, the brightest pressman in the city."

And so he rattled on, beyond reach of my modest protestations, blurting out his complicated interests, crying up his new acquaintances, and ever and again hungering to introduce me to some "whole-souled, grand fellow, as sharp as a needle," from whom, and the very thought of whom, my spirit shrank instinctively.

Well, I was in for it: in for Pinkerton, in for the portrait, in for the type-written lecture. One promise I extorted—that I was never again to be committed in ignorance; even for that, when I saw how its extortion puzzled and depressed the Irrepressible, my soul repented me; and in all else I suffered myself to be led uncomplaining at his chariot wheels. The Irrepressible did I say? The Irresistible were nigher truth.

But the time to have seen me was when I sat down to Harry Miller's lecture. He was a facetious dog, this Harry Miller; he had a gallant way of skirting the indecent which (in my case) produced physical nausea; and he could be sentimental and even melodramatic about grisettes and starving genius. I found he had enjoyed the benefit of my

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correspondence with Pinkerton: adventures of my own were here and there horribly misrepresented, sentiments of my own echoed and exaggerated till I blushed to recognize them. I will do Harry Miller justice: he must have had a kind of talent, almost of genius; all attempts to lower his tone proving fruitless, and the Harry-Millerism ineradicable. Nay, the monster had a certain key of style, or want of style, so that certain milder passages, which I sought to introduce, discorded horribly, and impovished (if that were possible) the general effect.

By an early hour of the numbered evening I might have been observed at the sign of the *Poodle Dog*, dining with my agent: so Pinkerton delighted to describe himself. Thence, like an ox to the slaughter, he led me to the hall, where I stood presently alone, confronting assembled San Francisco, with no better allies than a table, a glass of water, and a mass of manuscript and typework, representing Harry Miller and myself. I read the lecture; for I had lacked both time and will to get the trash by heart — read it hurriedly, humbly, and with visible shame. Now and then I would catch in the auditorium an eye of some intelligence, now and then, in the manuscript, would stumble on a richer vein of Harry Miller, and my heart would fail me, and I gabbled. The audience yawned, it stirred uneasily, it muttered, grumbled, and broke forth at last in articulate cries of "Speak up!" and "Nobody can hear!" I took to skipping, and being extremely ill-acquainted with the country, almost invariably cut in again in the unintelligible midst of some new topic. What struck me as extremely ominous, these misfortunes were allowed to pass without a laugh. Indeed, I was beginning to fear the worst, and even personal indignity, when all at once the humor of the thing broke upon me strongly. I could have laughed aloud; and being again summoned to speak up, I faced my patrons for the first time with a smile. "Very well," I said, "I will try; though I don't suppose anybody wants to hear, and I can't see why anybody should." Audience and lecturer laughed together till the tears ran down; vociferous and repeated applause hailed my impromptu sally. Another hit which I made but a little after, as I turned three pages of the copy: "You see I am leaving out as much as I possibly can," increased the esteem with which my patrons had begun to regard me; and when I left the stage at last, my departing form was cheered with laughter, stamping, shouting, and the waving of hats.

Pinkerton was in the waiting-room, feverishly jotting in his pocket-book. As he saw me enter, he sprang up, and I declare, the tears were trickling on his cheeks.

"My dear boy," he cried, "I can never forgive myself, and you can never forgive me. Never mind: I did it for the best. And how nobly you clung on! I dreaded we should have had to return the money at the doors."

"It would have been more honest if we had," said I.

The pressmen followed me, Harry Miller in the front ranks; and I was amazed to find them, on the whole, a pleasant set of lads, probably more sinned against than sinning, and even Harry Miller apparently a gentleman. I had in oysters and champagne — for the receipts were excellent — and being in a high state of nervous tension, kept the table in a roar. Indeed, I was never in my life so well inspired as when I described my vigil over Harry Miller's literature or the series of my emotions as I faced the audience. The lads vowed I was the soul of good company and the prince of lecturers; and — so wonderful an institution is the popular press — if you had seen the notices next day in all the papers, you must have supposed my evening's entertainment an unqualified success.

I was in excellent spirits when I returned home that night, but the miserable Pinkerton sorrowed for us both.

"O, Loudon," he said, "I shall never forgive myself. When I saw you didn't catch on to the idea of the lecture, I should have given it myself!"

(To be continued.)

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ODD AMERICAN HOMES.

By John R. Spears.

AMONG the most interesting to me of the descriptive articles printed in the magazines of 1890, were those of a series in SCRIBNER'S, on the subject of American homes; and they must have had something of this interest for almost everyone, for it is a sorry soul that does not thrill with pleasure at the thought of home, an unfortunate soul that does not own one, an unambitious soul who, having a home, does not often consider what he can do to add to its charms. Many kinds of houses were portrayed in the series — magnificent homes, plain homes, city homes, country homes; but in all cases they were the homes of people of taste and refinement. And so, when all the series had been printed, it occurred to the writer that certain other homes with which he had become acquainted—homes that no artist or architect could approve—the homes of the rude and unrefined, the odd homes of Americans, might be interestingly described. Yet let it be said that no one knows better than the writer that neither cost nor conventionality is a necessity to an attractive home.

In a study of odd homes the oddest of them all will naturally be found where ordinary materials are scarce and necessity is the mother of invention—on the frontier. It was the oddity of frontier homes that first drew the attention of the writer to the subject of this article, and frontier homes will be first described. Although the American frontier is now a narrow and narrowing space, there is still a considerable territory in the Southwest within which farms may be had practically for the taking—the cash cost is nominal. In Texas are areas, larger than some of the Eastern States, on which no man dwells. In the Indian Territory the land yet to be opened to settlement will make thousands of farms; while in that small, but very remarkable, part of the Southwest aptly termed "No Man's Land," more than a million fertile acres are yet unclaimed by the home-seekers. While the work of settling these lands is going on, there is no part of the American republic likely to prove more entertaining to the traveller than the settled portions adjoining. Lacking the weird bustle and whirl, and certain other characteristics, which make the mining towns picturesque and in a way attractive, the frontier of the Southwest has features of its own which well repay attention.

Of all of these features none will be more likely to interest any passing stranger than the homes peculiar to the prairie section—the dugout and the sod-house.

The frontiersman of the Southwest has but a small store of goods. With a wagon above which five arching hoops stretch a breadth of cotton cloth to shelter his family; with a team in a disjointed harness to draw the wagon; with a shot-gun for game and a navy revolver to satisfy his love of swagger or the demands of frontier society; with a side of bacon and a bag of meal for food, he wends his way across the plains. He is "from the States," and he is going "to locate a claim." He avoids rather than seeks a settled neighborhood, and so drifts on and on until at last a spring or a stream of sweet water, with the accompanying clumps of gnarled cotton-wood trees, attracts him, and he decides "to locate." Thereat he sets to work digging a dwelling.

A look at the site chosen by the wiser ones is alone worth a journey thither. They have a term which they apply out there to the land found along the water-courses that is graphically descriptive. They call it broken land.

Into the face of one of the low vertical earth walls of the broken land, the home-maker cuts a hole as a Yankee farmer digs a cellar for a hillside barn. Though rarely larger than ten by fourteen feet on the bottom, these cellar-like holes are sometimes twelve by eighteen,

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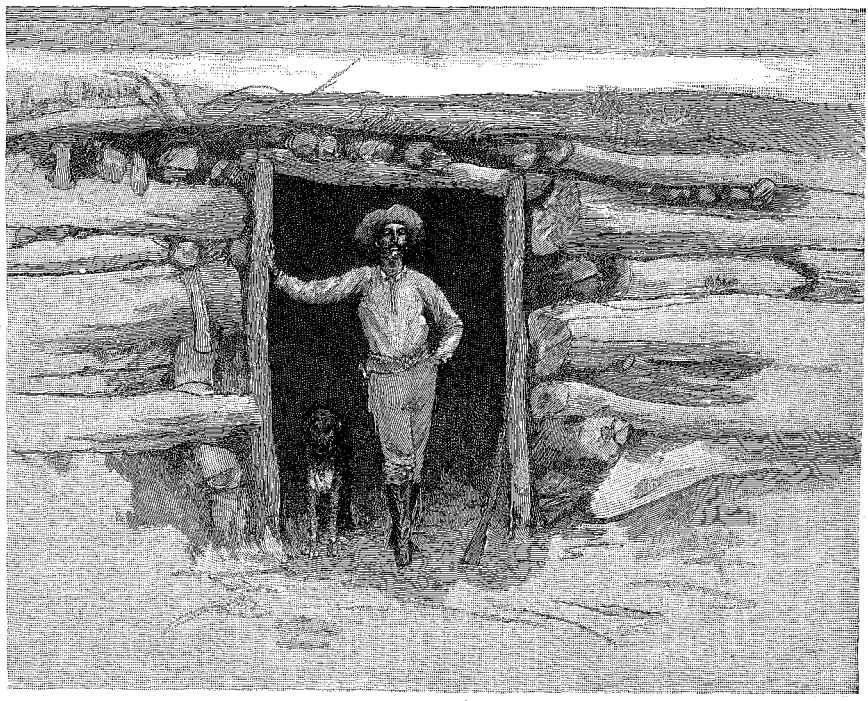

Dugout of a Southwestern Pioneer.

with the depth of the hole as much as five or six feet, and sometimes eighteen by fifteen large, with the long way of the hole lying along the front of the natural earth wall.

The digging completed, trees are cut to furnish logs for building up the front of the home, and for use as rafters placed a foot or so apart over the top. The limbs of the trees, with some long grass from a moist place, if any can be found, are used to make a rude thatch over the rafters, and then the sods, cut out and carefully saved when the hole was dug, are placed on top of the thatch, while the earth from the hole is heaped on top of all into a grave-shaped mound. A blanket is hung in the doorway, or the cotton from the wagon-hoops will serve, and there is the dugout home as cosey as the home of a prairie-dog or a woodchuck.

"'Taint much for style, huht-uh, but stranger, haint that a plumb pretty view from the do'? Um-huh-h-h, well, I reckon that's whatever," said the proud owner of such a home forty miles north of Vernon, Texas, and thereby called attention to certain of his own characteristics, as well as to certain peculiarities of his home.

Varying tastes make many kinds of dugouts. They can be found with the walls and floor covered with boards bought at a great price in a far-away railroad town. Some have board walls that rise a foot or two above the ground, and a board roof as well. Some have a window in one end. Now and then a small one will have a canvas roof. Some are dug in the level prairie. The owner of a livery stable in Vernon, Texas, told the writer that he had often at night unwittingly driven right over such dwellings and wondered what made the ground so uneven, until the proprietor of the dugout came out with a Winchester in hand.

The half-way house on the road from Vernon to Mangum was, in those days (1888), a dugout. It had six beds ranged in two rows along the side walls. The space between the beds was just wide enough to enable the guests to pass along in single file to the table beyond. The landlady at the head of the table used the stove at her elbow for a sideboard. Slops in the coffee-cups that

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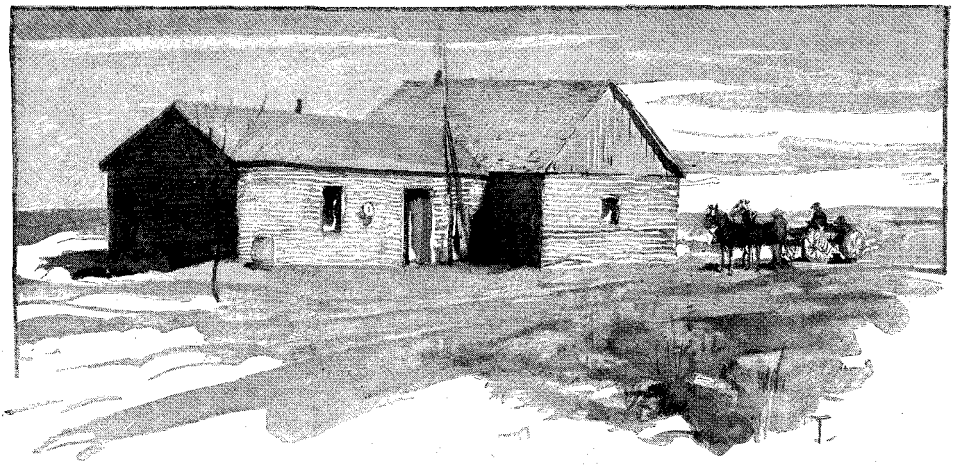
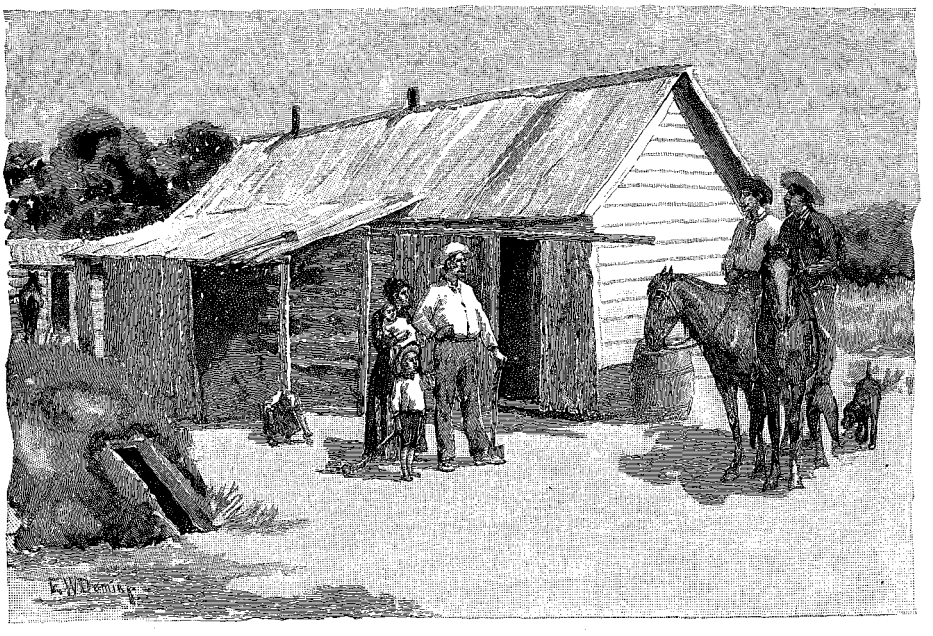


A Kansas Sod House.

were passed to her to be refilled were poured on the floor, where the dry, sandy loam quickly absorbed them. There are more attractive hotels in the Texas Panhandle, but this one, as here accurately described, probably seems worse to the reader than it would have seemed on inspection, for there was no bad odor about it, while the table looked clean and even attractive to the hungry wayfarers.

However the dugout may seem to the unaccustomed, it is a home to which the southwestern frontiersman becomes so much attached that he will sometimes live in no other. When this statement was made to the writer he could not believe it, but after seeing a picturesque dugout in the Cobequid Mountains, Nova Scotia, with a great forest on every side from which a log-cabin could have been easily made, the conclusion that some men,



Squaw Man's Home, Indian Territory.

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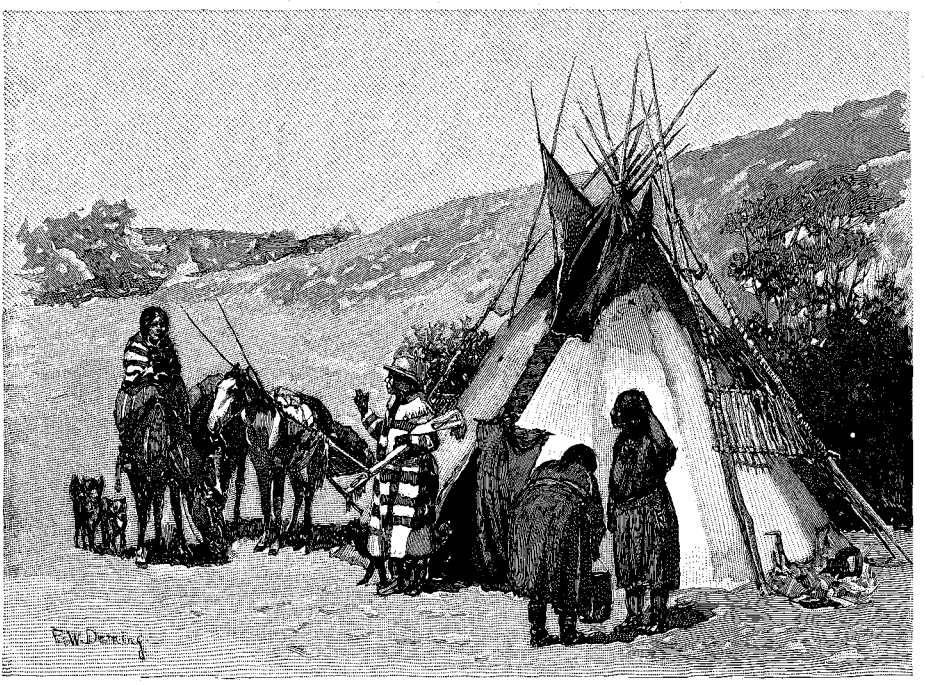
like some animals, burrow instinctively was inevitable. Surely there is no place like home when the home is a dugout.

All travellers observe that the styles



An Indian Tepee—Group of Blackfeet.

of dwellings vary about as much in different parts of the country as fashions in clothes do. Contemplate, for instance, the flat-head houses of Brooklyn —two stories high in front and three in the rear; the beetle-rump cottages of Philadelphia, where the second story projects several feet beyond the rear wall of the first; the Jersey City street, where all the houses are built on the hulks of abandoned canal-boats. So it is that in the Southwest the dugout is the favorite Texas frontier home, while in Kansas society demands the construction of a sod-house.

An axe and a shovel are all the tools needed in preparing the Texas home; to build a sod-house the architect needs a plow as well. The reader will doubtless remember that Mr. William P. P. Longfellow, in his "Architect's Point of View," printed in the January SCRIBNER, did not mention the plow as one of the implements of his art, but Kansas frontier builders find the plow very useful. Having selected his building-spot the Kansan goes to the moistest piece of grass he can find, because its roots are sure to be long and strong, and there turns over the sod in furrows a foot wide and three inches deep. The sods thus turned are cut into convenient lengths to handle, and then laid up into house walls as flat stones might be. When the walls are as high as he can reach from the ground he drags his wagon to them and uses it as a scaffold. Holes for windows and doors are left in the wall. Rough boards are commonly used for door and window frames, but small limbs from a tree in the creek bed will answer. Puncheons split from tree-trunks would be used, but for the fact that tree-trunks in that country cannot be split. Tree-trunks supported on posts (for a sod wall will bear very little weight) serve as rafters, and the smaller limbs with grass make a thatching for the roof, which is made water-proof by two layers of sod. A majority of the sod-houses have sawed rafters and sheet-

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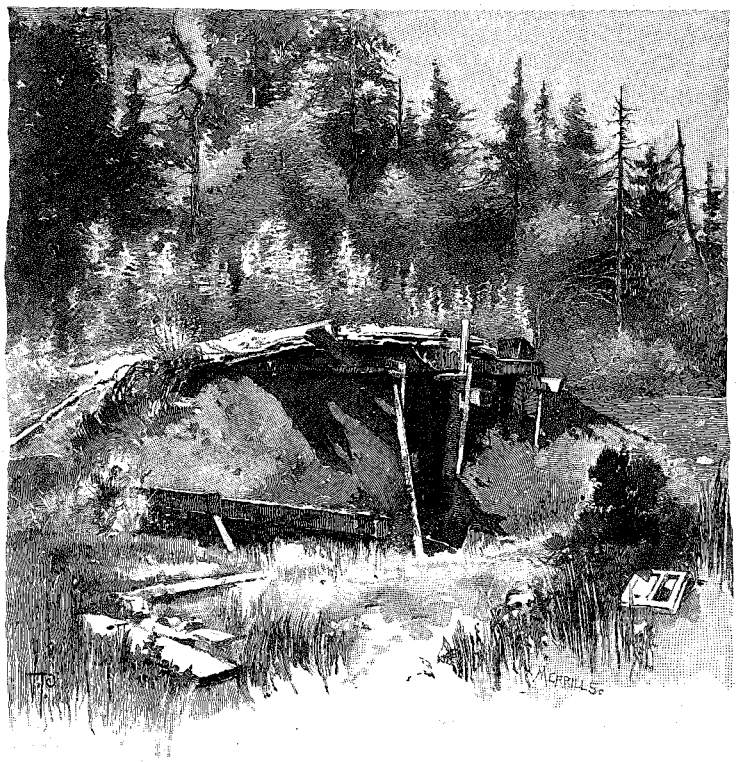

A Nova Scotia Dugout.

ing, however, though sods are almost always used in place of shingles.

The proprietor of the sod-house shown in the engraving began housekeeping on his claim in what is now the wing, which by itself is a genuine sod-house. But he had located a lucky claim; it was near Meade, Kansas, in the Crooked Creek Valley, where he got flowing water at a depth of one hundred and fifty feet, and was thus able to irrigate his fields. With increasing prosperity he built a sod-walled addition with a shingle roof, and thus became the owner of the most pretentious farm-house for miles round about.

Some sod walls are furred off, lathed, and plastered. The home of the Presbyterian preacher in Beaver City, No Man's Land, in 1888, was plastered on the sod with gypsum. It had good windows, good doors, a good floor, and was divided into several rooms It was not only comfortable, but having been decorated with rare taste by his wife and daughters, was positively charming within. Like the one illustrated, it was an exceptionally good sod-house. The earth, carpeted with buffalo-grass, is the usual floor, while windows and doors are often closed with cotton cloth only.

On the trail from Meade to Beaver City may still be found the ruins of an abandoned town that was built of sods. The most pretentious building was the hotel, a structure at least twenty by forty feet large, and a story and a quarter high. If in the proper hands it was doubtless a decent—perhaps a comfortable—hostelry. Of course the second floor, like the roof, had to be supported clear of the sod walls by substantial posts.

Thinking of the booms and boomers of the Southwest recalls naturally the boomers of Oklahoma. No unprejudiced reader can hear the true story of Oklahoma without a feeling of indignation, for during a period of nine years one set of white men occupied and grew rich in a territory from which another set was excluded on the pretence that

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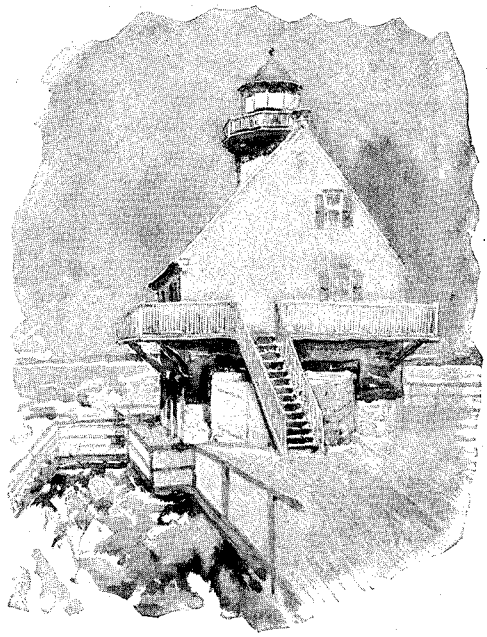
white men could not lawfully occupy it. The strong arm of the American army was used at the dictation of the cattle-owners to exclude the home-seekers. Seeking only what they believed to be their lawful heritage under the homestead laws of Oklahoma, boomers faced the heat of the August sun on the glaring sands of the Cimarron; they crouched over scanty fires, or with none at all, under the lee of overturned wagons while bitter northers swept across the plains of the Cherokee strip; they faced death itself from the rifles and revolvers of the cowboys; but their courage never failed and they triumphed at last.

It is a picturesque country. From the summit of the great red earth cliffs of the Canadian one may look over great breadths of woodland and miles of rolling prairie, with here and there stretches and clumps of trees—upon scenes of such beauty that even the stolid Choctaws and Chickasaws, as they gazed thereon, exclaimed "Oklahoma," *i.e.*, "lovely country." It is said that when once a boomer was able to enter the land and locate a claim, he never abandoned the effort to secure it, but waited, as best he could, until noon of that day, April 28th, 1889, when the last barrier was removed, and then joined in the most remarkable race the world ever saw—a race between thousands of men on foot, in wagons and on horseback, each seeking a home.



Home of a Lighthouse Keeper, Delaware Breakwater.

Of the efforts made to secure the home before that day, none was more interesting than those where little bunches of people, as they would have said—two or three families of close friends stole into the forbidden land. Selecting a location as far as possible from the cattle ranches, and always in the forest, homes of poles and brush were built and an effort made to exist on the game that abounded, and the products of little gardens that were planted in some natural opening. But sooner or later the smoke of the camp-fire attracted the attention of a cowboy, and then came a squad of soldiers

A Greenlander's Home, built of Stone and Sod.

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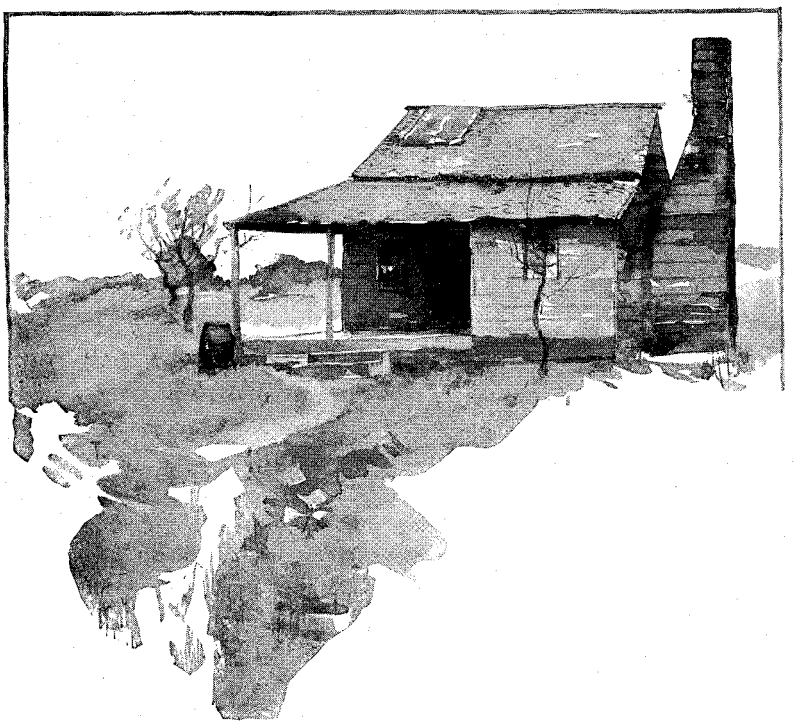

A Hatteras Island House.

from Fort Sill. The gardens were trampled under the hoofs of cavalry horses, the boomers were forced into their own or the army wagons, and then brands from the camp-fire were applied to the shelters they had lived in. As the flames rose crackling and roaring through the dry structure, the women and children wept aloud, while the men looked on dry-eyed but with murder in their hearts, because of the destruction of their homes.

A citizen of the Southwest no less interesting, though often much less attractive, than any of the rest, is the squawman. The hearts of the Indians are like the hearts of children—pretty bad children sometimes, but children nevertheless. Given the ability to win the regard of the simple-hearted, and rarely can a place be found so nearly a lazy man's paradise as the Indian Territory. The climate, save for an occasional norther, is about as delightful as that on a South Sea island. Grain and garden vegetables need little more than the planting to produce abundant crops. The woods and prairies are alive with game, and the streams are full of fish. The young squaws, some of whom are almost white and very attractive, are obedient and long-suffering as wives. A squaw's right in the tribe gives her white husband all the land she can cultivate and more, too. The squaw feels honored by a union with a white man. Little wonder, then, that plenty of white men are found anxious to marry here and settle down to a life of idleness.

The home commonly built by such a family is picturesque in its wretchedness, and that is the best that can be said of it. It is a conglomeration of logs and planks that would not be tenable in a climate less mild. The interior is always as unattractive as the exterior, and very often more so, for cleanliness is not a characteristic of the ordinary squawman's wife. Nevertheless hundreds of white men call such places as here described, home.

It should be said, however, that the particular shanty from which the engraving was made was the home of a very different kind of a squawman. Instead of being lazy, he was one of the most energetic and enterprising men of

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the Territory, and a handsome mansion has replaced his first home. A Scotchman by inheritance, a Yankee in training, and a rustler by instinct, this man found himself in the Peoria reservation, some years ago, looking for the silver mines found there long ago, it is said, by the early explorers. Here he fell in love with the granddaughter of old Baptiste Peoria, the last of the great chiefs of the tribe, and married her. He thus obtained something better than a silver mine. The land which became his through his wife was as fertile as any ever warmed by genial sunshine. It is but nine miles from a good Kansas market. When visited by the writer this man had all the land he was entitled to, "and perhaps a potato patch more," as he said, under a good wire fence—had one corn field, for instance, in which the rows of corn-stalks were three miles long—a field that paid him from seven to eight dollars an acre profit every year.

To fully describe the odd homes of the American Indians would require at least as much space as can be devoted to this entire article, but very interesting matter it would be, were the writing well done. Consider for a moment the great adobe structures of the Pueblos, holding from three hundred to seven hundred people, in connection with the little pole-and-brush or basket-work huts of the Apaches and the Navajos, which are, as one may say, close beside them. Recall the cone-shaped tepees of the Sioux, once covered with buffalo skins, but now with cheap muslin that is not only thin and incapable of shedding rain when new, but which, under such usage as it had when that unfortunate people were driven from the Pine Ridge agency by the murder of Sitting Bull, is burned full of holes by the sparks of the fires they kindle in vain efforts to make themselves comfortable. And then there are the Seminole homes, built, because summer is ever present, with a roof and an elevated floor, but without walls, on the low-lying hummocks of the Florida Everglades; homes which are as complete contrasts as possible with those other native homes the igdlus of the Eskimos.

If the writer may judge from what he has heard since returning from a voyage to Greenland, so little is known by the average citizen about the Eskimo homes

A Mexican Home—La Logia Sinaloa, Mexico.

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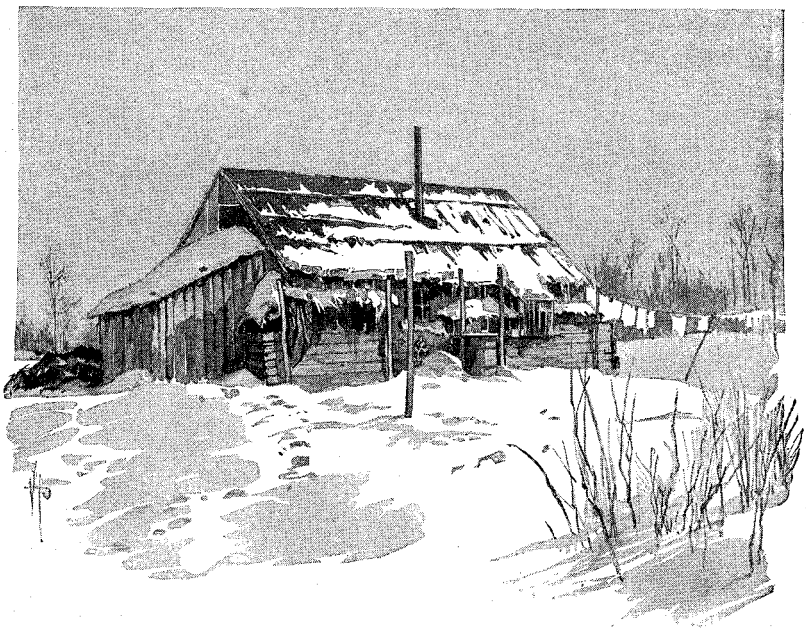

An Adirondack Home in Winter.

that a paragraph should perhaps be devoted to them. The Greenlander lives in a house so much like the sod-house of the Kansas plains that one almost wonders whether the original sod-house builder was not a Dane who had been to Greenland. The Greenland home is built of alternate layers of stone and sod. It has a plank floor, and a roof that is made of timbers and plank covered with sods. It has, however, a stone and sod burrow-like entry from twelve to sixteen feet long, and a beehive-shaped kitchen built at one side of the entry, which, of course, the sod-house does not have. When told that these huts are cleaner and sweeter than the tenements described in "How the Other Half Lives," that the walls are ornamented with lithographs and other prints, that civilized stoves and clocks are not unknown, and that in summer the Eskimo leaves his hut to camp for weeks in a tent while sun and air disinfect the igdlu, the ordinary citizen is greatly astonished. On the west shore of Baffin's Bay the Eskimos live in snow-huts in winter and in tents in warm weather. Everybody has read of the dome-shaped snow-house, but very few seem to know that in most of these houses a seal-skin tent is erected to shield the snowy vault from the heat of the seal-oil lamp, and the inhabitants from the dripping water when the fire happens to get warm enough to melt the vault in spite of the tent. Of the great dugouts of the northwest coast little need be said, for since Alaska became a United States territory these homes, so much like the Texas dugout, have often been described.

One might with interest tell of certain other uncivilized or frontier homes —the Chinese houses in mining towns built of old vegetable and meat tins filled with earth, and the hollow trees and the caves that have been used as homes elsewhere on the frontier—the houses made of poles and mats with grass roofs in Mexico and Central America; but there are odd homes in the old sections of the United States as well as elsewhere, and these must receive attention. The rude home of the plantation darky—a home with log walls, a puncheon floor, a roof of unsmoothed clapboards held in place by logs laid on top and a stick-and-mud chimney, would seem odd to the unaccustomed. The homes of some of the lighthouse keepers of the Atlantic coast—apartments of three or four rooms compressed into, or

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placed one on top of the other within the tower on top of which is a great lamp and a powerful lens—are odd homes, and in some cases unique. But of all the homes in the East that might be described here with interest, space remains for but two. One of these is the home of the Hatteras Islander, a home which, as was told in SCRIBNER'S for last October, is, at the north of the Cape, about to be whelmed in a deluge of sand.

Seen from without, the typical home of the Hatteras islander seems to be very much like that of any country cottager. It is a rectangular structure, one story high, with what seems to be an ordinary fireplace chimney boarded in at one end, and usually with from one to three little shed-roof additions on the sides, "lean-tos," as they are called. The house shown in the engraving had its roof patched with canvas.

On entering a Hatteras home the stranger, if tall, would at once notice that the door was so low that only very short men could enter without stooping. There is probably not a door on the island that a tall man can enter without stooping. Once the door is passed the walls are found to be smoke-stained to a remarkable degree. If one of the little doors leading to a lean-to is opened the room beyond is seen to be a bedroom just large enough to hold a bed with standing space on one side, but rarely high enough for an ordinary man to stand erect in. Feather beds of prodigious size are invariably used, although the climate of the island is so mild that most of the people live without stoves.

But the chief peculiarity of the house is what is supposed to be an ordinary fireplace chimney when it is seen from without. It is a very extraordinary fireplace. It is as if an Indian tepee had been spliced to a frame cottage. Built for the most part of common boards nailed to poles set in the ground, and having a floor of sand, it serves at once as a bay to enlarge the main living room, as a kitchen, and as a fireplace. A low bench runs around the wall of the bay, and here the family gathers when the weather is cool to hold their hands over the fire, made of the branches of live-oaks and cedars on the sand in the middle of the bay. The Hatteras islander passes his winter evenings in the corner of his chimney rather than in the chimney corner. Here, too, the cooking for the family is done.

As will readily be imagined, much smoke from the fire escapes into the main room in spite of the wide board, nailed to a long pole, with which the weather side of the top of this chimney is always lengthened—a device suggesting the flap at the top of the Sioux tepee. When a northeast gale prevails in winter, the cold blast pours in through the cracks of the chimney to make the unfortunates shiver, though the heat of the fire may be scorching their hands and faces. Worse than all else, a woman or a girl, now and then, is burned to death because her skirts happen to get into the unprotected flame.

The last home to be described has been left for the last because it is odd in more senses than one. Not only is it unusual in its materials and form; the fact that a laborer should have built a home not only different from that of his neighbors, but one which might well make a man of education and refinement envious, is itself odd.

Just over the dividing ridge between the waters of the Hudson and those of Lake Ontario—between the waters of a tributary of Black River and a tributary of the Mohawk, at the southwest corner of the Adirondack wilderness—lies a little settlement called Wheelertown. It has a sawmill, a store, a schoolhouse, and a dozen or more dwellings scattered for a mile along the road that skirts the woods. The dwellings of the whole settlement are odd in one respect. To the rectangualar box-frame model common throughout the nation is added a shed-roof kitchen which, instead of being placed behind the main part of the house, as is done elsewhere, is here built in front, opening on the public highway.

Standing at the back of one of the fields in this odd settlement, and almost within a squirrel's jump of the great forest that stretches away unbroken for more than a hundred miles to the northeast, is an odd home worthy of imitation. The walls, which enclose a room, say eleven by fourteen feet large, are

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built of unplaned hemlock boards nailed in a vertical position to small timbers at the bottom and top. The cracks between the boards are covered with battens. The floor is of the same material as the sides, but the roof is covered with spruce bark supported by boards that serve at once the purpose of rafters and sheeting. The bark is held in place by poles brought from the woods and laid across it. A length of stove-pipe projecting through a hole in the back, serves as a chimney for a cooking-stove.

Instead of a kitchen in front of the house, as other dwellings in the settlement have, there is an entry or storm portico built of vertical spruce slabs, which form a pleasing contrast with the walls of the house. Wooden latches serve to hold the doors shut, and a padlock with a wire-mended chain and a staple lock it when locking is desired. A small window on each side furnishes ample light for the interior.

As winter came on the unplastered and unceiled walls were found too thin to shut out the cold of an Adirondack storm; the house had to be banked up, as, indeed, is done to every house in the region. The ordinary citizen of the country there uses stable sweepings or the earth on which the house is built. The man who preferred a spruce bark roof to one of boards, having a love of the beautiful as strong as his desire for the useful, built a rustic structure of slabs and stakes high about the walls of his house, and then filled the space thus formed heaping-full of spruce and balsam boughs.

It is a lowly home, but when last the writer saw it the snow lay deep upon the ground round about. The evergreen boughs that at once shut out the cold of winter storms and made fragrant the air within, were peeping out between the slabs that held them in place and from beneath the snow that had fallen upon them. The snow that had fallen upon the roof had been melted by the heat within, and running down, had frozen into great icicles that hung from the eaves. The wife, coming out to hang some freshly washed clothing on a line, paused in her work a moment to listen to the ring of the steel her man was setting home in the heart of a giant birch in the forest near by. A moment later the tree, with crash and boom, fell to the earth. And then the man, as he rested with his eyes on the swaying boughs of the fallen tree, heard the voice of the wife begin a song born of cheery content beside their bark-covered cottage, just beyond the shadows of the forest.

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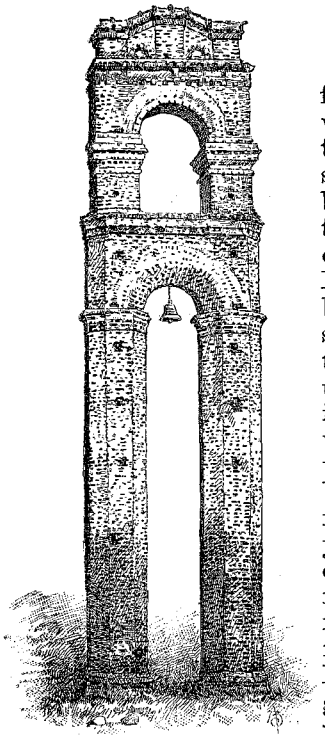
THE CITY OF THE SACRED BO-TREE.

(ANURADHAPURA.)

By James Ricalton.



Bell-arch near Ruanweli Dagoba.

RICE and kurakkan, yams, chillies, jak-fruit, and plantains were the staple articles offered for sale in the dingy boutiques that lined the sides of a half-deserted street. Here and there turbaned aborigines sought shelter from the heat of the sun under the projecting palm-thatch, while they haggled with the patient boutique-keepers for a section of a jak-fruit, a bunch of betel-leaves, or a few cents worth of rice for their next meal. This street leads out into a grassy common, where a number of trees cast a grateful shade over a group of half-nude coolies squatted beneath. The opposite side of the common is bounded by a thoroughfare, designated by a modern signboard as the "Sacred Road," and on which bands of dust-covered, weary pilgrims were wending their way. They were walking faster than is their custom on long pilgrimages, and already beginning to raise their hands over their heads, with palm to palm, and uttering their strange homage-cry: "Sadu! sadu! sadu!" (hallelujah! etc.). It was evident they were nearing some extraordinary shrine. A few rods farther on they entered a walled inclosure, where all was dark with the shade of gigantic trees, and where crumbling walls, moss-covered statues, and dislodged blocks of granite indicated the flight of centuries since the shrine-builders had first been there. Then up a series of well-preserved steps (where dvarpal—door-guardians—guard the approach), whose balustrades terminate in the mouths of fabulous monsters that suggest a hybrid of the elephant and the crocodile.

For a time I become a pilgrim myself, and join their number, that I may witness the object of their devotion—as wonderful to me as it is worshipful to them. We reach the uppermost of three successive terraces of masonry, which is crowned by the multiple trunk of a venerable tree. The several divisions of this tree are feeble, gnarled, and bent; the leaves lack the fresh verdancy of a vigorous growth, and plainly show the yellowish pallor of decrepitude. The soil that nourishes its roots is wellnigh saturated with the oil of its anointment; yet, bent with age, this patriarch spreads its protecting arms over the jaded devotees, while they deposit be-

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neath it and around it their offerings of cocoanut-oil, palm-blossom, champac flowers, and the bloom of the temple-tree (frangipani). Then their eager gaze is turned upward to the branches; they crave a single leaf, but none would dare pluck it from the tree; it must fall in full maturity to yield its maximum of merit. I had travelled nearly a hundred miles to look upon this wonderful tree, and was also anxious to carry away a specimen of its sacred leafage. A passing breeze sways the branches; the leaves rustle; the watchers gaze more expectantly; a withered member is separated from its branch and comes sailing down. There is no whoop of exultation, no trifling smile; but instead, a determined sally, a pious scramble, a collision of zealous hands and heads, and the solitary leaf is borne away in the happy bosom of the successful competitor. The prizes were few and the competitors were many, so I could only hope to secure one by remaining till the pilgrims, at nightfall, had turned their steps homeward, which I did; but even then robed priests remained to guard this holy of holies.

As if, however, to reward my patience, two leaves fell at my feet, whereupon, well satisfied, I turned away from a tree that is enshrined in the hearts of four hundred millions of the human family, and which is, in all probability, the oldest historical tree in the world; and when I tell the reader that it has been dropping its consecrated leaves into the outstretched hands of pilgrims for two thousand one hundred and thirty years, he will, I trust, pardon a desire on my part to carry away a memorial.

The street to which I have made reference is the modern main street of a jungle-environed village in the interior of Ceylon—that beautiful island of the Orient, which has been likened to a pearl-drop on the brow of India. This native village of to-day retains the name of an ancient city over whose ruins it is built—ANURADHAPURA.

More than a hundred years before Tsin-Shee Hwang-Tee had set his millions of laborers at work on the great wall of China, ancient Anuradhapura was a flourishing city and the capital of "Lanka," as the island was called by the ancients. It was a youthful contemporary of Babylon and Nineveh, greater than either in territorial area, and was in its glory and amplitude when Rome and Carthage were young. A hundred and fifty years before Vespasian had begun the great amphitheatre at Rome, Walagambahu, a Ceylonese king, had completed the Abhayagiria Dagoba, a monumental structure fifty feet higher than St. Paul's Cathedral, and containing an amount of solid masonry sufficient to build eight thousand houses large enough to accommodate forty thousand people, or the inhabitants of a city about twice the size of Poughkeepsie. The vast ruins of this city, with others at Pollonarua, Kalawewa, Mihintale, and Sigiri, have been pronounced, by those who have seen them, second only to those in Egypt, and yet to the average reader Anuradhapura is almost an *urbs incognita*.

The first authentic history of Ceylon dates from the landing of one Wijeyo, a scapegrace from the rule of his father, Sinhabahu, who lived in a district west of Bengal, in India. Wijeyo's arrival in Ceylon was about the year 477 B.C., and after a reign of forty years he died and left his realm to a nephew named Panduwassa. Panduwassa sought a consort from the land of his nativity. In due time his Indian queen arrived, accompanied by her six brothers, who founded principalities and built cities, one of which, in honor of its founder, prince Anuradha, was called Anuradhapura. The followers of Wijeyo and their descendants took the name Sinhalese—from the name of his father, Sinhabahu, and it is still applied to the dominant part of the population and to their language, which is a compound of Sanskrit and Pali. The Sinhalese were never a literary people, and yet they possess genealogical chronicles such as belong to few nations. These are collectively called the Mahawanso, after its author Mahanamo, a Buddhist priest. The Mahawanso was written in A.D. 460, and covers a period extending from 543 B.C. to A.D. 301, but subsequently brought down to the British occupation of the island by different monastic historians. It is to the unquestioned authenticity and credibility of these chronicles that

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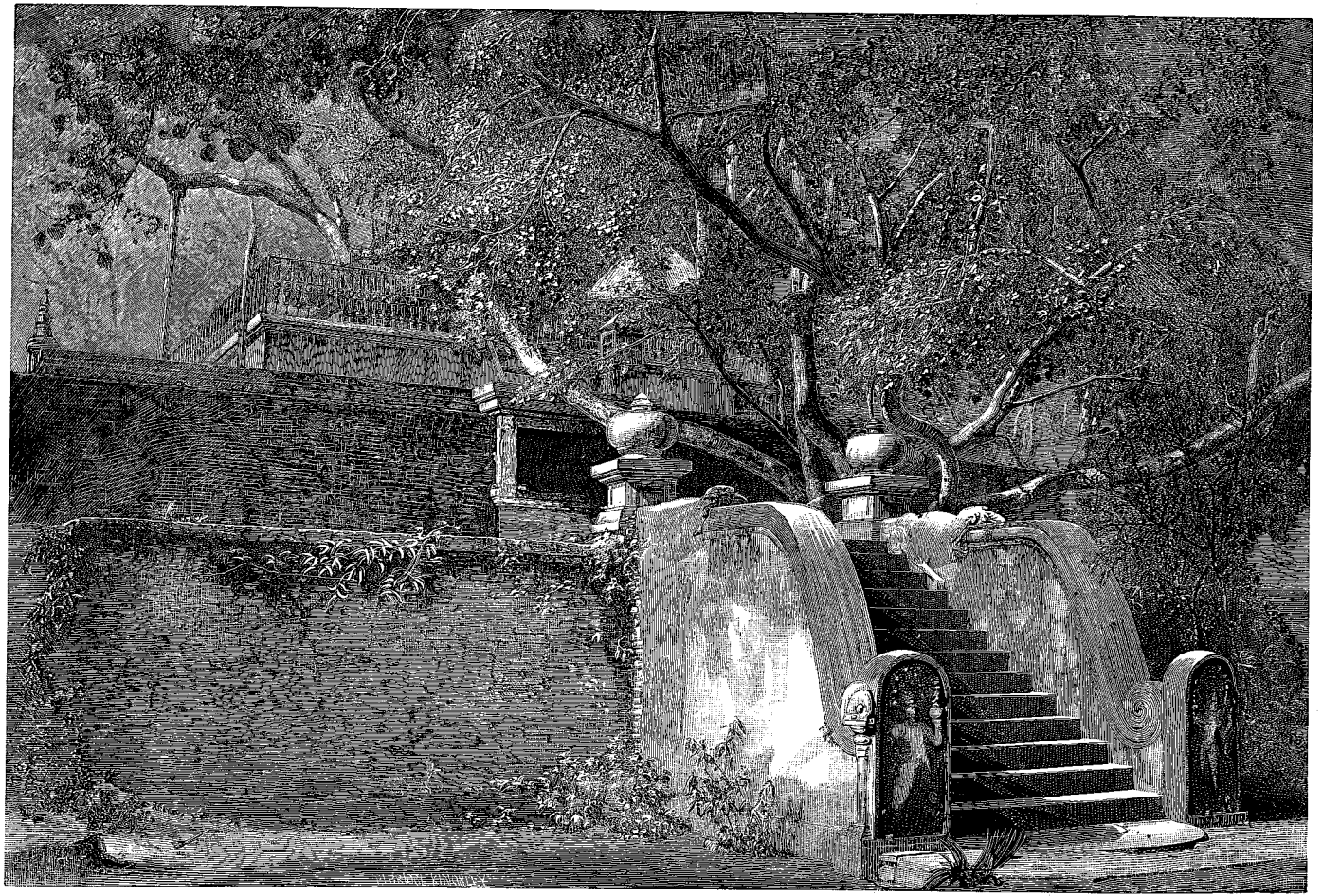

The Sacred Bo-Tree of Ceylon.
(The oldest historical tree in the world, having stood for 2,130 years. From a photograph by the author.)

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the world is indebted for so much trustworthy information of remote Ceylonese history. Anuradha and his sister, the queen Bhoda-Kachána, were the grandchildren of Amitodama, an uncle of the great Gautama Buddha. The city named in honor of the brother soon became the capital. It had been visited by the predecessors of Gautama, and in 307 B.C. it received his collar-bone, his begging-dish, and other sacred relics, among which was a branch of the bo-tree under which he sat when he first attained Nirvâna, or perfect Buddhahood. This branch of the bo-tree, according to Sinhalese annals, was brought from Patalipoora, in India, by a sister of Mahindo, who successfully established Buddhism in Ceylon in the same year. The tree to which I have already referred as being the object of so much veneration is claimed to be the growth of the identical branch brought from India by the devoted priestess two thousand one hundred and thirty years ago; and with the written records in the possession of these devotees the antiquity of the tree and its claim to being the oldest historical specimen can scarcely be questioned. In all countries where the Buddhistic cult prevails, especially in Ceylon, India, and Burmah, the bo-tree (*Ficus Religiosa*) has become a consecrated object, and may be seen on the roadsides, about houses and temples, and in the towns, protected by walls of masonry, over and within which shrines are placed for homage-offerings.

I have shown how early the young capital was honored with the kindred of the great Gautama, and how, being sanctified by so many precious relics, it rapidly expanded into a great city, and became at that early period, as it continues to be at the present time, a Mecca of Buddhism. And while Anuradha is mentioned as its founder, important coadjutants in the building up of that peerless city were the sacred bo-tree and the collar-bone of the author of the new religion. But before I describe the sepulchre of the mighty city, I shall glance at it as seen in the faithful annals of the Mahawanso, when countless *wihares* rang with hosannas to great Lord Buddha.

From the days of the mound-builders down to the Eiffel Tower, man has shown himself to be a monument-erecting being; the Christians have their cathedrals, the Mohammedans have their mosques, and the Buddhists have their shrine-tombs, designated differently in different countries as pagoda, tope, and dagoba. The pagodas of China are entirely dissimilar to those of Burmah, and the dagobas of Ceylon are quite unlike those in either country; yet all serve the one purpose of relic-sepulture. They are not altogether a thing of the past; they are still erected near the temples; but those of modern construction are small and unimportant when compared with those that have withstood biennial monsoons for two thousand years; even their half-buried ruins are stupendous.

The general form of a dagoba is that of a dome surmounted by a spire, and although there is endless diversity of detail and modification of contour, the bell-shaped dome with spire is the distinguishing feature of these Buddhistic structures in most countries. Sometimes the spire rests upon a square pedestal, and the dome generally upon a quadrangular platform or plaza, which in turn is flanked by a circular fosse, giving a somewhat fantastic alternation of circle, quadrate, and hemisphere. The bulk of the material is brick and mortar, the entire structure being coated with a composition of lime, cocoanut-water, and a glutinous juice of a native fruit. This incrustation is snow-white, very durable, and, when dry, receives a polish like marble. A small cell in the centre contains the sacred objects to be preserved, including precious stones, images of Buddha, emblems, and offerings. No passage is left for entrance, and the precious, and often valuable, entombment is sealed forever from the curious and the avaricious. Because of their antiquity and magnitude, and because they constituted one of the most remarkable features of the olden city, as they do of its vast ruins at the present time, I have made special mention of these gigantic tombs, that tower above the jungle of Ceylon as the Egyptian pyramids tower above the sand of the desert.

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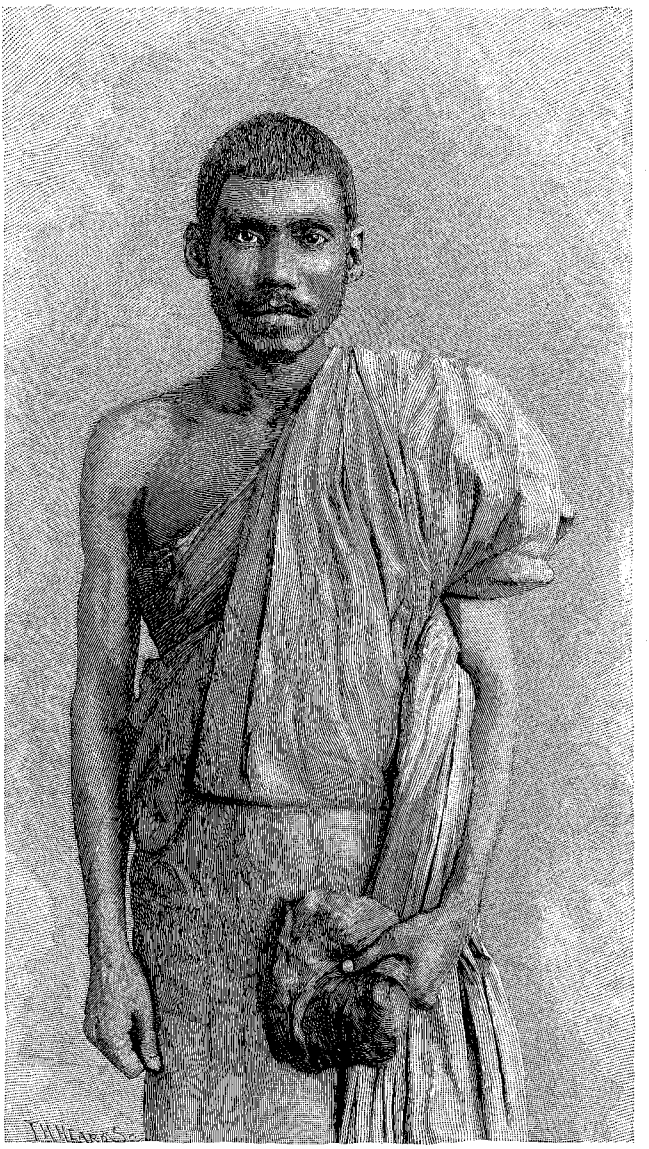

A Buddhist Priest of Ceylon.

The site of Anuradhapura is on a jungle-plain three hundred feet above the level of the sea, ninety miles north of Kandy, the present beautiful highland capital. The city at the time of its greatest expansion covered two hundred and fifty-six square miles, although this great area included extensive reservoirs and other unoccupied space. During the reign of Makalantisso, about 40 B.C., it was inclosed by a wall fifteen feet in height; and a hundred years later Wasobho increased its height to forty feet. The great area of the city cannot, however, be regarded as a criterion of its populousness. The number of inhabitants is not recorded, if ever known, but an estimate based on a large allowance for topes, tanks, and other unpeopled spaces, places the population at two hundred and fifty thousand.

The following translation from a na-

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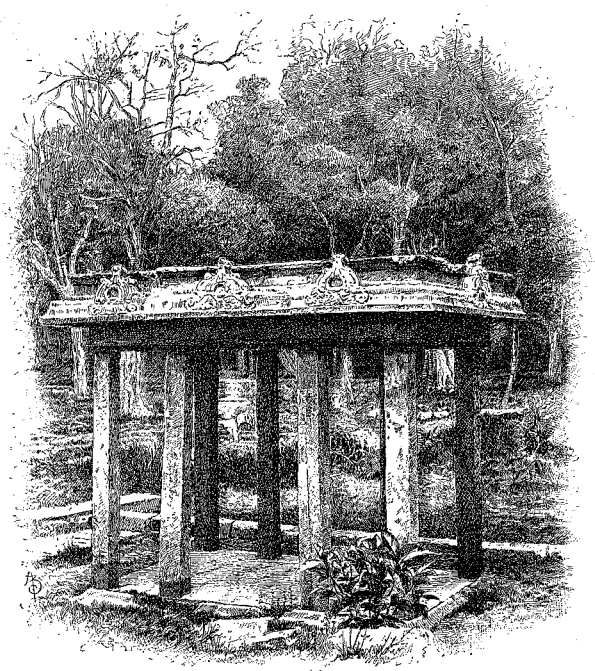
tive source describes the city at a remote period :

"The magnificent city of Anuradhapura is refulgent from the numerous temples and palaces whose golden pinnacles glitter in the sky. The sides of its streets are strewed with black sand, and the middle is sprinkled with white sand; they are spanned by arches bearing flags of gold and silver ; on either side are vessels of the same precious metals, containing flowers ; and in niches are statues holding lamps of great value. In the streets are multitudes of people armed with bows and arrows ; also men powerful as gods, who with their huge swords could cut in sunder a tusk-elephant at one blow. Elephants, horses, carts, and myriads of people are constantly passing and repassing ; there are jugglers, dancers, and musicians of various nations, whose chanque-shells and other musical instruments are ornamented with gold. The distance from the principal gate to the south gate is four gaws (sixteen miles) ; and from the north gate to the south gate four gaws; the principal streets are Chandrawakka-widiya, Rajamaha-widiya, Hinguruwakka-widiya, and Mahawelli-widiya. In Chandrawakka-widiya are eleven thousand houses, many of them being two stories in height ; the smaller streets are innumerable. The palace has immense ranges of buildings, some of two, others of three, stories in height ; and its subterranean apartments are of great extent."



An Ancient Stone Canopy.

One of the most noteworthy buildings of the "refulgent" city was the Lowa-Maha-Paya, or the Brazen Palace, erected by King Dutugemunu in the year 142 B.C. It stood upon one thousand six hundred granite pillars, and vied with surrounding dagobas in height, rearing its ninth story two hundred and seventy feet skyward ; it contained one thousand dormitories for priests ; its roof was of brass, and, according to the Mahawanso, the walls gleamed with resplendent gems ; the great hall was supported on golden pillars resting on lions, and in the centre was an ivory throne with a golden sun and a silver moon on either side. Several times the Brazen Palace was razed by iconoclastic invaders from India, and as often restored by the zealous adherents of the new faith, up to the latter part of the twelfth century, when the capital was removed to Pollonarua.

From the upper stories of this magnificent pile the priestly occupants could view the far-extending city, and look upon six great dagobas, all within a radius of little more than a mile, and lifting their huge white domes as high as some of the loftiest cathedrals in Europe.

The Ruanweli Dagoba stood near the palace; and according to the native archives, rested on a platform 500 feet square, its glass pinnacle glittering in the sun 270 feet above the city, its base surrounded by marble statues, and its outer walls mounting elephants of masonry with real tusks. In the north, beyond splendid pavilions of king and queens, loomed the great Jetawanarama Dagoba, with its twenty million cubic feet of masonry. The beholder at the palace had only to turn his gaze in the direction of the rising sun to look upon the greatest of the relic-tombs, the Abhayagiria Dagoba.

In another direction lay the sparkling waters of Basawakulam and Tissa-

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wewa, artificial lakes of rare beauty. These were only a few of the prominent features of the great city that spread out in view of the yellow-robed priests of the Lowa-Maha-Paya.

A Sinhalese Girl.

There were other dagobas, and other palaces, countless temples, luxurious baths; there were elegant canopies, many-pillared preaching-halls and royal incineraries, a description of which occupies a great portion of the Mahawanso.

Having glanced briefly at ancient Anuradhapura through the native annals, let the reader accompany me from Kandy, the present capital of the island, to the tomb of all her glory and greatness. A delightful railway ride of eighteen miles took me to Matale. The way is through magnificent mountain scenery, where uncultivated tracts blazed with many-colored lantana, and the long slopes and high summits were ruled into rectangular spaces by the intersecting rows of tea-bushes. Bands of coolie girls, with large baskets bound to their backs, nipped the latest flush of tender leaves. The mountains are high and the valleys are locked in thick, tangled foliage, shutting out the light; but above the matted tropical growth the palm towers and waves his tufted crown. The train swept along midway between height and depth, stopping at many small way-stations embowered in native creepers, and surrounded by well-kept parterres. It soon left tea-plantations and entered those of coffee and cocoa. On one side of the way the mountain is covered with coffee-trees in delicate white bloom, while on the opposite side a broad valley is filled with ranges of cocoa-trees, burdened with the weight of large crimson pods, gleaming among a profusion of massive, deep-green leaves.

In an hour the train reached Matale, the northern terminus of railway travel in Ceylon. Here I took a horse-coach for a ride of twenty-nine miles, necessitating four relays. The horses were untrained, half-crazy stallions, very difficult

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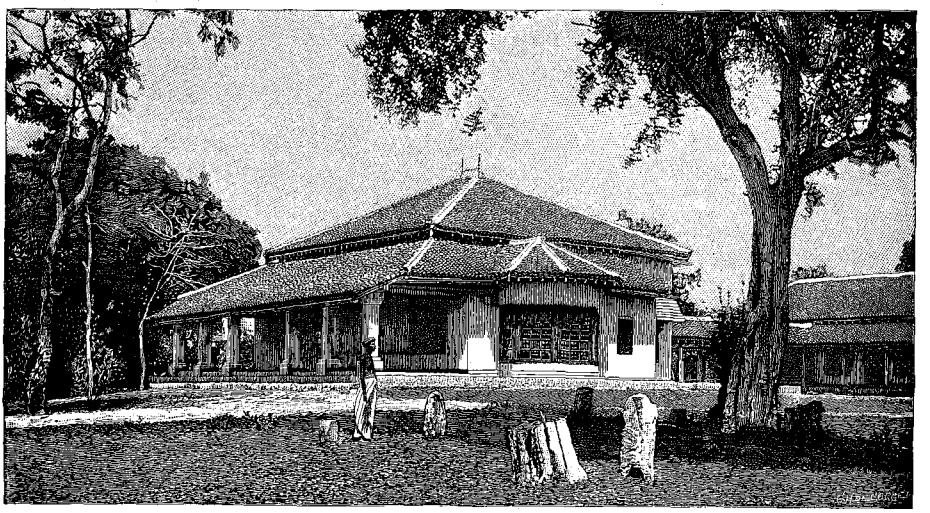

The Rest-house at Anuradhapura.

to start, and, as good fortune would have it for the sake of speed, equally difficult to stop. They galloped incessantly except during the necessary halts at relay stations. A bugler rode behind who blew shrill blasts. The stallions often plunged wildly and kicked high, but I had secured a seat with the driver and was quite out of reach of their loftiest efforts. I reached Dambulla, the end of this coach line, at six o'clock in the evening. The remainder of the distance, forty-two miles, was to be made during the night in a bullock-coach. After a hurried supper at the government rest-house I entered a two-wheeled coach, drawn by a pair of zebu bullocks, and wedged myself among five natives. This was the government mail express for Jaffna, at the extreme north of the island. We were soon off at a lively trot, and only the initiated know what a bullock trot in a two-wheeled coach implies. The night soon became very dark; a greater part of the distance lay through dense jungle. I was alone among natives who spoke no word of English, single-handed, barring the companionship of my Winchester, and about to enter forty-two miles of gloomy jungle. Our zebu steeds never travelled slower than a trot, but were relayed every four miles. They were in all respects more tractable than the horses of the last stage. At the relay stations a cluster of palm-roofed huts nestled in the thick wood, and cocoanut-oil tapers twinkled around the bullock stables. Native babes crying in unmistakable English could be heard within the adobe homes (burrows). Stage after stage we made during the long night, the silence only broken at intervals by the howling of packs of hungry jackals. Sleep often overcame me as I leaned upon my rifle, my head nodding rhythmically to the short, quick step of the zebus, until a blast from the driver's bugle startled me into semi-consciousness. This note of the bugle warned the keepers of the next station to be in readiness with a relay of bullocks. When the station was reached, and while an exchange of mail was being made, fresh bullocks walked under the yoke, almost of their own accord, whereupon we were off again at the usual trot through more deep woods, where large glow-worms shone like emeralds on the tree-trunks under the dark foliage. Thus the long, dreary, weird night-ride continued, until, at the ninth station, the breaking of dawn slightly revived my energies; a little later, the ruddy east lifted the veil from the great dagobas, and the morning carol of birds welcomed me to the buried city.

My Ceylonese companions extricated themselves from the small bullock-coach when we reached the outskirts of the town, and I was driven to a government rest-house in a vacant field. The rest-house in Ceylon and the traveller's bun-

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galow in India combine the characteristics of the caravansary of the East and the English inn. They are a very convenient institution, much cheaper and much cleaner than the average village hotel in Europe or America. The native in charge was promptly on hand to relieve me of my hand-baggage, and to direct me to a room in the new, stucco-walled, tile-roofed rest-house. I was in a condition to testify that there was no misnomer about this new-fashioned hotel, and having sustained a forty-two mile bullock-trot, I was likewise ready to test its victualling capacity; so I ordered a meal and went to the veranda to make a first survey of the surroundings. I had scarcely seated myself when a strange bird darted from a tree near by into the yard before me. It was a bird of paradise. It reminded me of a tradition of the country, that Adam and his bird of paradise were exiled to Ceylon after their expulsion from the garden of Eden; indeed, it is even claimed that our first parent left his foot-print in solid rock on one of the highest peaks of the island, which, in commemoration thereof, is called Adam's Peak at the present time.

In a few minutes the rest-house keeper, at the door behind me, announced "breakfast, master."

"What is that hill covered with trees down there in the jungle?" I asked.

"Oh! that dagoba, master. That Abhayagiria Dagoba!" replied Murugasúi.

"Where is Ruanweli?"

"Ah! Ruanweli that way, master," he responded, pointing toward the west.

"Well, I have breakfast; then I see Anuradhapura," I said, syncopating my sentences after his own fashion that he might better comprehend the English.

The rest-house at which I was quartered is centrally located with reference to the site of the ancient city. The modern town of two thousand inhabitants is scattered along the different roads in the vicinity; a few comfortable bungalows are occupied by agents of the government civil service. An inner and an outer circular road enable the visitor to reach the more important points of interest. The whole region is level and uninteresting; and the chief occupation of the inhabitants in early days, as at the present time, was the production of rice. A system of gigantic reservoirs, for purposes of irrigation, was adopted by the earliest kings; and under the British rule many of these are being restored, as an abundant supply of water is indispensable

A Monolithic Statue of Buddha, seven feet in height.

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to a rice-growing country. Mention has already been made of Tissawewa and Basawakulam, two lake-like tanks

Sinhalese Pillars near Ruanweli.

that afford an unlimited supply of water to the present population in the town and in the surrounding country, and which must have occupied a central position in the ancient metropolis.

With the exception of the small tract occupied by the present town or village, the two hundred and fifty-six square miles covered by ancient Anuradhapura is a thick jungle.

Under the stimulus of British enterprise the Buddhist priests and the government have done something already toward the restoration of some of the great dagobas, and excavations among the ruins; but a full restoration can scarcely be expected until a cosmopolitan interest has been awakened, and that is possible only when a railway, already under contemplation, is completed and the wonderful ruins made accessible to the world.

Soon I left the rest-house and approached Ruanweli Dagoba from the west; a tall, narrow bell-arch, supported on octagonal pillars of brick, stands at the right of a rude path before the muragé, or guard-house. The upper portion of the dagoba has been disintegrated into partial deformity, and is overgrown with grass and shrubbery. The high perpendicular walls around the base show the progress of restorations, which are now being made by the contributions from pilgrims. Passing through the muragé, and turning to the right, a curious stone bath, 60 feet in diameter and 25 feet deep, may be seen. It is circular in form and built of perfectly fitting segments of granite.

Turning to the left, near the wall of the dagoba, a number of mutilated marble statues are found, the largest of which is said to be that of Dutugemunu, the builder of the dagoba. Farther around this circle of statues is one facing the dagoba, supposed to be that of King Bhatiya Tissa, who reigned at the beginning of the Christian era, and who is said to have been the only layman ever permitted to enter the Ruanweli by an underground passage and

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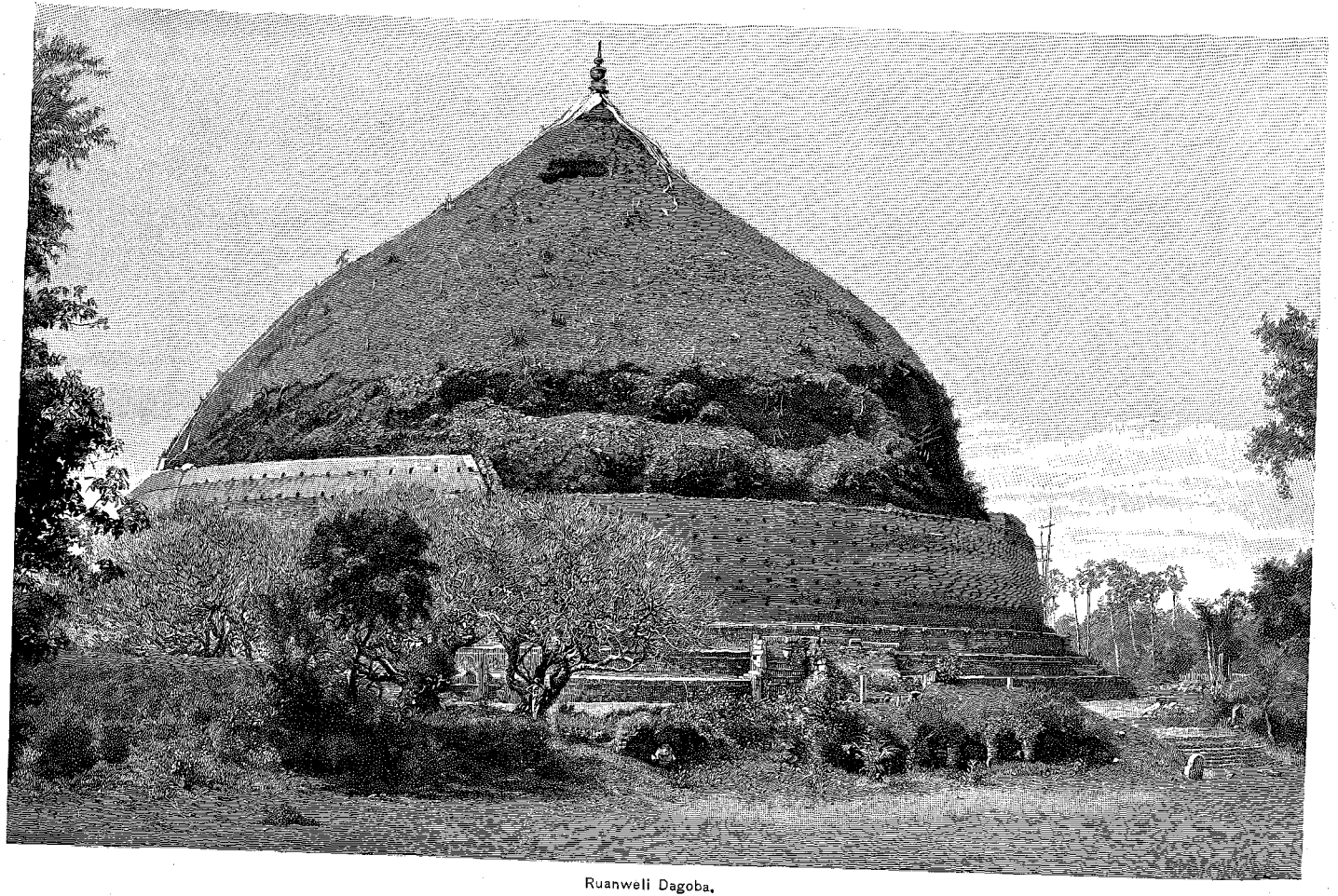

Ruanweli Dagoba.

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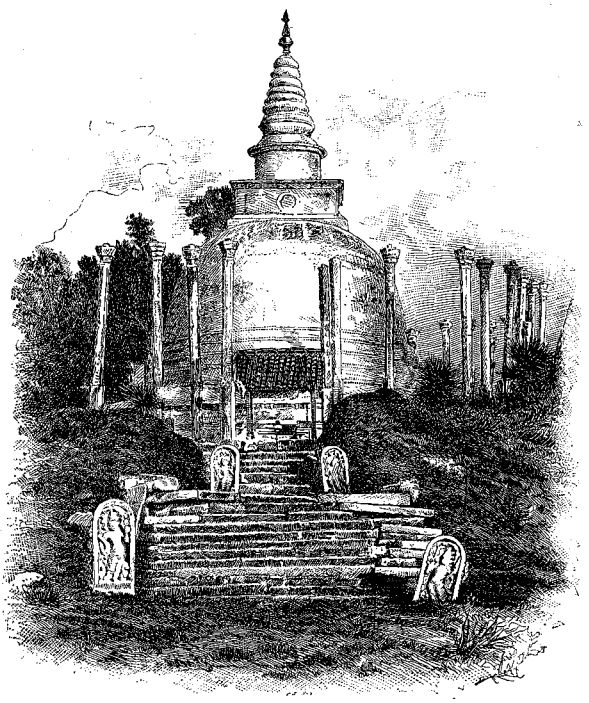
look upon the sacred treasures within. Many fragments of broken statues and altars, showing indications of gaudy col-



Thupurama Dagoba, erected 307 B.C.

ors, are scattered over the plaza on which the massive structure is reared. The place of entrance to this underground passage is said to be marked by a small pit and mound on the south side. This famous shrine, which was originally 270 feet in height, is now, owing to the ravages of time and the vandalism of the invader, only 189 feet.

Leaving the Ruanweli on the opposite side to that of my approach, where the work of restoration also goes on, I passed into a green common where sacred cattle were grazing, and where there were groups of square granite pillars, some erect and some prostrate, but all with uniquely carved capitals, and as perfect as when they came from the workman's hands two thousand years ago. In all parts of this imperfectly cleared space might be seen clusters of these exquisite pillars, not large, often not over fourteen or fifteen inches square, but graceful in proportion and distinctive in architectural character. Many of these groups are supposed to mark the localities of preaching halls or the residences of priests connected with the adjacent dagobas.

Near by one of these groups of pillars I found the ruins of a bathing-tank, or "pokuna," as it is called in the native language. Like other "pokunas" of the place it is quadrangular in form, and built of a series of granite blocks extending down to the water on every side in the form of steps. Earthquake shocks and time have displaced its symmetrical blocks. It was once for royal use; now it is filled with pestilential water, and while I stood before it a crocodile lay basking on a stone at the water's edge.

Walking a half mile farther north I reached a small but important dagoba, which is older than any monument in India, and which is supposed to contain the right collar-bone of the great apostle of Buddhism. Although smaller than the other great dagobas of Ceylon, it is considered more elegant in form and more sacred in what it contains than its more imposing neighbors. Four rows of beautiful columns, each row containing twenty-seven members, radiate from the dagoba as a centre; these octagonal columns are 24 feet high, 14 inches thick, and are set in square bases and surmounted by circular capitals decorated with minute and delicate sculptures. The design of these slender columns, peculiar to Sinhalese architecture, is believed by some to have been derived from the slender trunk of the graceful areca palm, some of which may be noticed in the illustration near the pillars around Thupurama. At the foot of each flight of steps leading to the muragé before Thupurama may be seen a pair of dvarpal, or door guardians, cut in bass-relief on upright slabs of stone. This venerable shrine was erected 307 B.C.

A few rods to the northeast of it a

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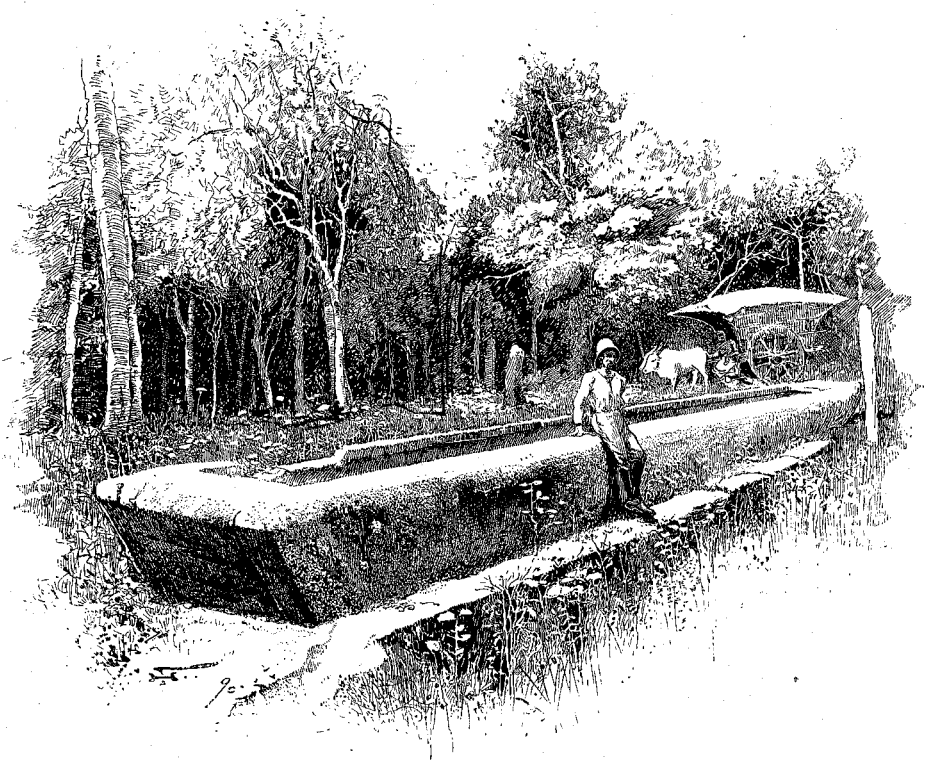
prodigious vessel, cut from a single block of granite, lies intact. It is 10 feet long, by 5 feet, 3 inches wide, and 2 feet, 6 inches deep. It is ornamented with pilasters in bass-relief. It dates from the second century before Christ. It was probably used to hold food for the priests; only a few years ago two counties subscribed to fill it with food for the pilgrims of a full-moon pilgrimage.

Having spent the hottest part of the day under a tropical sun, and having exhausted my stock in hand of photographic plates, I returned to the rest-house by the Basawakulam, whose bund, or artificial embankment, offered a pleasant walk. The jungle on the farther shore is a safe approach to the lake for wild animals; and elephants, in their nightly forages there, enter the lake and bathe.

After a night in the rest-house I again set forth, under the guidance of Murugasúi, to visit other portions of the buried city. The Brazen Palace was not far away, or rather its site, for of the original nine stories I found only sixteen hundred monolithic granite pillars, on which it stood; these are mostly erect, and arranged in rows of forty each way, standing twelve feet above ground and measuring 2 feet in breadth and 1½ foot in thickness. No trace remains of the original coating of chunam (plaster), or their covering of copper; but distinct marks of the wedges by which they have been split from the parent rock remain. Two thousand years ago story was piled upon story, and now the foundations support only the tender creepers that twine about their mossy faces.

Passing along a street that leads to Tissawewa, a tank three miles in circumference, and a feeder of Basawakulam, and which is itself fed by another and still larger one called Kalawewa, and whose area is 4,425 acres, I pass three small ponds, which are also fed from Tissawewa. One is for the exclusive use of the "dhobies" (washermen), and the pond is full of them, some waist-deep,



One of the "Stone Canoes"—62 feet 9 inches long, by 4 feet 4 inches wide—built of granite slabs.

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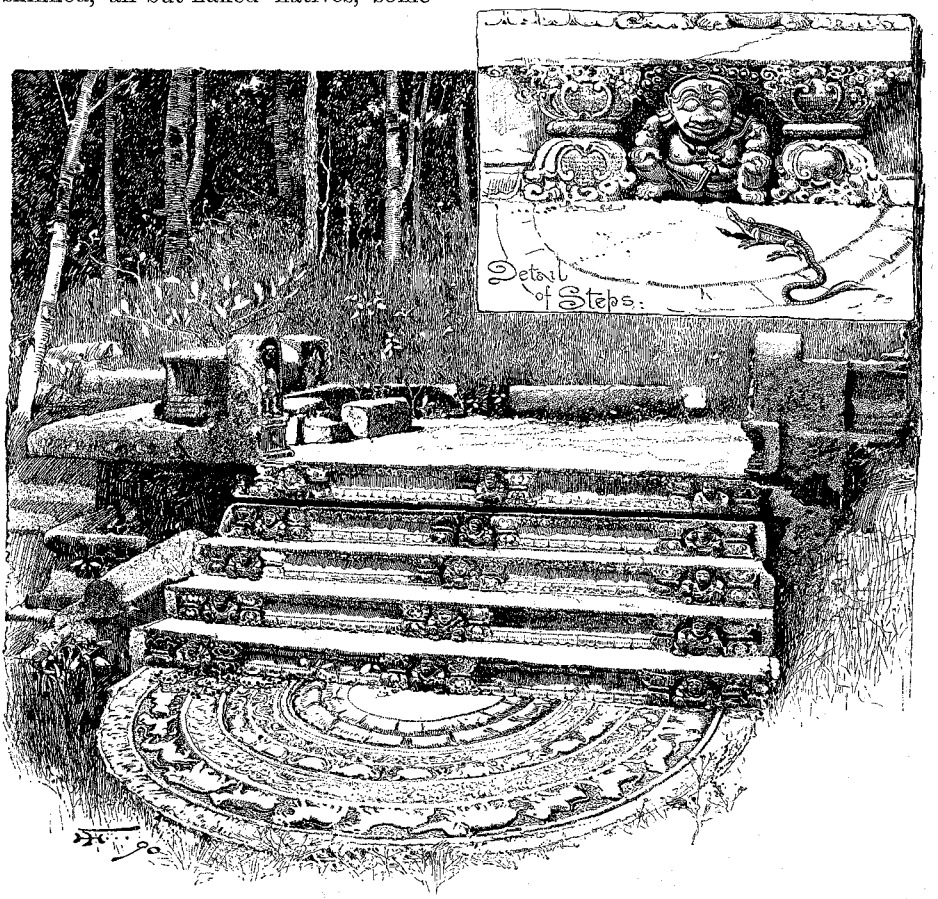
engaged in the rinsing stage of their aquatic occupation, while others stand at the edge of the water thrashing the garments over large stones, after the destructive fashion of all "dhobies" in the East.

The second pond is for bathing purposes, and is likewise full of black-skinned, all-but-naked natives, some



Moonstone and Steps to the Queen's Palace.

floundering while others stand pouring chattifuls of water over their heads. The third pond is for drinking purposes, and is separated from the other by a slight embankment; the water it contains is almost hidden by a dense growth of lotus in richest efflorescence, and swaying heavily under the weight of its own massive bloom.

Not far from this flowering pond stands another dagoba, clad in thick perennial shrubbery; it is Miriswetiya, and its erection by King Dutugemunu is another of the many instances found in history of the great consequences of a royal whim. Burrows tells us that the pious rajah had on a certain occasion partaken of a dish called "sambal" (wetiya), which is in part composed of chillies (miris), without offering a portion to the priest. Desiring to atone for this mortal breach of royal etiquette, he built this great dagoba, and named it after the dish that had inadvertently escaped the priestly palate.

In the western side a chapel has been excavated which affords one a beautiful example of Sinhalese architecture. Excavations on the other side have revealed many altars and other ruins, the most remarkable of which are sixty-two enor-

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mous pillars, thirty-seven of them being nearly intact.

Pursuing my way along the shady road, walled on either side with generous foliage and arched with depending vines, I reached a grassy bank, ascending which I found myself on the bund of Tissawewa, overlooking an expanse of water that seemed, indeed, a natural lake of no small extent. If the two great reservoirs in Central Park were combined, four such expanses of water could be placed within the area of Tissawewa, and twenty-six might be placed in the space occupied by its great feeder Kalawewa. Strange water-birds were feeding along its margin, and several cormorants were resting on driftwood far out in the tank; at the latter I fired many futile shots from my Winchester, the ricochet of the bullets telling me more accurately than vision the deceptive distance over the surface of this great body of water.

The heat was oppressive, and I returned to the rest-house hoping to get a wheeled conveyance for further exploration. Murugasúi offered to provide me with the best the rest-house could furnish, or, indeed, the only procurable vehicle in modern Anuradhapura. So after tiffin I set forth to explore a part of the ruins lying several miles north, in the cabriolet of the wilderness, consisting of two wheels, surmounted by an enormous palm-leaf calash, and drawn by two lazy zebus. The vehicle was without seats, so I sat upon my camera-box, while Murugasúi located himself conveniently close to the zebus that he might hurry them by twisting their tails.

The first objects of interest were reached after a ride of about two miles in the jungle; they are called the "Stone Canoes" because of their rude resemblance to boats, but they are believed to have been used as receptacles of food for the priests. Two are monolithic—the larger measuring 16 feet in length by 3 feet 7 inches in width. A third, built of massive slabs of granite and measuring 62 feet 9 inches by 4 feet 4 inches, is given in the illustration [p. 331]. In all directions from the "Canoes" the extent of ruins is bewildering; there are indications of large buildings on every side. A monolithic Buddha, in sitting posture, seven feet high, rests upon an extemporized pedestal, and, although somewhat mutilated and weatherworn [p. 327], its features are in good preservation. Not many rods distant there is a large number of pillars, plainly denoting some important building; steps, landing-stones, door-guardians, and pillars are all unusually large; near here also there is a continuation of large stones, which have led to the belief that they mark the locality of the great East and West street, described in the Mahawanso.

A short distance away are a number of large pillars, supposed to be remains of elephant stables; they are 2 feet square and stand 16 feet above ground. Near these is also what has been called the King's Palace, but which was more probably an elegant preaching hall or temple. It consists of an elevated platform of stone, beautifully cut and but slightly displaced in many parts, and with most of the pillars which originally supported the superstructure still standing. The steps are delicately carved, each bearing three grotesque figures; the semicircular landing-stone at the foot of the steps is called a "moonstone," and is peculiar to Ceylon. The uniform designs on this indigenous piece of architecture are the elephant, lion, bull, hanza (or sacred goose), and lotus, arranged in semicircles, the geese carrying in their mouths the leaf, bud, and blossom of the lotus. The moonstone exhumed at the King's Palace is the most nearly perfect of any yet found; having been buried in the earth its most delicate lines are perfectly preserved.

The ruins of the Queen's Palace, not far away, are similar to those of the King's Palace, the steps and moonstone being likewise in excellent preservation. What is popularly known as the Queen's Palace may possibly have been the shrine of some relic. The records of the Mahawanso do not enable one to identify localities nor the different buildings. Exquisitely carved dvarpal and lions stand on either landing-stone at the top of the stairs, and on the platform twenty-four pillars remain erect.

Farther along this road a square stone, perforated with nine square holes, may be seen. A number of such stones are found in different parts of

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the ruins, some containing twenty-five square holes. These stones were used by the priesthood to enable them to attain the highest degree of sacerdotal exaltation. The apertures were filled with different ingredients, such as sandal-wood, sweet-oil, etc., whereupon the subject placed himself before the mystic stone and continued to gaze intently upon it until a spark of light appeared in its centre; continuing to gaze, the light became brighter and brighter until his illumined vision could penetrate all the mysterious depths of the infernal regions; then raising his eyes heavenward his spiritualized vision penetrated the abodes of the demigods, the various galleries of heaven, and finally the highest heaven of all, the Nirvâna of the glorified Buddha.

It is evident that the hand of man, through repeated demolitions and restorations, has done more to bury and obliterate the great city than the ravages of time. But we soon arrive at another great dagoba, and while Murugasûi sat beneath the hood of the jungle cart, and whipped the flies off the panting zebus, I caught a view of Jetawanarama. This prodigious structure is not so old as some of the other dagobas, having been built in the third century A.D., yet it shows its age more than those already mentioned. It is covered almost to the top with a dense growth of heavy timber, in which troops of wanderoo monkeys scamper and howl, and at its summit leopards find their safest retreat. Again we find the approach marked by the usual square pillars of the early muragé, and dvarpals meet us at the steps. A number of stone chatties resting on massive pedestals flank both sides of the platform; then between this part of the ruin and the jungle-covered mountain of brick lies the broad moat that encompasses the whole. Jetawanarama is invisible because of its bosky mantle, excepting a turret-shaped mass at the top of the dome, which in turn is surmounted by a tottering truncated cone. Extensive excavations on the north side exhibit a chaos of nondescript ruins, including sections of large columns and vast quantities of marble.

From Jetawanarama, in every direction, the jungle is studded with pillars, and the ground is strewn with blocks of granite, making the way ofttimes impassable, and wherever the soil is upturned it is red with disintegrated brick.

The next place of special interest is the Kuttam Pokunas, or twin bathing-tanks. Except the great dagobas, no part of the work of the old Sinhalese artisans has so thoroughly resisted the levelling influence of time as the numerous pokunas. Diocletian and Caracalla built their baths to great heights, but the Ceylonese kings placed their beautiful pokunas below the level of the ground. These unique twin-baths are near the last-named dagoba, and it is quite probable that Maha Sen, who erected the dagoba, was also the builder of the Kuttam Pokunas, about the close of the third century A.D. The Roman baths of Caracalla were begun in A.D. 212, and those of Diocletian in A.D. 302. The Roman emperors built of brick, and the Anuradhapuran kings built of granite. The Roman baths are mostly crumbling ruins, while the pokunas, with but slight expense and labor, could be rendered as perfect as they were when the mendicant priests doffed their yellow robes and descended their beautiful stairways. The pokunas were small in comparison to the Roman baths, but they were numerous—every important temple, palace, and pavilion having its own pokuna. The twin-tanks lie side by side, one a trifle larger than its mate; the larger is 152 feet long, 51 feet wide, and about 30 feet in depth. In places the elegantly hewn stones have been displaced, probably by earthquakes and tree-roots. Still these baths of Maha Sen are picturesque; the pilastered balustrades are exquisite; the dislodged blocks are sharp-edged and unchipped; venerable trees on their banks cast a deep shadow over them; turtles tumble from projecting limbs into their scummy waters, and luxuriant vines creep over the steps.

By this time I was temporarily wearied of dagobas, temples, palaces, and pokunas, and returned to the rest-house, where I could reinforce my energies with rice and curry. I was ready, after a night's rest, to renew my antiquarian researches. At night vespers were sung by an orchestra of insects; the whole

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surrounding country seemed alive with them, each with a different instrument. The morning had its matin of bird-song; the deep woods, where daylight had scarcely penetrated, and every thicket, bush, and tree-top, was full of bird-notes.

Starting out again on the Sacred Road in the direction of the celebrated bo-tree, I came to several recumbent stone bulls that have survived the levelling effects of time. The Sinhalese women believe that by swinging one of these entirely around they will avert barrenness. The largest seems to have been made originally to revolve on a pivot, to facilitate the rite, but now it lies on the greensward at the roadside, and female pilgrims have to tug with might and main to revolve it. A small but very sacred dagoba stands a little east of the "Via Sacra," and north of the stone bulls, called Selachaittiya (stone temple), but which, according to some English scholars in Ceylon, should be called Lajjikawihara, after its builder, Lajjitissa, who reigned 119 B.C., and who erected this dagoba to commemorate the spot where Buddha is said to have rested.

About a quarter of a mile south of the bo-tree one may see the tomb of Elala, a Tamil usurper from India, who led an invasion against Ceylon about two hundred years B.C., overthrew the Sinhalese sovereign, and placed himself upon the throne. After Elala had ruled forty-four years, Dutugemunu, a brave young prince and worthy representative of the Sinhalese line, determined to depose him and re-establish the rightful dynasty. After a bloody but indecisive battle, which was fought just outside the walls of the city, it was decided that a termination should be reached by a single combat between the contending aspirants, the Sinha and the Tamil. Mounted on their war-elephants they advanced to mortal combat; Elala hurled his lance at his youthful foe, who averted it by a dexterous movement; then the elephants rushed together; Elala's fell and crushed its rider beneath it; whereupon the victorious prince entered the city in triumph, and re-established, in his own person, the sovereignty of his race. King Dutugemunu displayed great magnanimity toward his fallen enemy, and caused his body to be incinerated, with high honors, on the spot where he fell, and erected over his ashes a huge mound of earth, which, after two thousand years, clearly identifies his tomb; while the final resting-place of his commemorator is a matter of conjecture.

I left Elala's tomb to inspect the greatest dagoba of Anuradhapura, the Cheops of Ceylon, and, indeed, of its kind the greatest monument in the world, Abhayagiria.

I have already mentioned this huge structure as it must have appeared to the priestly beholder from the upper stories of the magnificent Brazen Palace, its white chunam dome rising heavenward, and from its spire the pennant of Gautama floating four hundred and five feet above the plain. But long ages have subtracted one hundred and twenty-four feet from its altitude and despoiled its beauty; twice two thousand monsoons have swept away its spire, while perennial summer has buried it beneath repeated growths of tree and shrub. It presents a picture of unutterable sadness; jungle-fowls utter their weird cry on its farther slopes, and wild animals burrow among the *débris*. It was Walagambahu's proud masterpiece, now it is the lair of wild beasts; but in recent years devoted priests have begun the work of reclamation, and the larger trees have been cleared away, leaving only stumps and shrubbery to stud its swelling dome.

The ruins of several chapels surround its base, in one of which a monstrous seven-headed cobra, male and female figures, and flower-pieces are exquisitely carved. The basilary square, covering eight acres, and flagged with stone, is overgrown with grass and shrubbery; the eleven acres within its precincts are covered with the *débris* of many buildings, large and small, this dagoba having had a college of priests proportionate to its magnitude. A winding pathway leads to the platform above the dome, within which a circular stone staircase connects with the summit; thither I went for a parting look over the far-reaching landscape and at the buried city beneath. Bulankulam, Basawakulam, and Tissawewa sparkle in

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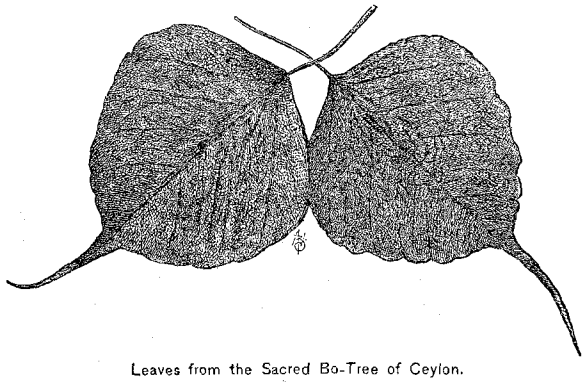
the sunlight; the Yoda Ela zigzags its course through thick forest toward Tissawewa.

In an opposite direction, but running parallel with the Yoda Ela, the classical Malwatte oya (river) winds to the northward, sometimes hiding in dark-green jungle and then revealing itself in silvery curves as it recedes toward the meeting-place of earth and sky, where hazy mountain contours rise and fall like billows. A landscape boundless as the ocean lies before us; here and there green rice-fields break the continuity of silent forest, and an occasional palm-roofed hut tells us that a few human beings still exist on the once populous plain. The limitless forests were once luxuriant rice-fields; now leopards prowl under the shade of their aged trees; the water-buffalo wallows in the turbid pools, and herds of wild elephants disport where once they were the slaves of man.

But the saddest picture is immediately around us, where thousands upon thousands of human habitations have left no trace save in the discoloration of the soil. Time mocks monuments and laughs at kings; and now the silent jungle waves over the entombed city.



Leaves from the Sacred Bo-Tree of Ceylon.

FOR REMEMBRANCE.

By Duncan Campbell Scott.

It would be sweet to think when we are old
  Of all the pleasant days that came to pass:
  That here we took the berries from the grass,
There charmed the bees with pans, and smoke unrolled,
And spread the melon nets when nights were cold,
  Or pulled the blood-root in the underbrush,
  And marked the ringing of the tawny thrush,
While all the west was broken burning gold.

And so I bind with rhymes these memories,
  As girls press pansies in the poet's leaves
And find them afterwards with sweet surprise;
    Or treasure petals mingled with perfume,
  Loosing them in the days when April grieves;
    A subtle summer in the rainy room.

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ADVENTURES AMONG BOOKS.

By Andrew Lang.

IN an age of reminiscences, is there room for the confessions of a veteran, who remembers a great deal about books and very little indeed about people? I have often wondered that a *Biographia Literaria* has so seldom been attempted—a biography or autobiography of a man in his relations with other minds. Coleridge, to be sure, gave this name to a work of his, but he wandered from his apparent purpose into a world of alien disquisitions. The following pages are frankly bookish, and to the bookish only do they appeal. The habit of reading has been praised as a virtue, and has been denounced as a vice. In no case, if we except the perpetual study of newspapers (which cannot fairly be called reading), is the vice, or the virtue, common. It is more innocent than opium-eating, though, like opium-eating, it unlocks to us artificial paradises. I try to say what I have found in them, what distractions from the world, what teaching (not much), and what consolations.

In beginning an *autobiographia literaria*, an account of how, and in what order, books have appealed to a mind, which books have ever above all things delighted, the author must pray to be pardoned for the sin of egotism. There is no other mind, naturally, of which the author knows so much as of his own. *On n'a que soi*, as the poor girl says in one of M. Paul Bourget's novels. In literature, as in love, one can only speak for himself. This author did not, like Fulke Greville, retire into the convent of literature from the strife of the world, rather he was born to be, from the first, a dweller in the cloisters of a library. Among the poems which I remember best out of early boyhood, is Lucy Ashton's song, in the "Bride of Lammermoor:"

> Look not thou on beauty's charming,
> Sit thou still when kings are arming,
> Taste not when the wine-cup glistens,
> Speak not when the people listens.
> Stop thine ear against the singer,
> From the red gold keep thy finger,
> Vacant heart, and hand, and eye,
> Easy live and quiet die.

The rhymes, unlearned, clung to my memory; they would sing themselves to me on the way to school, on cricket-field, and about the age of ten, probably without quite understanding them, I had chosen them for a kind of motto in life, a tune to murmur along the *fallentis semita vitæ*. This seems a queer idea for a small boy, but it must be confessed to.

"It takes all sorts to make a world," some are soldiers from the cradle, some merchants, some orators; nothing but a love of books was the gift given to me by the fairies. It was probably derived from forbears on both sides of my family, one a great reader, the other a considerable collector of books which remained with us and were all tried, persevered with, or abandoned in turn, by a student who has not blanched before the *Epigoniad!*

About the age of four I learned to read by a simple process. I had heard the elegy of Cock Robin till I knew it by rote, and I picked out the letters and words which compose that classic, till I could read it for myself. Earlier than

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that, "Robinson Crusoe" had been read aloud to me, in an abbreviated form, no doubt. I remember the pictures of Robinson finding the footstep in the sand, and a dance of cannibals, and the parrot. But, somehow, I have never read "Robinson" since; it is a pleasure to come.

The first books which vividly impressed me were, naturally, fairy tales, and chap-books about Robert Bruce, William Wallace, and Rob Roy. At that time these little tracts could be bought for a penny apiece. I can still see Bruce and Wallace in full armor, discoursing across a burn, and Rob Roy slipping from the soldier's horse into the stream. They did not then awaken a precocious patriotism; a boy of five is more at home in Fairyland than in his own country. The sudden appearance of the White Cat as a queen, after her head was cut off; the fiendish malice of the Yellow Dwarf; the strange cake of crocodile eggs and millet seed which the mother of the Princess Frutilla made for the Fairy of the Desert—these things, all fresh and astonishing, but certainly to be credited, are my first memories of romance. One story of a White Serpent, with a woodcut of that mysterious reptile, I neglected to secure, probably for want of a penny, and I have regretted it ever since. One never sees those cheap books now. "The White Serpent," in spite of all research, remains *introuvable*. It was a lost chance, and Fortune does not forgive. Nobody ever interfered with these, or indeed with any other, studies of ours at that time, as long as they were not prosecuted on Sundays. "The fightingest parts of the Bible," and the Apocrypha, and stories like that of the Witch of Endor, were sabbatical literature; read in a huge old illustrated Bible. How I advanced from the fairy tales to Shakespeare, what stages there were on the way—for there must have been stages—is a thing that memory cannot recover. A nursery legend tells that I was wont to arrange six open books on six chairs, and go from one to the others, perusing them by turns. No doubt this was what people call "desultory reading," but I did not hear the criticism till later, and then too often for my comfort. Memory holds a picture more vivid than most, of a small boy reading the "Midsummer Night's Dream," by firelight, in a room where candles were lit, and some one touched the piano, and a young man and a girl were playing chess. The Shakespeare was a volume of Kenny Meadows's edition; there are fairies in it, and the fairies seemed to come out of Shakespeare's dream into the music and the firelight. At that moment I think that I was happy; it seemed an enchanted glimpse of eternity in Paradise; nothing resembling it remains with me, out of all the years.

We went from the border to the south of England, when the number of my years was six, and in England we found another paradise, a circulating library with brown, greasy, ill-printed, odd volumes of "Shakespeare" and of the "Arabian Nights." How their stained pages come before the eyes again; the pleasure and the puzzle of them! What did the lady in the Geni's glass box want with the Merchants? what meant all these conversations between the Fat Knight and *Ford*, in the "Merry Wives?" It was delightful, but in parts it was difficult. Fragments of "The Tempest" and of other plays, remain stranded in my memory from these readings: *Ferdinand* and *Miranda* at chess; *Cleopatra* cuffing the messenger; the asp in the basket of figs; the *Friar* and the *Apothecary; Troilus* on the Ilian walls; a vision of *Cassandra* in white muslin, with her hair down. People forbid children to read this and that. I am sure they need not, and that even in our infancy the magician, Shakespeare, brings us nothing worse than a world of beautiful visions, half realized. In the Egyptian wizard's little pool of ink, only the pure can see the visions, and in Shakespeare's magic mirror children see only what is pure. Among other books of that time I only recall a kind of Sunday novel, "Naomi; or, The Last Days of Jerusalem." Who, indeed, could forget the battering-rams, and the man who cried on the battlements, "Woe, woe to myself and to Jerusalem!" I seem to hear him again, when boys break the hum of London with yells of the latest news.

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We left England in a year, went back to Scotland, and awoke, as it were, to know the glories of our birth. We lived in Scott's country, within four miles of Abbotsford, and, so far, we had heard nothing of it. I remember going with one of the maids into the cottage of a kinsman of hers, a carpenter; a delightful place, where there was sawdust, where our first fishing-rods were fashioned. Rummaging among the books, of course, I found some cheap periodical with verses in it. The lines began:

The Baron of Smaylhome rose with day,
He spurred his courser on.
Without stop or stay, down the rocky way
That leads to Brotherstone.

A rustic tea-table was spread for us, with scones and honey, not to be neglected. But they *were* neglected till we had learned how

The sable score of fingers four
Remains on that board impressed,
And for evermore that lady wore
A covering on her wrist.

We did not know, nor ask the poet's name. Children, probably, say very little about what is in their minds, but that unhappy knight, Sir Richard of Coldinghame, and the Priest, with his chamber in the east, and the moody Baron, and the Lady, have dwelt in our mind ever since, and hardly need to be revived by looking at "The Eve of St. John."

Soon after that we were told about Sir Walter, how great he was, how good, how, like Napoleon, his evil destiny found him at last, and he wore his heart away for honor's sake. And we were given the "Lay," and "The Lady of the Lake." It was my father who first read "Tam o' Shanter" to me, for which I confess I did not care at that time, preferring to take witches and bogies with great seriousness. It seemed as if Burns were trifling with a noble subject. But it was in a summer sunset, beside a window looking out on Ettrick and the hill of the Three Brethren's Cairn, that I first read, with the dearest of all friends, how

The stag at eve had drunk his fill
Where danced the moon on Monan's rill,
And deep his midnight lair had made
In lone Glenartney's hazel shade.

Then opened the gates of Romance, and with Fitz James we drove the chase, till

Few were the stragglers, following far,
That reached the lake of Vennachar,
And when the Brig of Turk was won,
The foremost horseman rode alone.

From that time, for months, there was usually a little volume of Scott in one's pocket, in company with the miscellaneous collection of a boy's treasures. Scott certainly took his fairy folk seriously, and the Mauth Dog was rather a disagreeable companion to a small boy in wakeful hours.* After this kind of introduction to Sir Walter, after learning one's first lessons in history from the "Tales of a Grandfather," nobody, one hopes, can criticise him in cold blood, or after the manner of Mr. Leslie Stephen, who is not sentimental. Scott is not an author like another, but our earliest known friend in letters; for, of course, we did not ask who Shakespeare was, nor inquire about the private history of Madame d'Aulnoy. Scott peopled for us the rivers and burnsides with his reivers: the Fairy Queen came out of Eildon Hill, and haunted Carterhaugh; at Newark Tower we saw "the embattled portal arch"

Whose ponderous grate and massy bar
Had oft rolled back the tide of war,

just as, at Foulshiel, on Yarrow, we beheld the very roofless cottage whence Mungo Park went forth to trace the waters of the Niger.

Probably the first novel I ever read was at Elgin, and the story was "Jane Eyre." The tale was a creepy one for a boy of nine, and Rochester was a mystery, St. John a bore. But the lonely little girl in her despair, when something came into the room, and her days of starvation at school, and the terrible first Mrs. Rochester, were not to be forgotten. They abide in one's recollection with a Red Indian's ghost, who carried a rusty ruined gun, and whose acquaintance we made at the same time.

* Mauth is Manx for dog, I am told.

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I fancy I was rather an industrious little boy, and that I had minded my lessons, and satisfied my teachers—I know I was reading Pinnock's "History of Rome" for pleasure—till "the wicked day of destiny" came, and I felt a "call," and underwent a process which may be described as the opposite of "conversion." The "call" came from Dickens. "Pickwick" was brought into the house. From that hour it was all over, for five or six years, with anything like industry and lesson-books. I read "Pickwick" in convulsions of mirth. I dropped Pinnock's "Rome" for good. I neglected everything printed in Latin, in fact everything that one was understood to prepare for one's classes in the school whither I was now sent, in Edinburgh. For there, living a rather lonely small boy in the house of an aged relation, I found the Waverley novels. The rest is transport. A conscientious tutor dragged me through the Latin grammar, and a constitutional dislike to being beaten on the hands with a leather strap urged me to acquire a certain amount of elementary erudition. But, for a year, I was a young hermit, living with Scott in the "Waverleys," and the "Border Minstrels," with Pope, and Prior, and a translation of Ariosto, with Lever, and Dickens, David Copperfield, and Charles O'Malley, Longfellow, and Mayne Reid, Dumas, and in brief, with every kind of light literature that I could lay my hands upon. Carlyle did not escape me; I vividly remember the helpless rage with which I read of the Flight to Varennes. In his work on French novelists, Mr. Saintsbury speaks of a disagreeable little boy, in a French romance, who found Scott *assommant*, stunningly stupid. This was a very odious little boy, it seems (I have not read his adventures), and he came, as he deserved, to a bad end. Other and better boys, I learn, find Scott "slow." Extraordinary boys! Perhaps "Ivanhoe" was first favorite of yore; you cannot beat Front de Bœuf, the assault on his castle, the tournament. No other tournament need apply. M. Conan Doyle, greatly daring, has attempted to enter the lists, but he is a mere Ralph the Hospitaller. Next, I think, in order of delight, came "Quentin Durward," especially the hero of the scar, whose name Thackeray could not remember, Quentin's uncle. Then "The Black Dwarf," and Dugald, our dear Rittmeister. I could not read "Rob Roy" then, nor lately; nay, not till this very year. Now Di Vernon is the lady for me; the queen of fiction, the peerless, the brave, the tender, and true.

The wisdom of the authorities decided that I was to read no more novels, but, as an observer remarked, "I don't see what is the use of preventing the boy from reading novels, for he's just reading 'Don Juan' instead." This was so manifestly no improvement, that the ban on novels was tacitly withdrawn, or was permitted to become a dead letter. They were far more enjoyable than Byron. The worst that came of this was the suggestion of a young friend, whose life had been adventurous—indeed he had served in the Crimea with the Bashi Bazouks—that I should master the writings of Edgar Poe. I do not think that the "Black Cat" and the "Fall of the House of Usher," and the "Murders in the Rue Morgue" are very good reading for a boy who is not peculiarly intrepid. Many a bad hour they gave me, haunting me, especially, with a fear of being prematurely buried, and of waking up before breakfast to find myself in a coffin. Of all the books I devoured in that year, Poe is the only author whom I wish I had reserved for later consideration, and whom I cannot conscientiously recommend to children.

I had already enjoyed a sip of Thackeray, reading at a venture, in "Vanity Fair," about the Battle of Waterloo. It was not like Lever's accounts of battles, but it was enchanting. However, "Vanity Fair" was under a taboo. It is not easy to say why; but Mr. Thackeray himself informed a small boy, whom he found reading "Vanity Fair" under the table, that he had better read something else. What harm can the story do to a child? He reads about Waterloo, about fat Jos, about little George and the pony, about little Rawdon and the rat-hunt, and is happy and unharmed.

Leaving my hermitage, and going into the very different, and very disagreeable, world of a master's house, I

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was lucky enough to find a charming library there. Most of Thackeray was on the shelves, and Thackeray became the chief enchanter. As Henry Kingsley says, a boy reads him and thinks he knows all about life. I do not think that the mundane parts, about Lady Kew and her wiles, about Ethel and the Marquis of Farintosh, appealed to one or enlightened one. Ethel was a mystery, and not an interesting mystery, though one used to copy Doyle's pictures of her, with the straight nose, the impossible eyes, the impossible waist. It was not Ethel who captivated us; it was Clive's youth and art, it was J. J., the painter; it was jolly F. B. and his address to the maid about the lobster, "A finer fish, Mary, my dear, I have never seen." Does not this solve the vexed question whether lobsters are fish, in the French sense? Then "The Rose and the Ring" came out. It was worth while to be twelve years old, when the Christmas books were written by Dickens and Thackeray. I got hold of "The Rose and the Ring," I know, and of the "Christmas Carol," when they were damp from the press. King Valoroso, and Bulbo, and Angelica were even more delightful than Scrooge, and Tiny Tim, and Trotty Veck. One remembers the fairy monarch more vividly, and the wondrous array of egg-cups from which he sipped brandy—or was it right Nantes?—still "going on sipping, I am sorry to say," even after "Valoroso was himself again." But, of all Thackeray's books, I suppose "Pendennis" was the favorite. The delightful Marryat had entertained us with Peter Simple and O'Brien (how good their flight through France is!), with Mesty and Mr. Midshipman Easy, with Jacob Faithful (Mr. Thackeray's favorite), and with Snarleyyow; but Marryat never made us wish to run away to sea. That did not seem to be one's vocation. But the story of Pen made one wish to run away to literature, to the Temple, to streets where Brown, the famous reviewer, might be seen walking with his wife and umbrella. The writing of poems "up to" pictures, the beer with Warrington in the mornings, the suppers in the back kitchen, these were the alluring things, not society, and Lady Rockminster, and Lord Steyne. Well, one has run away to literature since, but where is the matutinal beer? Where is the back kitchen? Where are Warrington, and Foker, and F. B.? I have never met them in this living world, though Brown, the celebrated reviewer, is familiar to me, and also Mr. Sidney Scraper, of the University Club. Perhaps back kitchens exist, perhaps there are cakes and ale in the life literary, and F. B. may take his walks by the Round Pond. But one never encounters these rarities, and Bungay and Bacon are no longer the innocent and ignorant rivals whom Thackeray drew. They do not give those wonderful parties; Miss Bunnion has become quite conventional, Percy Popjoy has abandoned letters; Mr. Wenham does not toady; Mr. Wagg does not joke any more. The literary life is very like any other, in London, or is it that we do not see it aright, not having the eyes of genius? Well, a life on the ocean wave, too, may not be so desirable as it seems in Marryat's novels: so many a lad whom he tempted into the navy has discovered. The best part of the existence of a man of letters is his looking forward to it through the spectacles of Titmarsh.

One can never say how much one owes to a schoolmaster who was a friend of literature, who kept a houseful of books, and who was himself a graceful scholar, and an author, while he chose to write, of poetic and humorous genius. Such was the master who wrote the "Day Dreams of a Schoolmaster," Mr. D'Arcy Wentworth Thompson, to whom, in this place, I am glad to confess my gratitude after all these many years. While we were deep in the history of Pendennis we were also being dragged through the Commentaries of Caius Julius Cæsar, through the Latin and Greek grammars, through Xenophon, and the Eclogues of Virgil, and a depressing play of Euripides, the "Phœnissæ." I can never say how much I detested these authors, who, taken in small doses, are far, indeed, from being attractive. Horace, to a lazy boy, appears in his Odes to have nothing to say, and to say it in the most frivolous and vexatious manner. Then

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Cowper's "Task," or "Paradise Lost," as school-books, with notes, seem arid enough to a school-boy. I remember reading ahead, in Cowper, instead of attending to the lesson and the class-work. His observations on public schools were not uninteresting, but the whole English school-work of those days was repugnant. One's English education was all got out of school. As to Greek, for years it seemed a mere vacuous terror; one invented for one's-self all the current arguments against "compulsory Greek." What was the use of it, who ever spoke in it, who could find any sense in it, or any interest? A language with such cruel superfluities as a middle voice and a dual; a language whose verbs were so fantastically irregular, looked like a barbaric survival, a mere plague and torment. So one thought till Homer was opened before us. Elsewhere I have tried to describe the vivid delight of first reading Homer, delight, by the way, which St. Augustine failed to appreciate. Most boys not wholly immersed in dulness felt it, I think; to myself, for one, Homer was the real beginning of study. One had tried him, when one was very young, in Pope, and had been baffled by Pope, and his artificial manner, his "fairs," and "swains." Homer seemed better reading in the absurd "crib" which Mr. Buckley wrote for Bohn's series. Hector and Ajax, in that disguise, were as great favorites as Horatius on the Bridge, or the younger Tarquin. Scott, by the way, must have made one a furious and consistent Legitimist. In reading the "Lays of Ancient Rome," my sympathies were with the expelled kings, at least with him who fought so well at Lake Regillus:

> Titus, the youngest Tarquin,
> Too good for such a breed.

Where

> Valerius struck at Titus,
> And lopped off half his crest;
> But Titus stabbed Valerius
> A span deep in the breast—

I find, on the margin of my old copy, in a school-boy's hand, the words "Well done, the Jacobites!" Perhaps my politics have never gone much beyond this sentiment. But this is a digression from Homer. The very sound of the hexameter, that long, inimitable roll of the most various music, was enough to win the heart, even if the words were not understood. But the words proved unexpectedly easy to understand, full as they are of all nobility, all tenderness, all courage, courtesy, and romance. The "Morte d'Arthur" itself, which about this time fell into our hands, was not so dear as the "Odyssey," though for a boy to read Sir Thomas Malory is to ride at adventure in enchanted forests, to enter haunted chapels where a light swims from the Graal, to find by lonely mountain meres the magic boat of Sir Galahad. After once being initiated into the mysteries of Greece by Homer, the work at Greek was no longer tedious. Herodotus was a charming and humorous story-teller, and, as for Thucydides, his account of the Sicilian Expedition and its ending was one of the very rare things in literature which almost, if not quite, brought tears into one's eyes. Few passages, indeed, have done that, and they are curiously discrepant. The first book that ever made me cry, of which feat I was horribly ashamed, was "Uncle Tom's Cabin," with the death of Eva, Topsy's friend. Then it was trying when Colonel Newcome said *Adsum*, and the end of Socrates in the *Phædo*, moved one more than seemed becoming—these, and a passage in the history of Skalagrim Lamb's Tail, and, as I said, the ruin of the Athenians in the Syracusan Bay. I have read these chapters in an old French version of Ronsard's time (1550), a version derived through the Italian from a Latin translation of Thucydides. Even in this far-descended form, the tale keeps its pathos, the calm, grave stamp of that tragic telling cannot be worn away by much handling, by long time, by the many changes of human speech. When

> All was done that men can do,
> And all was done in vain:

"Others too," says Nicias, in that final speech, "having done what men might have borne what men can endure."

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This is the very burden of life, and the last word of tragedy. For now all is vain: courage, wisdom, piety, the bravery of Lamachus, the goodness of Nicias, the brilliance of Alcibiades, all are expended, all wasted, nothing of that brave venture abides, except torture, defeat, and death. No play nor poem of individual fortunes is so moving as this ruin of a people; no modern story can stir us, with all its eloquence, like the brief gravity of this ancient tale. Nor can we find, at the last, any wisdom more wise than that which bids us do what men may, and bear what men must. Such are the lessons of the Greek, of the people who tried all things, in the morning of the world, and who still speak to us of what they tried in words which are the sum of human gayety and gloom, of grief and triumph, hope and despair. The world, since their day, has but followed in the same round, which only seems new: has only made the same experiments, and failed with the same failure, but less gallantly and less gloriously.

One's school-boy adventures among books ended not long after winning the friendship of Homer and Thucydides, of Lucretius and Catullus. One's application was far too desultory to make a serious and accurate scholar.

I confess to having learned the classical languages, as it were, by accident, for the sake of what is in them, and with a provokingly imperfect accuracy. Cricket and trout occupied far too much of my mind and my time: Christopher North, and Walton, and Thomas Tod Stoddart, and "The Moor and the Loch," were my holiday reading, and I do not regret it. Philologists and Ireland scholars are not made so, but you can, in no way, fashion a scholar out of a casual and inaccurate intelligence. The true scholar is one whom I envy, almost as much as I respect him, but there is a kind of mental short-sightedness, where accents and verbal niceties are concerned, which cannot be sharpened into true scholarship. Yet, even for those afflicted in this way, and with the malady of being "idle, careless little boys," the ancient classics have a value for which there is no substitute. There is a charm in finding ourselves, our common humanity, our puzzles, our cares, our joys, in the writings of men severed from us by race, religion, speech, and half the gulf of historical time, which no other literary pleasure can equal. Then there is to be added, as the university preacher observed, "the pleasure of despising our fellow-creatures who do not know Greek." Doubtless, in that there is great consolation.

It would be interesting, were it possible, to know what proportion of people really care for poetry, and how the love of poetry came to them, and grew in them—and where and when it stopped. Modern poets whom one meets are apt to say that poetry is not read at all. Byron's Murray ceased to publish poetry in 1830, just when Tennyson and Browning were striking their preludes. Probably Mr. Murray was wise in his generation. But it is also likely that many persons, even now, are attached to poetry, though they certainly do not buy contemporary verse. How did the passion come to them? How long did it stay? When did the Muse say good-by? To myself, as I have remarked, poetry came with Sir Walter Scott, for one read Shakespeare as a child, rather in a kind of dream of fairyland and enchanted isles, than with any distinct consciousness that one was occupied with poetry. Next to Scott, with me, came Longfellow, who pleased one as more reflective and tenderly sentimental, while the reflections were not so deep as to be puzzling. I remember how "Hiawatha" came out, when one was a boy, and how delightful was the free forest life, and Minnehaha and Paupukkeewis, and Nokomis. One did not then know that the same charm, with a yet fresher dew upon it, was to meet one later, in the Kalewala. But, at that time, one had no conscious pleasure in poetic style, except in such ringing verse as Scott's, and Campbell's in his patriotic pieces. The pleasure and enchantment of style first appealed to me, at about the age of fifteen, when one read for the first time,

> So all day long the noise of battle rolled
> Among the mountains by the northern sea;
> Until King Arthur's Table, man by man,
> Had fallen in Lyonesse about their Lord.

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Previously one had only heard of Mr. Tennyson as a name. When a child I was told that a poet was coming to a house in the Highlands where we chanced to be, a poet named Tennyson. "Is he a poet like Sir Walter Scott?" I remember asking, and was told, "No, he was not like Sir Walter Scott." Hearing no more of him, I was prowling among the books in an ancient house, a rambling old place with a ghost-room, where I found Tupper, and could not get on with "Proverbial Philosophy." Next I tried Tennyson, and instantly a new light of poetry dawned, a new music was audible, a new god came into my medley of a Pantheon, a god never to be dethroned. "Men scarcely know how beautiful fire is," Shelley says. I am convinced that we scarcely know how great a poet Lord Tennyson is; use has made him too familiar. The same hand has "raised the Table Round again," that has written the sacred book of Friendship, that has lulled us with the magic of the "Lotus Eaters," and the melody of "Tithonus." He has made us move, like his own Prince,

> Among a world of ghosts
> And feel ourselves the shadows of a dream.

He has enriched our world with conquests of romance; he has recut and reset a thousand ancient gems of Greece and Rome; he has roused our patriotism; he has stirred our pity; there is hardly a human passion but he has purged it and ennobled it, "except this of love." Natheless, the Laureate remains the most various, the sweetest, the most exquisite, the most learned, the most Virgilian of all English poets, and we may pity the lovers of poetry who died before Tennyson came.

Here may end the desultory tale of a desultory bookish boyhood. It was not in nature that one should not begin to rhyme for one's-self. But those exercises were seldom even written down; they lived a little while in a memory which has lost them long ago. I do remember me that I tried some of my attempts on my dear mother, who at once said to me what Dryden said to "Cousin Swift," "You will never be a poet," a decision in which I straightway acquiesced. For to rhyme is one thing, to be a poet quite another. A good deal of mortification would be avoided if young men and maidens only kept this obvious fact well posed in front of their vanity and their ambition.

In these bookish memories I have said nothing about religion and religious books, for various reasons. But, unlike other Scots of the pen, I got no harm from "The Shorter Catechism," of which I remember little, and neither then nor now was able to understand a single sentence. Some precocious metaphysicians comprehended and stood aghast at justification, sanctification, adoption, and effectual calling. These, apparently, were necessary processes in the Scotch spiritual life. But we were not told what they meant, nor were we distressed by a sense that we had not passed through them. From most children, one trusts, Calvinism ran like water off a duck's back; unlucky were they who first absorbed, and later were compelled to get rid of, "The Shorter Catechism!"

One good thing, if no more, these memories may accomplish. Young men, especially in America, write to me and ask me to recommend "a course of reading." Distrust a course of reading! People who really care for books *read all of them*. There is no other course. Let this be a reply. No other answer shall they get from me, the inquiring young men.

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A CHINA HUNTER IN NEW ENGLAND.

By Alice Morse Earle.

MY dearly loved friend, Charles Lamb, wrote, in his "Essays of Elia," "I have an almost feminine partiality for old china. When I go to see any great house, I inquire first for the china-closet, and next for the picture-gallery. I have no repugnance for those little lawless azure-tinted grotesques that, under the notion of men and women, float about uncircumscribed by any element, in that world before perspective—a china teacup." In his partiality for old china I humbly join, and it is of the search through New England for such dear old china loves that I write.

Were the possession of old or valuable specimens of porcelain and pottery the only good thing which came from the long days of country ranging and farm-house searching spent in these china-quests Philistines might perhaps scoff at the waste of time and energy; but much else that is good have I found. Insight into human nature—love of my native country—knowledge of her natural beauties—acquaintance with her old landmarks and historical localities—familiarity with her history—admiration of her noble military and naval heroes—and study of the ancient manners, customs, and traditions of her early inhabitants have all been fostered, strengthened, and indeed almost brought into existence by the search after and study of old china. How vague were my school-day history-lesson memories of Perry, of Lawrence, and of Decatur until I saw their likenesses on some hideous Liverpool pitchers in an old sailor's hut! then I read eagerly every word of history, every old song and ballad about them. How small was my knowledge of old "table manners" and table-furnishings until I discovered, through my china studies, how our ancestors ate and served their daily meals! How entirely powerless was I to discover the story of human nature as told in the countenance until my inquiries in country towns after old china made me a second Lavater in reading the possibilities of successful purchase in case the questioned one chanced to own any old porcelain heirlooms! How few of our noble wood and valley roads had I seen until I drove through them searching for old farm-houses that might contain some salvage of teacups or teapots! And not only do we learn of America through our china hunts, but of England as well; for nearly all of our old table-ware was English and the progress of the production of English china can be traced as easily in New England as in old England. Few of the more costly pieces came across the ocean to us, but humbler specimens perhaps show equally well the general progress of the manufacture.

The great number of pewter plates and platters, hot-water jugs with wicker handles, teapots, posnets and porringers still found in old homes in New England proves how recently and universally pewter was employed for table-ware; in fact, the date of the settlement of America was the time when pewter utensils succeeded wooden trenchers, and the time of the Revolutionary War may be given as the turning-point when china crowded out pewter. The history of the use of crockery and china as table-ware by our ancestors cannot at the extreme limit extend back more than two hundred years, though the Seventeenth-century Pilgrims had a few pieces of India china.

One of the earliest mentions of china in America is in the inventory of the estate of President Davenport of Harvard College, in 1648—"Cheyny £4." In the inventory made in 1647 of the possessions of Martha Coteymore (who afterward married Governor Winthrop) is the item—"One parcel cheyney plates and saucers £1." In 1699 John Higginson wrote to his brother in India in regard to importations that "china and lacker-ware will sell if in small

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quantity." Lisbon ware (which was earthen-ware) was left by will in Massachusetts in 1650. The inventories of various estates made in the town of Stamford from 1650 to 1674 contain mention of no china or glass and only two shillings' worth of earthen-ware. In 1713 six hogsheads of earthen-ware, including teapots, were advertised for sale in Boston. These teapots were generally black, for they were popularly supposed to make the best tea. A box of china was advertised for sale in Boston in 1732. Peter Faneuil in 1737 had a bountiful supply of glass and china, as he had of other luxuries.

China was doubtless as plentiful in New England as elsewhere in America at that date. One of the earliest mentions of china in New York, is in a list of the possessions of Cornelius Stienwerck made in 1686—ten pieces of china dishes or porcelain, valued at £4. But china did not abound in New York until after the Revolutionary War. In an inventory made at that time of the contents of a house on the Neutral Ground in Westchester County, there were such items of luxury as 26 horses; 36 table-cloths, rich furniture, bed-linen, and clothing; quantities of silver; and the pewter articles included 1 coffee-kettle, 1 teapot, 27 dishes, 12 plates, 12 soup-plates, 6 butter-plates, 3 mugs, 2 salons, 5 basins, 6 spoons, 3 measures. And with all these possessions—*not one piece of china* is named. In the inventories of the property of the New Jersey farmers whose household goods were destroyed by the soldiers in the Revolutionary War, and who expected to receive indemnity from the Government for their losses, but few pieces of china are mentioned, and we discover that each family rarely possessed more than three or four china cups and saucers. These records are true and faithful lists of the possessions of well-to-do people at that date, and indicate that china was far from plentiful.

Nor was china frequently owned in Pennsylvania at that time, though Mrs. Franklin, in a letter written to her Benjamin in 1765, speaks of a "set of tea china, a handsome stand for a kettle to stand on, and the ornamental china," etc., etc. Benjamin Lay, the "Singular Pythagorean cynical philosopher," to show his hatred of the use of tea, brought in 1742 all his wife's china into the market-place, and began to break it piece by piece with a hammer. "But the populace, unwilling to lose what might profit them, overset him, scrambled for the china, and bore it off whole." As the Pythagorean philosopher's wife was dead, this wanton destruction of her dear china was not so cruel as at first appears. An old lady wrote in 1830, for Watson's "Annals of Philadelphia," about things as they were in that city before the War of Independence—"Pewter plates and dishes were in general use. China on dinner-tables was a great rarity. Glass tumblers were scarcely seen. Punch, the most common beverage, was drank from one large bowl of silver or china."

We have searched far and wide for specimens of any old American pottery, but fruitlessly. We have, however, gained in our equally careful searches for information, a few facts about American china which may prove of interest to some other china-hunters. The chapter on old American china might read—so one critic says—like the chapter on the snakes in Iceland—"There is no old American china."

There were practically no manufactories of fine pottery and porcelain in this country until this century, and almost none until the year 1876. At a very early date, however, potteries for the manufacture of coarse ware were established, and protected by law, especially in New England. The General Court of Massachusetts ordered, in 1646, that "Tyle-earth to make sale-ware, shall be digged before the first 9 mo. and turned over in last or first before it be wrought." John Pride, of Salem, was a potter as early as 1641. The coarse crockery known as Danvers crockery was coeval with the existence of the town bearing the same name. In 1766 there was a pottery near Bean Hill, in Norwich, but only a few men were employed therein. This pottery is referred to in Dr. Peter's "History of Connecticut" and in Morse's "Gazetteer" of 1797, as well as in Miss Caulkin's "History of Norwich." In 1751, this advertisement appeared in a Long Island newspaper: "Any persons desirous may be supplied

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with vases, urns, flower-pots to adorn gardens and tops of houses, or any other ornament made of clay, by Edward Annely at Whitestone, he having set up the potter's business by means of a German family that he *bought*, who are supposed by their work to be the most ingenious that ever arrived in America. He has clay capable of making eight different kinds of ware." So doubtless some very good pottery was made in Whitestone, though none of it has been preserved.

At the commencement of the Revolutionary War a man named Upton came from Nantucket to East Greenwich, Rhode Island, and there manufactured earthenware. The pottery when made was baked in a kiln which stood at the corner of King and Marlboro Streets. He made pans, bowls, plates, and cups and saucers of common red clay, a little finer in quality than that now used in the manufacture of flower-pots. As of course no porcelain was imported from Europe during the war, New Englanders used the coarse plates and cups and saucers. The clay came from Goold's Mount, now owned by Mr. Henry Waterman, of Quidneset. After the war was ended Potter Upton went back to his safety-assured home in Nantucket, and the Greenwich pottery was closed. At the same date a similar pottery existed in Quasset, in Windham County, Connecticut.

In Norwalk, and New Haven, and Hartford, potteries were established soon after the Revolutionary War. Dr. Dwight, in 1822, gave the number of potteries in Connecticut as twelve, and the value of the earthen- and stone-ware manufactured yearly as $30,740. In Philadelphia, china works were established comparatively early, and Mr. Prime, in his book on "Pottery and Porcelain," has given an interesting account of some of the Pennsylvania potteries and china works. There were several manufactories, however, which he did not mention. An article in the "American Museum," in 1791, on the existing state of American manufactures said, "coarse tiles and bricks of an excellent quality, potters' wares, all in quantities beyond the home consumption, a few ordinary vessels of stone mixed with clay, some mustard and snuff bottles, a few flasks or flagons, a small quantity of sheet glass, and of vessels for family use, generally of inferior kinds, are now made." So it is no wonder that we found no old china of American manufacture, for there was none to be found.

Doubtless the earliest pieces of china which our Puritan ancestors had in any great numbers while they were still using pewter, and wooden trenchers, were in New England, as in old England, Delft. These Delft pieces of table-ware were perhaps brought to them through the Dutch settlers in New York. When our Pilgrim Fathers lived in Holland, and when they made their night trip through Delft, no plebeian persons had earthen-ware on their tables, hence the Pilgrims could have brought few pieces of Delft-ware to New England on the Mayflower.

Some of the old Delft is still in existence, being most frequently found in Connecticut, the nearest neighbor to the early Dutch settlements. The old pieces are chiefly in the form of blue and white plates, the largest sizes having served as meat-platters. Occasionally the decoration is in blue and white and yellow or orange. Very rarely a vase or covered jar has been preserved, though I have seen a number of old blue and white "apothecary jars" in New England homes. These are lettered with the abbreviated names of drugs, and when in use in Holland were covered with tightly-tied oiled-skin, the contents being poured through the spouts, which were at other times kept closely corked. They are identical in shape with the old "sirooppots" shown in Dutch museums, and form for us nowadays a fine "posy-holder." Some old Delft pieces are shown in Fig. I., among them an apothecary jar marked Succ. E: Spin. C., and a tea-caddy marked with the names Gerrit Eyben—Aalte Evert, and the date 1793. The latter specimen was doubtless a wedding or betrothal gift. On this tea-caddy the dark blue decoration is under the glaze, and the red and black quaint Dutch-dressed figures and the inscription are over the glaze and were doubtless specially painted on and fired when the piece was purchased for a gift or token.

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I have never found in all my searches through New England one piece of old Sèvres, Dresden, or Berlin ware, or of any Italian or German pottery; nothing but Chinese, Delft, and English wares, except one graceful blue and white vase, which may be Persian (Fig. II.). As the country owner of this rather oddly-decorated and certainly oddly-shaped vase knew nothing of how it had been acquired by her family nor how long it had been possessed by them, nor whence it came, nor indeed anything save that it had stood for many years on the best-room mantel-shelf, it may be comparatively a modern piece of ware.

Among the earliest English wares brought to America were the salt-glazed stone-wares, and several collections of fine specimens have been gathered within a few years, chiefly from the farm-houses in the Connecticut River Valley, that once rich but now thoroughly-devastated field for china-hunters. The three salt-glazed pitchers in Fig. III. are entitled respectively, Sportive Innocence (which bears high-colored children at awkward play); the Farmer's Pitcher, bearing the inscription "Success to Trade," and the Province House Pitcher, so called because it was found with two pewter drinking-cups behind a panel in the historical old Province House in Boston. Gentle Agnes Surriage may once have held this old stone-ware pitcher in her fair hand. These three pitchers are probably Crouch-ware, though there are no marks upon them to definitely prove it.

Bow, Chelsea, and Derby wares are but seldom seen in old New England homes, nor have we found specimens of the better class of Wedgwood's manufactures in any great numbers. Doubtless many families of wealth in America had some pieces of the latter ware, but the great demand for Wedgwood-ware in England and its comparatively high price prevented it from being imported very freely by our frugal and thrifty grandfathers. Teapots of black "basalts-ware" and the mottled "tortoise-shell-ware" are occasionally found. The frail, fluted bowl, the pickle-leaf, the graceful pitcher with twisted handle, and the fragile creamer of Queen's ware in Fig. IV. are Wedgwood of beautiful glaze and lovely shape, and are of so delicate and thin a paste that it is wonderful that they could have been safely preserved for a hundred years outside a collector's cabinet, and stranger still, have been used upon the tea-table of a country home. Great numbers of pieces of *so-called* Lowestoft china are found in New England, and it is much more plentiful there than is any other porcelain of the last century. I say "so-called" because the fierce controversy between china students (one party swearing that the disputed articles are pure Lowestoft—made in Lowestoft, and decorated there; another positive that they are Oriental, made in China and printed there; a third equally confident that the pieces were made in China and decorated in Lowestoft) must be settled by a more competent judge than a mere seeker after china and truth. When such authorities as Owen, Franks, Chaffers, and Jewitt disagree, who shall decide?

Much Caughley, Bristol, and early Worcester ware is gravely asserted in New England country homes to be Lowestoft, and all are still more commonly called Chinese. It is the favorite New England tradition, told of nearly every piece of English ware of the last century, that "my grandfather had that tea-set imported from China," or "an old sea-captain brought that bowl to us from Hong-Kong," and even when you show the Caughley, Bow, or Plymouth marks, the owners are unconvinced and openly indignant. The ownership of Chinese porcelain evidently denoted much higher claims to aristocracy than that of English ware. Crests, arms, and initials are very common on Lowestoft porcelain, "put on for us in China," and as there are never any definite marks on this ware to prove it to be English, the "China" or "Indian" tradition must in such cases never be openly doubted.

Much undoubtedly veritable old Chinese porcelain, such as Canton and Nankin, is found in New England seaports and river-valley towns; nor can it be doubted that many persons in America and England ordered services of porcelain to be made and decorated for them in China. These orders were sometimes

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Fig. I.—(a) Old Delft Pieces.

filled in a manner which was vastly disappointing. Miss Leslie, the sister of the great painter, related that she ordered a dinner service to be made and decorated for her in China. She directed that a coat-of-arms should be placed in the centre of each plate, and made a drawing of the coat-of-arms and pasted it in the centre of a specimen plate, and wrote under it "Put this in the middle." What was her dismay when, on the arrival of the china, she found on every piece not only the coat-of-arms but the words indelibly burnt in, "Put this in the middle."

Nor can you implicitly rely upon the traditional age of a piece of china. Many persons do not realize for how short a time we have had tea, and I have been shown many a teapot "over two hundred years old" or "brought over in the Mayflower," some even "three hundred years old." Pepys in his diary wrote in 1661 of tea as "a China drink of which I had never drunk before." It cost, in 1666, sixty shillings a pound; and I can hardly think with tea at *that* price that our frugal Pilgrim Fathers had much use for teapots. Of course the marks on these aged teapots also prove them to be of much more recent manufacture, and in point of fact we know that tea was not used in America until 1710.

Many pitchers and mugs of cream-colored ware were made in Liverpool in the latter part of the last century and in the early years of this one, and were printed with likenesses, mottoes, and ballads, as well as maps and allegorical scenes relating to America. These were the first pieces of crockery ever decorated in England especially for the American market, and were doubtless ordered

(b) Old Delft Tea-caddy.

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by Americans. Though they are far from beautiful in shape, color, or design, their inscriptions and portraits make

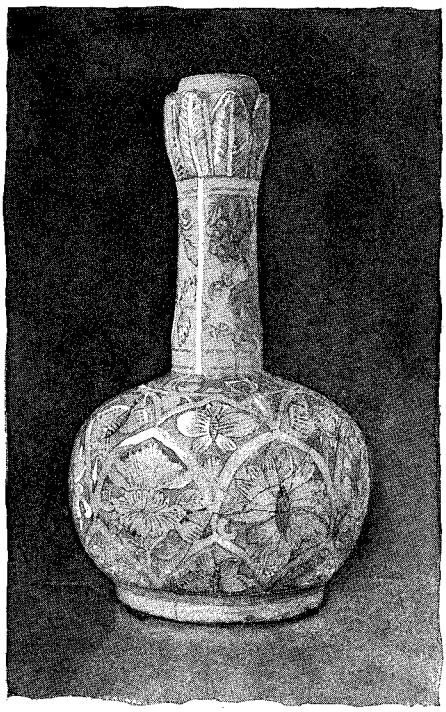

Fig. II.—A Persian Vase.

them interesting to every historical student as well as to every china collector.

The names and faces of few American heroes or statesmen who became famous before the war of 1812 are ever seen on these pitchers, or indeed on any pieces of English ware. Washington, Franklin, and Hancock appear, and there are two pitchers bearing battle-scenes and entitled respectively "Death of Warren" and "Death of Montgomery." Englishmen had vague ideas of the names of our States as well, for Boston and Tenasee often appear on these Liverpool wares in the list of States.

Many of these pitchers relate to the life and death of Washington, and such are known as "Washington Pitchers." There are at least thirty different Washington prints, and new ones are constantly being added to the list. They bear sentiments, verses, or inscriptions, eulogizing the virtues and bravery of the "glorious American," or lines indicative of our national grief at his death. The lines, "Deafness to the ear that will patiently hear, and dumbness to the tongue that will utter a calumny against the immortal Washington" were much favored and printed by English potters, and are found on pitchers and mugs of many sizes and shapes. The portraits by Gilbert Stuart are the ones which the English potters endeavored to copy, and the face in Fig. V. gives a fair idea of their success. One set of pitchers, however, was printed with so excellent a likeness (engraved from the Lansdowne portrait of Washington) that an American gentleman with one blow of a heavy hammer struck the piece bearing the portrait from the side of one of the largest pitchers, had it handsomely framed and sent to Mount Vernon, where it hung for years and was known as the "pitcher portrait." This portrait was in 1876 on exhibition in the Philadelphia State House. Four brothers, residents of Philadelphia at the beginning of this century, had each a great toddy-jug painted for him in China with a copy of the "pitcher portrait," and also his own initials; and these four fine toddy-jugs were used only on the anniversary of Washington's birthday.

The first "naval pitcher" is found in various sizes, printed in red, black, or blue, and is decorated with a ship under full sail, bearing the flag of the United States, and a scroll with the sentiment, "Success to the Infant Navy of America." These pieces were sent to America after our little marine war with France in 1799, when Captain Truxton, of the Constellation, captured the French frigates Insurgente and La Vengeance. This capture was honored by a popular song called "Truxton's Victory," and the defeat of the French Navy was as great a source of delight to Englishmen as to Americans. London merchants sent to Truxton as a testimonial a service of silver plate worth over three thousand dollars. Long and bitterly during the constant naval defeats of the English in the war of 1812 must those English merchants have regretted that silver token of encouragement to the American Navy.

The naval battles and heroes of the war of 1812 furnished many subjects

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for use in decorating these pitchers, and some bear inscriptions far from flattering to English vanity. With the portraits of Perry are the words of his famous despatch, "We have met the enemy, and they are ours." With Lawrence, his dying words, "Don't give up the ship." With the likeness of Decatur, who captured the Macedonian, "Free Trade, Sailors' Rights."

"Then quickly met our nation's eyes
The noblest sight in nature,
A first-class frigate as a prize
Brought back by brave Decatur."

With Commodore Bainbridge, of the Constitution (Old Ironsides), are his words "Avast, boys, she's struck." The old ballad says:

"On Brazil's coast, she ruled the roast
When Bainbridge was her captain—
Neat hammocks gave, made of the wave,
Dead Britons to be wrapped in."

These pitchers were nearly all printed by John Sadler, who not only stamped and fired for Liverpool manufacturers, but for many other English potters. Nearly all the designs on the Wedgwood "Queen's ware" were printed by him, for he managed to keep his process a secret for years. This invention of printing on porcelain and pottery, which so cheapened the price of decorated English crockery, was suggested to Sadler by a very trifling incident. He was an engraver, and he saw some children pasting the waste paper prints which he had thrown away upon broken bits of porcelain and pottery, and from this suggestion he developed his process of china-printing. It was very simple. An ordinary paper print while still wet was pressed on the glazed pottery, when the ink became transferred and was then burnt in. These pitchers and mugs, in spite of their interesting historical associations and the honored names they bear, are often put to rather undignified uses in country homes throughout New England. They are the favorite depositories of herb-teas, soft soap, tooth-brushes, and spices; and one fine "Apotheosis pitcher" which we purchased contained a villanous-looking, purple-black liquid compound, which the owner explained was "Pa's hair-restorer." In spite of careless use, however, many specimens still exist, often nicked, cracked, and handleless, but still of interest to the omnivorous or patriotic collector.

No pieces of English ware give more

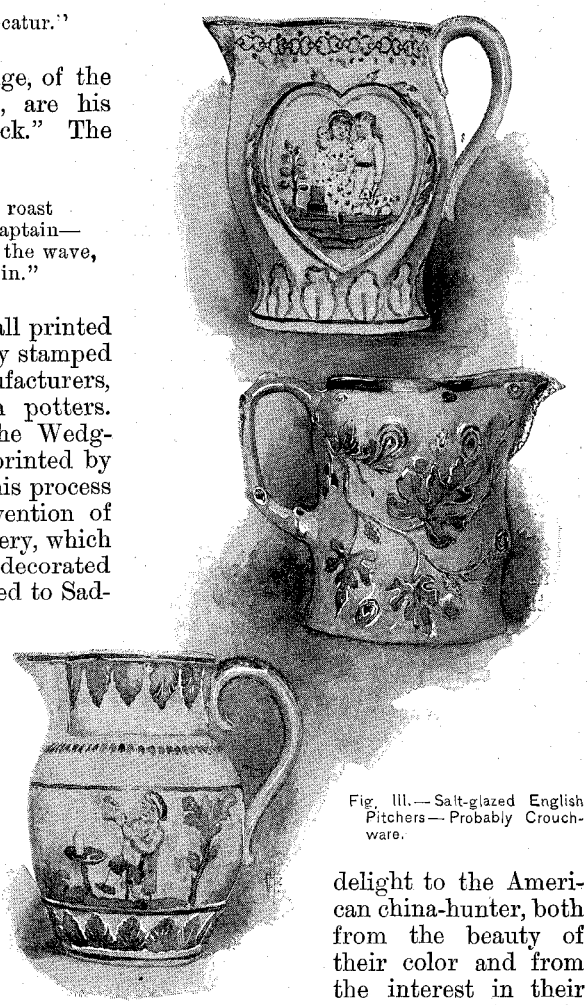

Fig. III.—Salt-glazed English Pitchers—Probably Crouch-ware.

delight to the American china-hunter, both from the beauty of their color and from the interest in their design, than the dark-blue Staffordshire pieces of dinner- and tea-services that were made in such numbers by the firms J. V. W. Ridgway, Enoch Woods & Sons, Clews, and J. Riley, in the early years of this cent-

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ury. These pieces were painted with views of American scenery and edifices, or with subjects relating to the United States, and were sent to the American market. Of these the "Pilgrim Plates" are perhaps more highly prized than any others, especially in Massachusetts, by all descendants from and lovers of the Puritans. Though the dull color of blue in which many of these plates were stamped does not render them so beautiful for decorative purposes as many others, the "Pilgrim Plates" sell readily in Boston "antique shops" for ten or twelve dollars according to size and condition. They bear a print representing the Mayflower and a small boat over-filled with Pilgrim Fathers landing on Plymouth Rock, which is inscribed with the names Carver, Brewster, Winslow, Bradford, and Standish. I have often been informed by anachronistic country owners that the plates "came over in the Mayflower," and also at other times that they were made for the "dinner at the laying of the corner-stone of Bunker Hill Monument in 1824, when Daniel Webster spoke." This account was so obviously improbable, since nothing in the design on the plate bore reference to that occasion, that I was glad to receive from Mr. T. B. Drew, Librarian of Plymouth Hall, in Plymouth, confirmation of my belief that the occasion for which they were made was instead the Bicentennial Celebration of the landing of the Pilgrims, which was held in Plymouth in 1820, and at which Daniel Webster, clad in silk gown and satin small-clothes, made the address which laid the foundation of his reputation as an orator. Mr. Drew says:

Fig. IV.—Wedgwood Pieces.

"The Pilgrim Plates you refer to were made in England by order of John Blaney Bates, a well-known contractor and builder of his day, who in 1820 was building the Plymouth County Court House. He had it so nearly completed that the dinner of the celebration was provided in that building. It was, as you say, the Bicentennial of the Landing of the Pilgrims, but often termed by us the Webster Celebration, on account of Daniel Webster being the Orator of the Day. There were two sizes of pitchers and two of plates, and one of the plates has on the rock the names as you describe. After the dinner the wares were sold either at auction or private sale, and the different pieces became distributed quite widely through New England. I know of no publication that gives any account of what I have been telling you, but the facts were well known and have been told by aged people who remember the circumstances." To this information I can add in one respect. There are six sizes of plates, one is shown in Fig. VI. Another of the largest size is deep, like a soup-plate. An old lady still living in Plymouth asserts that while the plates were furnished by Mr. Bates, her husband (seeing their popularity and ready sale) ordered the pitchers, as she remembers, from Holland. As the print on the

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pitchers varies from that on the plate, and as the former do not bear the stamp of Enoch Woods, of Burslem, this reminiscence is probably correct, except possibly the point that the pitchers came from Holland. These plates are usually found one in a family, but from one household in Paxton were purchased by a Worcester china-hunter two soup-plates, four tea-plates, seven saucers, and ten "cup-plates." By cup-plates I mean the little flat saucers in which our grandmothers placed their tea-cups when they poured their tea into the deeper saucers to cool; and it was not at all bad form to also drink the cooled tea from the saucers. A lady, at whose home Daniel Webster and Judge Story were frequent visitors, tells me that these two representative Americans of that time always drank their tea from their saucers.

Dark blue plates relating to Lafayette are perhaps more wide-spread than any other historical plates through New England, especially the beautiful one of the "Cadmus" (the ship which brought

Fig. V.—A Washington Pitcher.

Lafayette to America in 1824); the one bearing a view of La Grange, the home of Lafayette; and the well-known "Landing of Lafayette" at New York in 1824. These three designs are shown

Fig. VI.—A Pilgrim Plate.

in Fig. VII. I have never seen any pieces bearing the last-named design which were disfigured by use or indeed showed any appearance of having been anything but much-prized treasures. These Lafayette plates had always been kept in the top drawer of a high chest of drawers, a "high boy," wrapped in a hand-woven "flannel sheet," until it was brought out in the world and hung on the wall of my dining-room. The great veneration and affection felt by all Americans for the noble character of Lafayette was doubtless the cause of the careful preservation of the china relating to him.

La Grange, the home of Lafayette, was a familiar scene to Americans. Many transparencies and pictures of the chateau were exhibited during his tour. The dingy and poorly printed view on the plate is of the gloomy entrance with the great fir-trees, and is the same as the engraving in Cloquet's "Recollections of Lafayette." The "Cadmus Plate" is one of the most beautiful of the "old blues." Every one I have seen is of the finest color, clear in print, brilliant in glaze and in good preservation. The graceful shell border is of so rich and dark a blue, and the centre design so distinct and bright that it gives one the impression of looking out from a dark cave on the sunny ocean and

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a full-sailed ship. Few New England families owned more than one or two pieces of the "Landing of Lafayette"—either a bowl or a plate, while in New York many persons purchased whole

Another very beautiful and much desired Staffordshire plate is the one celebrating "Commodore McDonough's Victory on Lake Champlain." I have seen all the pieces of a dinner-service

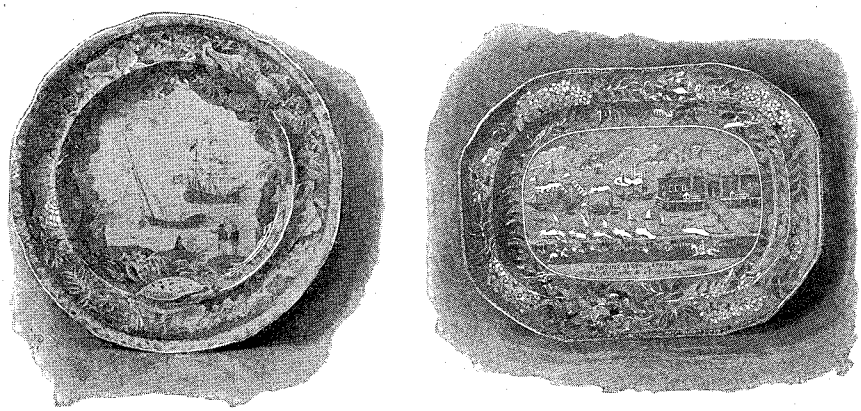

Fig. VII.—Lafayette Plates. (a) The "Cadmus." (b) Landing of Lafayette at New York.

dinner-services, and the remains of the set are still preserved.

The "Baltimore & Ohio" plates are very interesting. One has a picture of a stationary engine and little square cars, like modern coal cars, running by a cable down an appallingly steep hill. The other has the little stumpy locomotive, such as was built by Peter Cooper (which was originally intended to have sails to help propel it), and short top-heavy cars shaped like stage-coaches (Fig. VIII.). These plates were printed with other pieces of dinner services to commemorate the building of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, the first railroad in the country. This event was considered of so great importance that it was celebrated by a great trades procession in Baltimore, July 4, 1828, during which the cordwainers made a fine pair of satin shoes, which were at once sent to the idolized Lafayette and placed in the museum at La Grange.

(c) La Grange, the Home of Lafayette.

bearing this design (Fig. IX.). A curious but more recently printed plate is the Millennium Plate shown in Fig. X.

The "Steamship Plate," which bears a print of a steamboat and the name "Union Line" or "Chief Justice Marshall" (which were among the first steamboats that navigated the Hudson River), shows the manner in which passengers were transferred to and from the shore—by a rope and small boat. This method, wherein the rope was wound around the wheel, caused so many accidents that it was soon abandoned. This plate has a lovely shell border, the most beautiful of all the borders used on the Staffordshire plates (Fig. XI.).

There are two prints of the Boston State House, and they are frequently found on various pieces of dinner and toilet services, especially in Massachusetts. They are familiarly distinguished as "the one with John Hancock's cows" and "the one without the cows." One—

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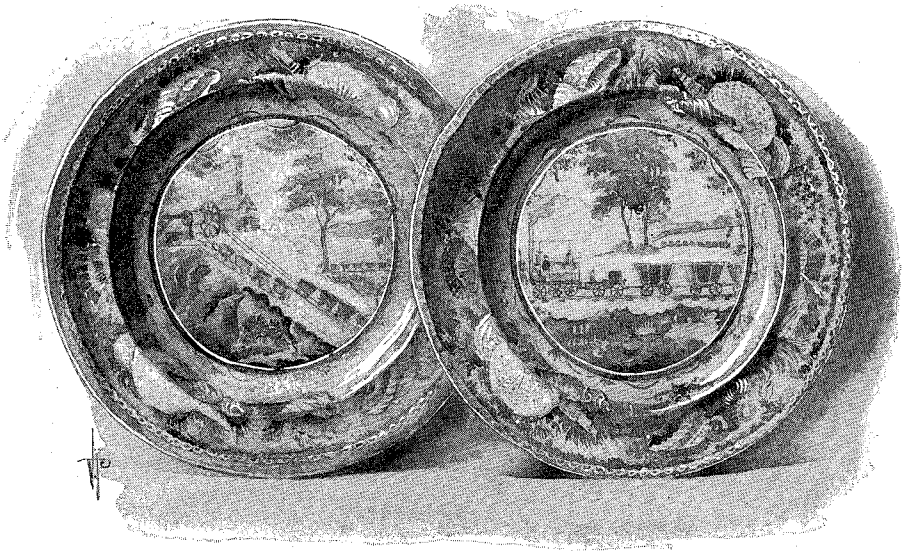

Fig. VIII.—"Baltimore & Ohio" Plates.

by far the prettier—bears in the foreground a group of grazing cattle, by tradition being those of John Hancock. The "New State House" was built on John Hancock's field, where not only his cows but those of many of his fellow townsmen found pasturage. The pasturing of cows on the common in front of the State House continued until 1830, when accidents from bovine assaults upon citizens became so frequent that the cows were exiled from their old feeding-ground. These two State House plates are often light in color, and not very beautiful, though of interest and value to the collector. The one with the cows is shown in Fig. XII.

Plates, cups, and saucers are occasionally found printed with a view of John Hancock's house, usually in black or green (see Fig. XIII.). To this historic house were brought the wounded from the battle of Bunker Hill, and in it, besides the gay visit of d'Estaing and his fellow officers, Washington and Lafayette were visitors, and scores of other distinguished men. This handsome and substantial mansion was intended by Gov. Hancock to have been a gift or bequest from him to the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, to be preserved as a memorial of great historic events, and as a temporary home for each Governor of the State who chose to occupy it during his term of office. Hancock died, however, without signing this bequest, and his heirs then offered it to the Government for a small sum. After many years of indecision, partial acceptance, and final refusal of this offer, the fine old house was, in 1863, pulled down.

Many of these china treasures would be of little value on the shelves of a collector, or, indeed, of little interest to the general observer, but they are endeared to the china hunter by remembrance of the circumstances under which they were found, or by some story connected with the past owner or with the piece itself.

We once addressed to an old Yankee farmer who had brought a load of apples into town, the stereotyped inquiry which we had asked, ah! how many hundred times, and received this drawling answer: "No–o, I donow as I know anyone as has got any old furnitoor or chayner she wants to sell. My wife hain't got any anyway. My Aunt Rebecca's got a curous old plate and I guess she'd sell it—she'd sell her teeth if anybody'd buy 'em and pay enough to suit her." We finally extracted from him (after much parrying of our direct questions) that "she got it in Washington fifty year ago," that "the folks set a great store by it and said it came from

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Mount Vernon and belonged to Marthy Washington," that "it had the names of the States around it," "it was blue and

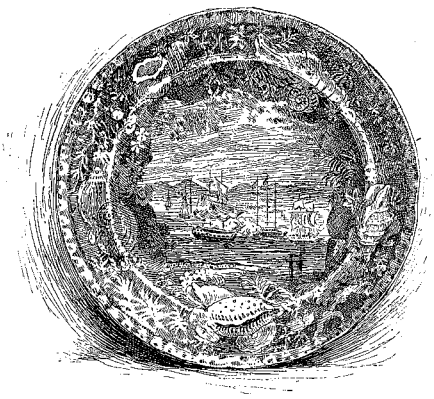

Fig. IX.—"Commodore McDonough" Plate.

perhaps green, too," and "it had stars sure and he guessed they were gilt." Now we had seen a cup and saucer of the tea-set said to be presented to Martha Washington by Mr. Van Braam, and we remembered that it was decorated in blue and green with the names of the States in the links of a chain and the initials M. W. in the centre of a great gilt star. We knew at once that Aunt Rebecca's plate must be one in that set. Oh, what a discovery! Did not a single plate of that set sell in New York

Fig. X.—Millennium Plate.

for two hundred and fifteen dollars in 1876? And has not Sypher one marked with the price "three hundred dollars?"

We figured our plate in all the loan collections, marked with our names in large letters as joint owners; we planned a velvet case to hold the precious treasure; we even hesitatingly thought that we might make our joint-will and leave it to the Government or the Mount Vernon Society—and then we drove eighteen miles to secure it. I shall never forget the sinking disappointment I felt when I saw the Martha Washington plate. There were the names of the States, and stars there were, but not a gilt one; and where were the touches of verdant color? All was blue—deeply, darkly, vilely blue. At any other time we should have hailed the fine White House plate which was shown us with delight, but now we

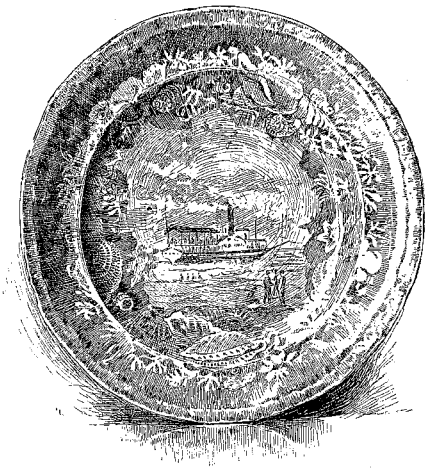

Fig. XI.—The Steamship Plate.

could hardly speak. At last, in sullen disparagement, we offered a dollar for it, had our offer accepted, carelessly took it, and rode away. I have never been so disappointed save when I travelled fifty miles to secure an old inlaid harpsichord, as described, and found a wretched, undersized, broken-down *melodeon*. I would not look at the deep-dyed White House impostor for a month, but when I heard that a collector had paid twenty-five dollars for a similar one in New York I unwrapped it and hung it on the wall. Fig. XIV. shows the plate we hoped to find and the plate we found.

There is no hobby in the pursuit of which one meets with so many rebuffs,

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so many failures, as in china-hunting. I mean true china hunting, not china buying at high prices from dealers. But there is a blessed delight when your search is at last successful that quite rewards you and makes you forget the cruel disappointments. A true china hunter will drive for days through the country asking for "old crockery" at every house which is surmounted by a gambrel roof, has a great square chimney or an old well-sweep, without even hearing of one old tea-cup; and yet will start out again the next week cheerful, hopeful, undaunted, and courageous. Nor is it at all sure to be clear sailing if you discover the treasures.

We have visited again and again one old farm-house in Massachusetts which we know contains enough old English pottery and porcelain to found a museum, but cajoleries, flatteries, persuasions, open demands, elaborate explanations, and assumption of indignant and hurt astonishment at refusals—one and all are in vain; not even one old plate have we ever seen. The farmer's wife greets us most cordially, gives us doughnuts and milk in summer, and apples and cider in winter, but in commonplace modern pitchers and dishes; and when we leave she urges us hospitably and warmly to "come again." We know well where her precious china is hidden. High up on either side of the great mantel-pieces in "living room" and "best room" are cupboards, so high that one would have to climb up on a chair to see into them; and from the good wife's frequent furtive glances—speaking though silent—at the locked cupboard doors we know well what treasures are shelved within.

But life is short, and we are waiting, wickedly waiting. The farmer and his wife are old, and when they depart from this life they cannot take their keys and crockery with them.

It may appear to scoffing outsiders that all this asking and looking becomes monotonous, but I find no lack of variety. Had you gone to an isolated farm-house to purchase some Delft jars which you had heard the owner wished to sell, had you found the house locked and empty of its inmates, had you decided not to leave without trying at least to see the jars, and then climbed upon a peaked roof hen-house under a window which commanded a view of the mantel-piece holding the coveted Delft, had you felt the roof of the hen-house suddenly give way and precipitate you down among piercing splinters and broken eggs on which you stood for one

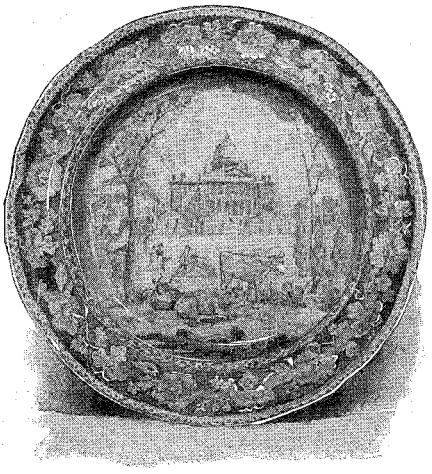

Fig. XII.—"State House" Plate.

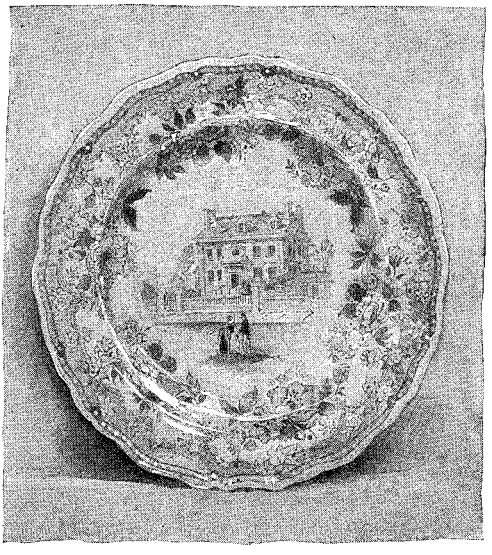

Fig. XIII.—John Hancock's House.

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hour with only distracted hens and scarcely less distracted thoughts for company, until at last the owner of the Delft and eggs came home, and kindly and even cheerfully chopped up his own hen-house in order to extricate you from your well-deserved prison—had *you* experienced all this, I feel sure you would not complain of lack of incident in china-hunting.

But all the variety and all the monotony of the search are as naught when compared with the pleasures of the result—the possession, arrangement, and contemplation of the treasures at home. For the home in which these china-waifs are gathered together should not display them as in Charles Lamb's "great house" in a "china-closet" but all over the house—on tables, mantels, shelves, and in corner cupboards, where they constantly recall the story of their discovery and acquisition; and all the dark-blue Staffordshire plates should be hung on the wall, where they form so rich a point of color that they put to shame and rout all the thin watercolors and pale French china in their vicinity, and make us fully appreciate Oscar Wilde's sigh of "trying to live up to his blue and white china."

But let us no longer dwell on the charms of our widely-gathered possessions, lest it be said of us as of Horace Walpole,

> "China's the passion of his soul,
> A cup, a plate, a dish, a bowl
> Can kindle wishes in his breast,
> Inflame with joy or break his rest,"

but end with the assurance that we fully concur in the words of a well-known English collector, "China is not a mere fancy, it is a *complete education*."

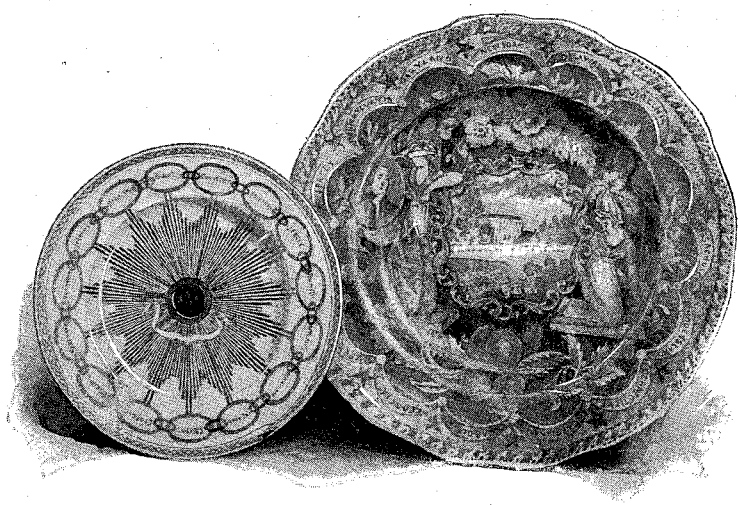

Fig. XIV.—The Plate we Hoped to Find and the Plate we Found.

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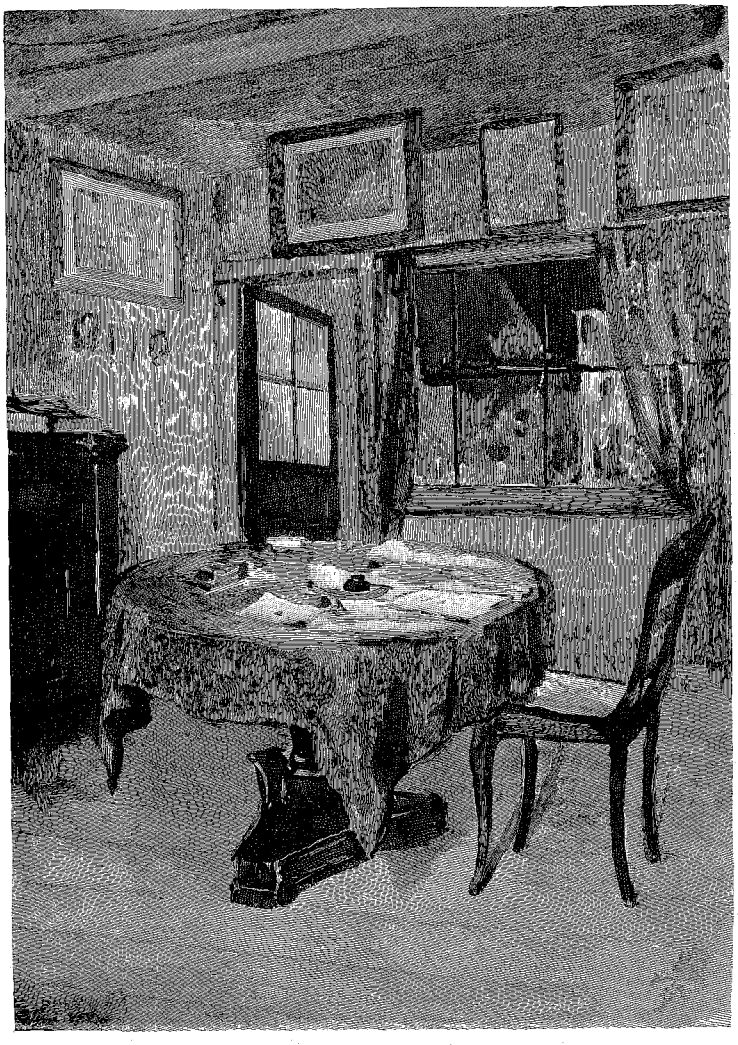

The Room in which Browning Wrote "Asolando."

BROWNING'S ASOLO.

By Felix Moscheles.

I HAD gone to Asolo to think of the friend I loved so well, and to listen to those who would tell me of him; to sketch and to note what I saw and heard. There could be nothing very new, nothing of paramount interest to learn, I felt sure, for I knew that Browning had led the simplest and quietest of lives in the old city; but, rambling over the ground he had so lately trodden, I might at least come across some evidence of his passage.

A couple of hours' ride by rail had taken me from Venice to Cornuda; two more by diligence to my destination. Leaving the plain, an excellent road, cutting into the flanks of the hill on which the town is built, soon brought me to the summit. I had only risen four hundred feet, but a magnificent view greeted

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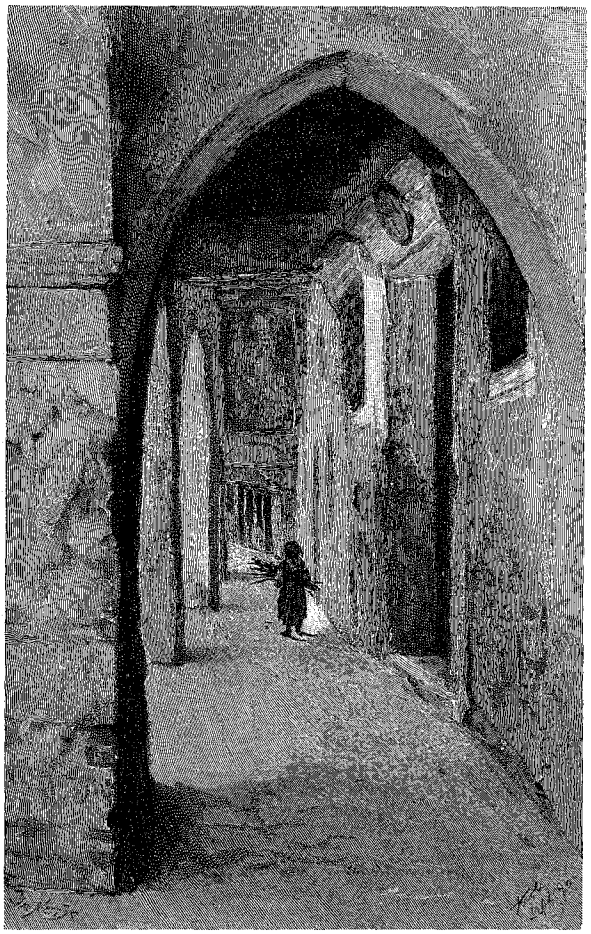
me on all sides. "In clear weather you can see Venice," the driver told me; but I was anxious to look forward, not backward, and, alighting at the entrance to a narrow street, I walked along the *sotto-portici* formed by a series of quaint thick-set arches that support the upper stories. A few steps brought me to the house in which, as the tablet on the wall says, lived the "Somma Poeta," who here wrote his last work, "Asolando."



View of the Sotto-portici from the Door of Browning's House, Main Street, Asolo.

"What a curious place to select," was my first thought, as I stood at the door of the queer old house. I walked up twelve or fifteen hard stone steps, grasping the banister to guide myself in the dark, and was soon warmly welcomed by Signora Nina Tabacchi, as, passing through the kitchen, I was ushered into the sitting-room. "Scrupulously clean and neat" was my next impression, but how plain! This cradle of "Asolando" was only a piece of the kitchen partitioned off for back-parlor purposes, a glass door and window separating the two. The thin cotton curtain might possibly screen the mysteries of culinary processes from the poet's eye, but his ear must have been caught by occasional sounds of hacking and chopping, and certainly no kettle could have boiled, no wood could crackle, or incense arise from that adjacent hearth, without making itself distinctly noticeable. Such was his study and his drawing-room, a multum in parvo, about twelve feet square.

The furniture is of the good old lodg-

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ings type, that is, as regards the style only, for Signora Tabacchi would not tolerate a flaw, a spot, or a tarnish, as do some of the older school of landladies. There is a large round pedestal table with a red cloth table-cover, inoffensive in its pattern; one-half was devoted to his papers; on the other luncheon was served for his sister and himself. A full-length sofa, uncompromisingly hard, takes up the greater part of one wall; a kind of sideboard stands opposite. On the chiffonnier, between the two windows, rests the looking-glass, and half a dozen mahogany chairs, cane-bottomed and severe-backed, but of a good old design, complete the arrangements. On the flesh-colored walls hang a series of prints, illustrating events in the history of Venice. Doges are disporting themselves in most conventional attitudes, the vanquished are kneeling before the victors, and one has a general impression that history involves a great amount of bowing and scraping. In pleasant contrast with these are the domestic joys, as depicted by the photographer. As he looked up from his papers, Browning's eye must have rested on that shell-adorned frame that encircles the usual specimens of family portraits. There is the young man pressing into the focus to meet the clever dog seated on the table by his side; there are several aunts and cousins and a typical presentment of the mother and child, as conceived by the camera and lens.

I have plenty of time to notice it all, for I am now the occupant of these rooms. The thunder-storm that has been threatening since yesterday has come at last, I have closed sketch-book and paint-box, and, sitting at the round table, have taken up the pen, prompted, I suppose, by the desire to share with friends the memories that crowd around me.

When Browning made himself a temporary home here to write his last work, he sallied forth with Luigi, the landlady's son, in quest of an inkstand, and brought home the plain glass article now before me, a few penholders, common wooden ones, such as a child might use at school, and a pencil. There they are on a blue-patterned china plate, just as he left them. I have reverently put them aside, but I might just as well use them, sacrilegious as it would seem, for he would never allow me to make the slightest fuss about him, his comings and his goings, his doings and his sayings; so why stand on ceremony with the inanimate objects that have outlived him? He is gone, and now a pen is just a pen, as "a flower is just a flower."

With Luigi he at once made friends, and would, I feel sure, have done him many a good turn, had he lived. "You must get some schooling here," he had said, "and then you shall go to England with me; there is the stuff to make an engineer of you." Luigi is as pleasant and good-looking a youth of seventeen as one can see, bright and steady. Now he is at home for the holidays, helping his mother in her queer little draper's shop, two doors off. The idea of studying for an engineer he has given up as being too expensive a career, and is fitting himself for a clerkship in the civil service. How this lad, ever on the alert to make himself useful, could have kept any length of time in Browning's good graces, is a mystery to me. He owns that on one or two occasions the sturdy master sent him flying when he would imprudently insist on opening the door for him or lighting him down the dark staircase.

Asolo boasts of a theatre, and the troupe acting there last September must have been none of the worst, for out of the twenty performances Browning missed but two or three. From beginning to end did he sit in Mrs. Bronson's box and follow the actors as they told the story of Hamlet, Othello, or Mary, Queen of Scots, or as they played Goldoni's comedies. The performance mostly wound up with a short farce; from that he escaped, leaving Gigi (that is Luigi), who was his frequent companion, to do the screaming laughter. About half-past eleven or twelve he got home, and by five or six in the morning he was up again.

Of his bedroom there is little to say. It is about sixteen feet by nine and ten feet high. A really good rococo design, speaking of an artistic past, embossed and picked out in gray, decorates the whitewashed walls. Irregular rafters

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separate you from the room above. The floor is paved with bricks, very much wrinkled and worn with age. Signora Tabacchi's offer to procure a carpet was energetically refused. The pieces of furniture are few and far between. There is a funny little toilet looking-glass. A towel neatly nailed over the glass door insures privacy; the washing-basin is only visible to the practised eye, but the bath-tub, the redeeming feature, is truly Anglo-Saxon. A cheap print of the Madonna della Seggiola hangs over the bed, and a few views of Venice give local color to the room.

And what, in this land of vistas, greeted the poet's eye as he opened his unpainted shutters? A blank wall and somebody else's shutters. The same in the other rooms; a world inside—no need to seek inspiration from beyond!

Market Place in Asolo.

To be sure, when the sun has left that neighbor's wall his shutters are opened and a flood of light bursts into the centre corridor of the house; the reflections from the marble floor seem to carry it on to the opposite window, that frames a lovely glimpse of the hills and verdure beyond. In that glimpse Browning delighted. When his son, leaving his newly-acquired Palazzo Rezzonico in Venice, came to Asolo and visited his father's rooms, he was struck, as I was later, with the uncongenial outlook.

"Wait, Pen, till they open those shutters," Browning had said. Pen waited, and was duly impressed and pleased. It was well so, for had it been otherwise his father's pleasure would have been incomplete.

The owner of the house is the Signore Dottore Avvocato Bolson. You will recognize him at once by the fact that he is the only man in Asolo who wears a tall hat; the kindly face beneath the hat wears as engaging an expression as any in the place, and, in response to it you will do well to let him show you the view from his balconies; he knows he is a favored mortal, stepping as he does from each room on to Nature's parade-ground, and he is so genuinely appreciative, so proud of all he surveys, that he thirsts for a sympathizer with whom to share his treasures.

The people here are all of the kindliest nature, simple, peaceful folk, a hard-working farming community. Perched on high in their picturesque dwellings, they seem raised above at least some of our terrestrial troubles. They live sheltered by solid masses of mediæval stone, and surrounded by the gardens they cultivate; the vine is here, there, and everywhere, zigzagging along rough stone terraces and gliding down the slopes, or creeping into the windows. A tangle of massive foliage springs from one knows not where, large leaves that dwarf all else elbow their way to the front, and here and there in their midst a big yellow gourd is resting comfortably on a stone cornice or an artificial prop.

The fig-leaves, though certainly over-

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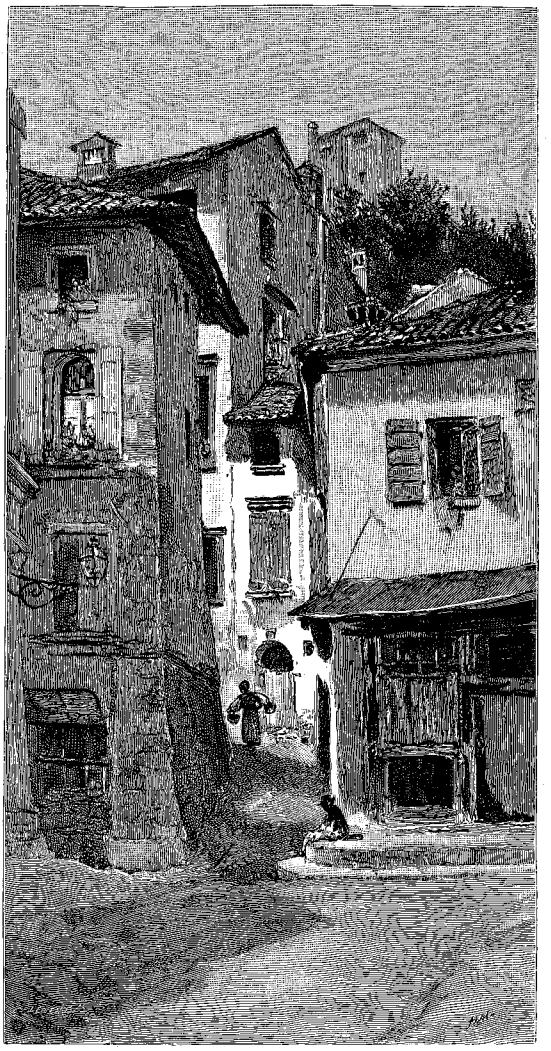
shadowed by the size of their bulky neighbors, hold their own, and are by no means beaten in the universal struggle for air and space. And somewhere, not quite near, is a little graceful figure stretching upward to train the vine in the way it should go; and straightway you come to the conclusion, if you are an artist, that that figure belongs to a beautiful girl. No matter if you meet her afterward and find you were mistaken.

The children are out of doors; so are the pigs. While the latter always seem grumbling and dissatisfied, the former are as happy as sunshine and polenta can make a child. The sight of an approaching stranger at once suggests to a sturdy urchin the idea to rush for a chair, and to the whole family the simple offer of a welcome.

No wonder if some of these good people were destined to entertain an angel or a poet unawares. In neither of these capacities may our friend have manifested himself to them, but something certainly there must have been about him that endeared him to all he met. Faces brighten as I speak of him; voices deepen as they answer: "Ah, poveretto! how kind he was, *proprio buono!*" "Here he used to sit and chat with us;" or, "I showed him the way up to the Belvedere." This last remark, not from one of the humbler denizens of Asolo, but from no less a personage than the postmaster. Some days back, as he was watching me painting a view of the market-place, I imprudently mentioned that this might possibly be reproduced in some illustrated paper. He at once expressed deep regret that in my picture the entrance to the post-office was obstructed by a market-stall. I apologized as best I could, but to no purpose, and finally, to soothe his wounded feelings, I introduced the shield above the door of the Uffizio Postale. Now, however, nothing would satisfy him short of two conscientious, accurate drawings, one giving the exterior, the other the interior, of the office over which he presides. "Surely, signor," he says, "you will not leave Asolo without having painted these? Time? You will find time; if it fails you will make a careful drawing and note down the color of the panels." "But," I mildly interpose, "you see there is nothing very picturesque in the subject." "Picturesque? Why, my dear sir, you must think only of the historical interest attached to the place, which, if you



View of Street. The "Belvedere."

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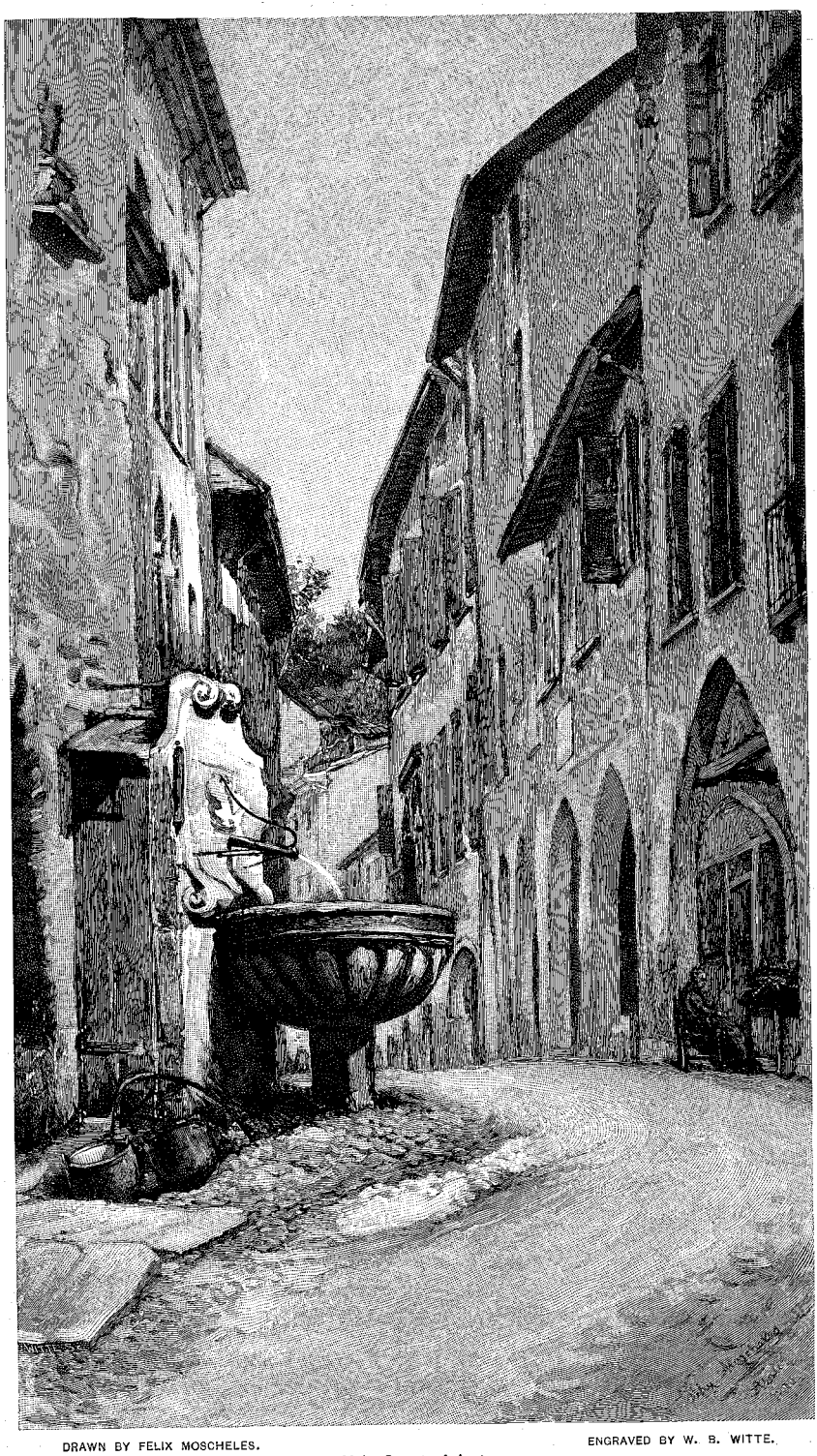

DRAWN BY FELIX MOSCHELES. ENGRAVED BY W. B. WITTE.

Main Street of Asolo.

[Browning's house—a tablet in memory of the poet is affixed to the wall.]

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are the man I take you to be, you can worthily hand down to posterity. This is the threshold the great poet crossed, and over that counter he handed me the manuscript of his last work, the immortal 'Asolando.' To me he confided it, and on me he relied to transmit it with the greatest care, for he assured me he had kept no copy of it. Yes, it went per book-post, registered, addressed, I well recollect, to the publisher, Mr. Smith, of London, and he was surprised it should only cost so little. I will look it all up and tell you the exact date, weight, and cost; you must give it to the world, and further, you must——"

But here I once more ventured to interrupt with an "Undoubtedly, only I fear I may not be able to do full justice to the incident; you know the Mr. Smiths of London do not take all you send them." But my protest was of little avail, and at my own risk I will give the information since received. The manuscript was posted on October 15, 1889, the day on which the dedication to Mrs. Bronson is dated. It weighed four hundred and fifty grammes, and the postage amounted to seventy centimes. To this I may add that the manuscript thus sent, and since returned to the poet's son, is written in Browning's neatest and distinctest hand. There are but few corrections or erasures. Of these, one has perhaps a special interest, as applying to the last line he ever published. The "Epilogue" he first ended thus:

> "Strive and thrive" cry "God to speed,
> Fight ever there as here."

This he changed to:

> "Strive and thrive" cry "Speed—fight on,
> Fare ever there as here."

On hearing that the MS. had safely reached its destination, Browning's kind thoughts at once reverted to the postmaster, good and true, and he went to thank him for his part in the transaction.

I owe it to that warm-hearted official to say that if his communications about Browning were not of a very sensational character, they were so graphic, so evidently truthful, that I listened to them with interest. It was the signor who, eleven years ago, had shown him the way up to the Belvedere. This was the place the poet had come to see, the spot he had borne in mind for some forty years, since, as a young man, he had reached it on foot, when on a walking tour through the Venetian province. Little can have changed since then; the stones roll down the narrow path from under your feet as you ascend through vineyards and orchards, past stray poultry and groups of sleeping ducks. In a few minutes you reach the crest of the hill. The old house, turret-flanked and loop-holed, must for many a year have frowned upon the valley below, as citadels are supposed to frown; an erroneous supposition in this case, for the little turret on the hill is all smiles, garland-wreathed, happy, and contemplative in its green old age.

During his stay at Asolo Browning commonly breakfasted and lunched in his own rooms, and dined with Mrs. Bronson—that Mrs. Arthur Bronson to whom he dedicates his last book of verses, and whom he thanks in his preface for "yet another experience of the gracious hospitality now bestowed on me for so many a year." It will be for abler pens to trace the portrait of the friend he loved and honored. Suffice it to say here that to her he owed those days of peaceful rest and happiness that marked the last chapter of his life. She it was who had selected the simple rooms, which she knew were so well suited to his taste. Where it could be avoided, he should in no way feel indebted to her or her kind forethought. He should follow his own devices and live just as he liked. And so it was. He would take a long walk with his sister in the morning, and on his return would work for a couple of hours. Then, after having done full justice to Signora Tabacchi's maccaroni or risotto, he and Miss Browning went to spend the rest of the day with their friend. After a three o'clock tea they usually drove out, mostly to some distant place, far away across country.

It was on one of these occasions, on the road to Bassano, that Browning hit upon the title he would give his volume

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of poems. His son suggesting that it should in some way be connected with the name of Asolo, he bethought himself of the verb asolare. "Have you a good dictionary?" he asked his hostess; "I feel sure it was Cardinal Bembo who used the word, but I must look it up." He did, the well-known result being the adoption of the title, and the explanation given in the introductory lines.

At Mrs. Bronson's it had become quite self-understood that he should come and go as he liked, and that he should consider "La Mura" as much his home as he would his own house. A spacious loggia had recently been added to the old building, virtually forming a new room, roofed in, but open to the air on three sides. Here Browning spent many an hour, walking up and down, or reading in the armchair that his obliging friend, the barber, had insisted on sending him. Here he would sit and "drink in the air," as he used to say, never tiring of the lovely view before him.

He would hurry home lest he should miss the sunset as seen from that loggia. He loved to watch the deepening and growing shadows rising beneath his feet; and the clouds, too, as they gathered, dark and aggressive, or brighter and promising peace for the morrow.

A constant source of enjoyment to him was an old spinet, marked and dated: Ferdinando Ferrari, Ravenna, 1522. Knowing how much this little instrument had given him pleasure during former stays at her house in Venice, his hostess had had it brought to Asolo, and, here as there, he delighted in playing upon it of an evening; simple, restful melodies that had been familiar to him for years, or quaint scraps of early German or Italian music.

From the spinet he would go to the books. "What have you got?" he asked the first evening of his stay. "What shall I read to you? Shakespeare? What! you don't mean to say you haven't brought your Shakespeare! I am shocked."

On this, as on other occasions, he was always most deprecatory when, as naturally happened, he was asked to read something of his own. But the new edition of his works which he had presented to his friend, being at hand, he would take down a volume and relate, in his own words, and with his unaffected intonation, the story of a Paracelsus or a Strafford. And that would afterward lead him to speak with ever fresh enthusiasm of the historical associations connected with such names. In the course of the exhaustive studies that always preceded the composition of any work of his, he had made himself intimately acquainted with every fact concerning the lives of those whom he intended to depict. Whatever detail history has preserved, be it ever so distantly connected with his subject, he made his own; and what his mind had once assimilated, his memory ever retained. As he visited the places associated with his heroes, he would pick up a thread here, give a novel interpretation there, till you would be carried away by the matter as well as by the simple forms in which he cast his knowledge.

The pilgrim to Asolo would naturally look about for some clew to the poems written there. He would hope to meet with some of the models, animate or inanimate, that might have suggested one or the other of the "Facts and Fancies." But, reticent as Browning always was concerning his work, even with those nearest to him, he has left no trace to guide us.

It was quite exceptional, when one day, returning from a drive, he said: "I've composed a poem since we've been out; it is all in my head, and when I get home I will write it down."

"What is it about?" very naturally asked his companions.

"No, no, no, that I won't say; you know I never can speak of what I am writing."

"Ah, but now you have told us so much, you must tell us all," pleaded Mrs. Bronson; and as she resolutely declared she would not take no for an answer, he gave way and said:

"Very well, then, I will tell you; it is all about the ladies wearing birds in their hats. I've put it pretty strong, and I don't know how they'll like it."

The proof-sheets of his book of poems he had given to Mrs. Bronson.

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"Did you understand them all?" he asked. "Did you understand the Flute Music? Ah, not quite; well, some day I'll tell you all about it." But the day never came! He little knew that he was postponing it forever, happily ignorant as he was of his gradually approaching end. On one occasion, when speaking of the *Asilo Infantile*, which he hoped to transform into a summer dwelling, he said: "It is more for Pen; I may not enjoy it long, but I do think I am good for another ten years."

The *Asilo Infantile* stands opposite the loggia, on the ridge of the hills that push forward into the valley; it is a large, unfinished building, originally intended to do service as a school-house. This from the first attracted Browning's notice, and the desire soon arose to become the owner of it, and to convert it into a residence. "If it were mine I would call it Pippa's Tower," he said. Pippa and her sister weavers were often uppermost in his mind, and he would tell how formerly the girls used to sit at their work in the doorways all along the *sotto-portici* and weave cheerful songs into their web. Now the trade has gone to Cornuda and elsewhere, and tall brick chimneys are the rallying-points of the workers.

Browning had visions of what he would like to do for the poor girls thus dispossessed, should he come to live among them, visions that may yet be realized by those who bear his name, and inherit his world-wide sympathies. Negotiations were opened with the Town Council with the view of acquiring the building and grounds to be dedicated to Pippa. It was the first time that municipal property was to be sold, so the matter had carefully to be considered by those in authority. The negotiations took their due course, but alas! they came to a close too late; the intending tenant was never to obtain possession; the day and hour that a favorable decision was arrived at, was also the day and hour of the poet's death.

"RUN TO SEED."

By Thomas Nelson Page.

JIM'S father died at Gettysburg; up against the Stone Fence: went to Heaven in a chariot of fire on that fateful day when the issue between the two parts of the country was decided: when the slaughter on the Confederate side was such that after the battle a lieutenant was in charge of a regiment, and a major commanded a brigade.

This fact was much to Jim, though no one knew it: it tempered his mind: ruled his life. He never remembered the time when he did not know the story his mother, in her worn black dress and with her pale face, used to tell him of the bullet-dented sword and faded red sash which hung on the chamber wall.

They were the poorest people in the neighborhood. Every body was poor, for the county lay in the track of the armies, and the war had swept the country as clean as a floor. But the Uptons were the poorest even in that community. Others recuperated, pulled themselves together, and began after a time to get up. The Uptons got flatter than they were before. The fences (the few that were left) rotted; the fields grew up in sassafras and pines; the barns blew down; the houses decayed; the ditches filled; the chills came.

"They're the shiftlesses' people in the worl'," said Mrs. Wagoner with a shade of asperity in her voice (or was it satisfaction?). Mrs. Wagoner's husband had been in a bomb-proof during the war, when Jim Upton, Jim's father, was with his company. He had managed to keep his teams from the quartermasters, and had turned up after the war the richest

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man in the neighborhood. He lived on old Colonel Duval's place, which he bought for Confederate money.

"They're the shiftlesses' people in the worl'," said Mrs. Wagoner. "Mrs. Upton ain't got any spirit: she jus' sets still and cries her eyes out."

This was true, every word of it. And so was something else that Mrs. Wagoner said in a tone of reprobation, about "people who made their beds having to lay on them;" this process of incubation being too well known to require further discussion. But what could Mrs. Upton do? She could not change the course of Destiny. One—especially if she is a widow with bad eyes, and in poor health, living on the poorest place in the State—cannot stop the stars in their courses. She could not blot out the past, nor undo what she had done. She would not if she could. She could not undo what she had done when she ran away with Jim and married him. She would not if she could. At least the memory of those three years was her's, and nothing could take it from her—not debts, nor courts, nor anything. She knew he was wild when she married him. Certainly Mrs. Wagoner had been careful enough to tell her so, and to tell every one else so too. She would never forget the things she had said. Mrs. Wagoner never forgot the things the young girl said either—though it was more the way she had looked than what she had said. And when Mrs. Wagoner descanted on the poverty of the Uptons she used to end with the declaration: "Well, it ain't any fault of *mine:* she can't blame *me:* for Heaven knows I warned her: I did *my* duty!" Which was true. This was a duty Mrs. Wagoner seldom omitted. Mrs. Upton never thought of blaming her, or anyone else. Not all her poverty ever drew one complaint from her lips. She simply sat down under it, that was all. She did not expect anything else. She had given Jim to the South as gladly as any woman ever gave her heart to her love. She would not undo it if she could—not even to have him back, and God knew how much she wanted him. Was not his death glorious—his name a heritage for his son? She could not undo the debts which encumbered the land; nor the interest which swallowed it up; nor the suit which took it from her—that is, all but the old house and the two poor worn old fields which were her dower. She would have given up those too if it had not been for her children, Jim and Kitty, and for the little old enclosure on the hill under the big thorn-trees where they had laid him when they brought him back. No, she could not undo the past, nor alter the present, nor change the future. So what could she do?

In her heart Mrs. Wagoner was glad of the poverty of the Uptons; not merely glad in the general negative way which warms the bosoms of most of us as we consider how much better off we are than our neighbors—the "Lord-I-thank-thee-that-I-am-not-as-other-men-are" way—but Mrs. Wagoner was glad positively. She was glad that any of the Uptons and the Duvals were poor. One of her grandfathers had been what Mrs. Wagoner (when she mentioned the matter at all) called "Manager" for one of the Duvals. She was aware that most people did not accept that term. She remembered old Colonel Duval—the *old* Colonel—tall, thin, white, grave, aquiline. She had been dreadfully afraid of him. She had had a feeling of satisfaction at his funeral. It was like the feeling she had when she learned that Colonel Duval had not forgiven Betty nor left her a cent.

Mrs. Wagoner used to go to see Mrs. Upton—she went frequently. She carried her things — especially advice. There are people whose visits are like spells of illness. It took Mrs. Upton a fortnight to get over one of her visits—to convalesce. Mrs. Wagoner was a mother to her: at least she herself said so. In some respects it was rather akin to the substance of that name which forms in vinegar. It was hard to swallow: it galled. Even Mrs. Upton's gentleness was overtaxed—and rebelled. She had stood all the homilies—all the advice. But when Mrs. Wagoner, with her lips drawn in, after wringing her heart, recalled to her the warning she had given her before she married, she stopped standing it. She did not say much; but it was enough to make Mrs. Wagoner's stiff bonnet-bows tremble. Mrs. Wagoner walked out feeling chills

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down her spine, as if Colonel Duval were at her heels. She had meant to talk about sending Jim to school; at least she said so. She condoled with every one in the neighborhood on the "wretched ignorance" in which Jim was growing up, "working like a common negro." She called him "that ugly boy."

Jim was ugly—very ugly. He was slim, red-headed, freckle-faced, weak-eyed; he stooped and he stammered. Yet there was something about him, with his thin features, which made one look twice. Mrs. Wagoner used to say she did not know where that boy got all his ugliness from, for she must admit his father was rather good-looking before he became so bloated, and Betty Duval would have been "passable" if she had had any "vivacity." She was careful in her limitations, Mrs. Wagoner was. Some women will not admit others are pretty, no matter what the difference in their ages: they feel as if they were making admissions against themselves.

Once when he was a boy Mrs. Wagoner had the good taste to refer in Jim's presence to his "homeliness," a term with which she sugar-coated her insult. Jim grinned and shuffled his feet, and then said, "Kitty's pretty." It was true: Kitty was pretty: she had eyes and hair. You could not look at her without seeing them—big brown eyes, and brown, tumbled hair. Kitty was fifteen—two years younger than Jim in 187–.

Jim never went to school. They were too poor. All he knew his mother taught him and he got out of the few old books in the book-case left by the war—odd volumes of the Waverley novels, and the *Spectator*, "Don Quixote," and a few others, stained and battered. He could not have gone to school if there had been a school to go to: he had to work: work, as Mrs. Wagoner had truthfully said, "like a common nigger." He did not mind it; a bird born in a cage cannot mind it much. The pitiful part is, it does not know anything else. Jim did not know anything else. He did not mind anything much — except chills. He even got used to them; would just lie down and shake for an hour and then go to ploughing again as soon as the ague was over, with the fever on him. He had to plough; for corn was necessary. He had this compensation: he was worshipped by two people—his mother and Kitty. If other people thought him ugly, they thought him beautiful. If others thought him dull, they thought him wonderfully clever; if others thought him ignorant, they knew how wise he was.

Mrs. Upton's eyes were bad; but she saw enough to see Jim: the light came into the house with him. Kitty sat and gazed at him with speechless admiration; hung on his words, which were few; watched for his smile, which was rare. He repaid it to her by being—Jim. He slaved for her; waited for her (when a boy waits for his little sister it is something); played with her when he had time (this also was something) made traps for her; caught her young squirrels; was at once her slave and her idol. As he grew up he did not have time to play. He had to plough: "just like a common nigger," Mrs. Wagoner said. In this she spoke the truth.

It is a curious thing that farming paid better shortly after the war than it did later. Lands fell. Times grew harder. They were always growing harder with Jim. The land was worked out. Guano was necessary to make anything grow. Guano was bought on credit. The crops would not pay. Several summers there was drouth; crops failed. One of the two old mules he had died; Jim ploughed with one. Then he broke his leg. When he got about again he was lame: the leg had shortened.

"They're the shiftlesses' folks in the worl'," said Mrs. Wagoner; "they can't blame *me*. Heaven knows I told——" etc. Which was true—more than true.

Jim ploughed on, only slower than ever, thinner than ever, sleepier than ever.

One day something happened which waked him up. It was a Sunday. They went to church; they always went to church—old St. Ann's—whenever there was service. There was service there since the war only every first and third Sunday, and every other fifth Sunday. The Uptons and the Duvals had been vestrymen from the time they had brought the bricks over from England,

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generations ago. They had sat, one family in one of the front semicircular pews on one side the chancel, the other family in the other. Mrs. Upton, after the war, had her choice of the pews; for all had gone but herself, Jim, and Kitty. She had changed, the Sunday after her marriage, to the Upton side, and she clung loyally to it ever after. Mrs. Wagoner had taken the other pew—a cold, she explained at first, had made her deaf. She always spoke of it afterward as "our pew." (The Billings, from which Mrs. Wagoner came, had not been Episcopalians until Mrs. Wagoner married.) Carrie Wagoner, who was a year older than Kitty, used to sit by her mother, with her big hat and brown hair. Jim, in right of his sex, sat in the end of his pew.

On this Sunday in question Jim drove his mother and Kitty to church in the horse cart. The old carriage was a wreck, slowly dropping to pieces. The chickens roosted in it. The cart was the only vehicle remaining which had two sound wheels, and even one of these "wabbled" a good deal, and the cart was "shackling." But straw placed in the bottom made it fairly comfortable. Jim always had clean straw in it. His mother and Kitty noticed it. Kitty looked so well. They reached church. The day was warm, Mr. Bickersteth was dry. Jim went to sleep during the sermon. He frequently did this. He had been up since four. When service was over he partially waked—about half-waked. He was standing in the aisle moving toward the door with the rest of the congregation. A voice behind him caught his ear:

"What a lovely girl Kitty Upton is." It was Mrs. Harrison, who lived at the other end of the parish. Jim knew the voice. Another voice replied:

"If she only were not always so shabby!" Jim knew this one also. It was Mrs. Wagoner's. Jim waked.

"Yes, but even her old darned dress cannot hide her. She reminds me of ——" Jim did not know what it was to which Mrs. Harrison likened her. But he knew it was something beautiful.

"Yes," said Mrs. Wagoner; then added, "Poor thing, she's got no education, and never will have. To think that old Colonel Duval's fam'bly's come to this! Well, they can't blame me. They're clean run to seed."

Jim got out into the air. He felt sick. He had been hit vitally. This was what people thought! and it was true. He went to get his cart. (He did not speak to Kitty.) His home came before his eyes like a photograph: fences down, gates gone, houses ruinous, fields barren. It came to him as if stamped on the retina by a lightning-flash. He had worked—worked hard. But it was no use. It was true: they were "clean run to seed." He helped his mother and Kitty into the cart silently—doggedly. Kitty smiled at him. It hurt him like a blow. He saw every worn place, every darn in her old dress, and little, faded jacket. Mrs. Wagoner drove past them in her carriage, leaning out of the window and calling that she took the liberty of passing as she drove faster than they. Jim gave his old mule a jerk which made him throw up his head and wince with pain. He was sorry for it. But he had been jerked up short himself. He was quivering too.

II.

On the following Friday the President of one of the great railway lines which cross Virginia was in his office when the door opened after a gentle knock and some one entered. (The offices of presidents of railroads had not then become the secret and mysterious sanctums which they have since become.) The President was busily engaged with two or three of the Directors, wealthy capitalists from the North, who had come down on important business. He was very much engrossed; and he did not look up directly. When he did he saw standing inside the door a queer figure—long, slim, angular—a man who looked a boy, or a boy who looked like a man—red-headed, freckle-faced, bashful—in a coat too tight even for his thin figure, breeches too short for his long legs; his hat was old and brown; his shirt was clean.

"Well, what do you want?" The President was busy.

It was Jim. His face twitched several times before any sound came:

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"– – I– w– w– w want t– t– t– to ge– get a place."

"This is not the place to get it. I have no place for you."

The President turned back to his friends. At the end of ten minutes, seeing one of his visitors look toward the door, he stopped in the middle of a sentence and glanced around.

The figure was still there—motionless. The President thought he had been out. He had not.

"Well?" His key was high.

"– – – – I– I– w– w– want to– to get a place."

"I told you I had no place for you. Go to the Superintendent."

"– – – I– I've b– b– b– been to him."

"Well, what did he say?"

"Si– si– si– says he ain't got any place."

"Well, I haven't any. Go to Mr. Blake."

"– – – I've b– been to *him*."

"Well, go to—to—" The President was looking for a paper. It occupied his mind. He did not think any further of Jim. But Jim was there.

"– – Go– go where?"

"Oh, I don't know—go anywhere—go out of *here*."

Jim's face worked. He turned and went slowly out. As he reached the door he said:

"Go– go– good-evening, g– gentlemen."

The President's heart relented: "Go to the Superintendent," he called.

Next day he was engaged with his Directors when the door opened and the same apparition stepped within—tall, slim, red-haired, with his little, tight coat, short trousers, and clean shirt.

The President frowned.

"Well, what is it?"

"– – – I– I– I w– w– w– went to– to the s– s– Superintendent."

"Well, what about it?"

"Y– y– you told me t– to go– go to him. H– e– e ain't got any place." The Directors smiled. One of them leaned back in his chair, took out a cigar and prepared to cut the end.

"Well, I can't help it. I haven't anything for you. I told you that yesterday. You must not come here bothering me; get out."

Jim stood still—perfectly motionless. He looked as if he had been there always—would be there always. The Director with the cigar, having cut it, took out a gold match-box, and opened it slowly, looking at Jim with an amused smile. The President frowned and opened his mouth to order him out. He changed his mind.

"What is your name?"

"J– J– James Upton."

"Where from?"

Jim told him.

"Whose son are you?"

"C– c– c– Captain J– J– James Upton's."

"What! You don't look much like him!"

Jim shuffled one foot. One corner of his mouth twitched up curiously. It might have been a smile. He looked straight at the blank wall before him.

"You are not much like your mother either—I used to know her as a girl. How's that?"

Jim shuffled the other foot a little.

"R– r– run to seed, I reckon."

The President was a farmer—prided himself on it. The reply pleased him. He touched a bell. A clerk entered.

"Ask Mr. Wake to come here."

"Can you carry a barrel of flour?" he asked Jim.

"I– I'll get it there," said Jim. He leaned a little forward.

"Or a sack of salt? They are right heavy."

"I– I– I'll get it there," said Jim.

Mr. Wake appeared.

"Write Mr. Day to give this man a place as brakeman."

"Yes, sir. Come this way." This to Jim.

Jim electrified them all by suddenly bursting out crying.

The tension had given way. He walked up to the wall and leaned his head against it with his face on his arm, shaking from head to foot, sobbing aloud.

"Thank you, I—I'm ever so much obliged to you," he sobbed.

The President rose and walked rapidly about the room.

Suddenly Jim turned and, with his arm over his eyes, held out his hand to the President.

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"Goodby." Then he went out.

There was a curious smile on the faces of the Directors as the door closed.

"Well, I never saw anything like that before," said one of them. The President said nothing.

"Run to seed," quoted the oldest of the Directors, "rather good expression!"

"Damned good seed, gentlemen," said the President, a little shortly. "Duval and Upton—that fellow's father was in my command. Died at Gettysburg. He'd fight hell."

Jim got a place—brakeman on a freight-train. That night Jim wrote a letter home. You'd have thought he had been elected president.

It was a hard life: harder than most. The work was hard, the fare was hard; the life was hard. Standing on top of rattling cars as they rushed along in the night around curves, over bridges, through tunnels, with the rain and snow pelting in your face, and the tops as slippery as ice. There was excitement about it, too: a sense of risk and danger. Jim did not mind it much. He thought of his mother and Kitty.

There was a freemasonry among the men. All knew each other; hated or liked each other; nothing negative about it.

It was a bad road. Worse than the average. Twice the amount of traffic was done on the single track that should have been done. Result was men were ground up—more than on most roads. More men were killed in proportion to the number employed than were killed in service during the war. The *esprit de corps* was strong. Men stood by their trains and by each other. When a man left his engine in sight of trouble, the authorities might not know about it, but the men did. Unless there was cause he had to leave. Sam Wray left his engine in sight of a broken bridge after he reversed. The engine stopped on the track. The officers never knew of it; but Wray and his fireman both changed to another road. When a man even got shaky and began to run easy, the superintendent might not mind it; but the men did: he had to go. A man had to have not only courage but nerve.

Jim was not especially popular among men. He was reserved, slow, awkward. He was "pious" (that is, did not swear). He was "stuck up" (did not tell "funny things," by which was meant vulgar stories; nor laugh at them either). And according to Dick Rail, he was "stingy as h—l."

These things were not calculated to make him popular, and he was not. He was a sort of butt for the free and easy men who lived in their cabs and cabooses, obeyed their "orders," and owned nothing but their overalls and their shiny Sunday clothes. He was good-tempered, though. Took all their gibes and "dev'ling" quietly, and for the most part silently. So, few actually disliked him. Dick Rail, the engineer of his crew, was one of those few. Dick "despised" him. Dick was big, brawny, coarse: coarse in looks, coarse in talk, coarse in feeling, and when he had liquor in him he was mean. Jim "bothered" him, he said. He made Jim's life a burden to him. He laid himself out to do it. It became his occupation. He thought about it when Jim was not present; laid plans for it. There was something about Jim that was different from most others. When Jim did not laugh at a "hard story," but just sat still, some men would stop; Dick always told another harder yet, and called attention to Jim's looks. His stock was inexhaustible. His mind was like a spring which ran muddy water; its flow was perpetual. The men thought Jim did not mind. He lost three pounds; which for a man who was six feet (and would have been six feet two if he had been straight) and who weighed 122, was considerable.

It is astonishing how one man can create a public sentiment. One woman can ruin a reputation as effectually as a churchful. One bullet can kill a man as dead as a bushel, if it hits him right. So Dick Rail injured Jim, for Dick was an authority. He swore the biggest oaths, wore the largest watch-chain, knew his engine better and sat it steadier than any man on the road. He had had a passenger train again and again, but he was too fond of whiskey. It was too risky. Dick affected Jim's standing: told stories about him: made his life a burden to him. "He shan't stay on the

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road," he used to say. "He's stingier'n ——. Carries his victuals about with him—I b'lieve he sleeps with one o' them *I*-talians in a goods box." This was true—at least about carrying his food with him. (The rest was Dick's humor.) Messing cost too much. The first two months' pay went to settle an old guano-bill; but the third month's was Jim's. The day he drew that he fattened a good deal. At least, he looked so. It was eighty-two dollars (for Jim ran extra runs—made double time whenever he could). Jim had never had so much money in his life; had hardly ever seen it. He walked about the streets that night till nearly midnight, feeling the wad of notes in his breast-pocket. Next day a box went down the country, and a letter with it, and that night Jim could not have bought a chew of tobacco. The next letter he got from home was heavy. Jim smiled over it a good deal, and cried a little too. He wondered how Kitty looked in her new dress, and if the barrel of flour made good bread; and if his mother's shawl was warm.

One day he was changed to the passenger service, the express. It was a promotion, paid more, and relieved him from Dick Rail. He had some queer experiences being ordered around, but he swallowed them all. He had not been there three weeks when Mrs. Wagoner was a passenger on the train. Carry was with her. They had moved to town. (Mr. Wagoner was interested in railroad development.) Mrs. Wagoner called him to her seat, and talked to him—in a loud voice. Mrs. Wagoner had a loud voice. It had the "carrying" quality. She did not shake hands; Carry did and said she was so glad to see him: she had been down home the week before—had seen his mother and Kitty. Mrs. Wagoner said they still kept their plantation as a country place. Carry said Kitty looked so well. Her new dress was lovely. Mrs. Wagoner said his mother's eyes were worse. She and Kitty had walked over to see them to show Kitty's dress. She had promised that Mr. Wagoner would do what he could for him on the road.

Next month Jim went back to the freight service. He preferred Dick Rail. He got him. Dick was worse than ever, his appetite was whetted by abstinence; he returned to his attack with renewed zest. He never tired—never flagged. He was perpetual: he was remorseless. He made Jim's life a wilderness. Jim said nothing, just slouched along silenter than ever, quieter than ever, closer than ever. He took to going to another church on Sunday than the one he had attended, a more fashionable one than that. The Wagoners went there. Jim sat far back in the gallery, very far back where he could just see the top of Carry's head, her big hat and her face, and could not see Mrs. Wagoner, who sat nearer the gallery. It had a curious effect on him: he never went to sleep there. He took to going up-town walking by the stores—looking in at the windows of tailors and clothiers. Once he actually went into a shop and asked the price of a new suit of clothes. (He needed them badly.) The tailor unfolded many rolls of cloth and talked volubly: talked him dizzy. Jim looked wistfully at them, rubbed his hand over them softly, felt the money in his pocket; and came out. He said he thought he might come in again. Next day he did not have the money. Kitty wrote him she could not leave home to go to school on their mother's account, but she would buy books, and she was learning; she would learn fast, her mother was teaching her; and he was the best brother in the world, the whole world; and they had a secret, but he must wait.

One day Jim got a bundle. It was a new suit of clothes. On top was a letter from Kitty. This was the secret. She and her mother had sent for the cloth and made them; hoped they would fit. They had cried over them. Jim cried a little too. He put them on. They did not fit, were much too large. Under Dick Rail's fire Jim had grown even thinner than before. But he wore them to church. He felt that it would have been untrue to his mother and Kitty not to wear them. He was sorry to meet Dick Rail on the street. Dick had on a black broadcloth coat, a velvet vest, and large-checked trousers. Dick looked Jim over. Jim winced, flushed a little: he was not so

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sunburned now. Dick saw it. Next week Dick caught Jim in a crowd in the "yard" waiting for their train. He told about the meeting. He made a double shot. He said, "Jim's in love, he's got new clothes! you ought to see 'em!" Dick was graphic; he wound up: "They hung on him like breechin' on his old mule. By ——! I b'lieve he was too —— stingy to buy' em, and made 'em himself." There was a shout from the crowd. Jim's face worked. There was a handspike lying near and he seized it. Someone grabbed him, but he shook him off as if he had been a child. Why he did not kill Dick no one ever knew. He meant to do it. For some time they thought he was dead. He laid off for a month. After that Jim wore what clothes he chose: no one ever troubled him.

So he went on in the same way: slow, sleepy, stuttering, thin, stingy, ill-dressed, lame, the butt of his tormentors.

He was made a fireman; preferred it to being a conductor, it led to being an engineer, which paid more. He ran extra trips whenever he could, up and double straight back. He could stand an immense amount of work. If he got sleepy he put tobacco in his eyes to keep them open. It was bad for the eyes, but waked him up. Kitty was going to take music next year, and that cost money. He had not been home for several months, but was going at Christmas.

They did not have any sight tests then. But the new Directory meant to be thorough. Mr. Wagoner had become a Director, had his eye on the presidency. Jim was one day sent for, asked about his eyes; they were bad. There was not a doubt about it. They were inflamed; he could not see a hundred yards. He did not tell them about the extra trips and putting the tobacco in them. Dick Rail must have told about him. They said he must go. Jim turned white. He went to his little room, close up under the roof of a little house in a back street, and sat down in the dark; thought about his mother and Kitty, and dimly about someone else; wrote his mother and Kitty a letter, said he was coming home—called it "a visit;" cried over the letter, but was careful not to cry on it. He was a real cry-baby—Jim was.

"Just run to seed," he said to himself, bitterly, over and over; "just run to seed." Then he went to sleep.

The following day he went down to the railroad. That was the last day. Next day he would be "off." The trainmaster saw him and called him. A special was just going out. The Directors were going over the road in the Officers' car. Dick Rail was the engineer, and his fireman had been taken sick. Jim must take the place. Jim had a mind not to do it. He hated Dick. He thought of how he had pursued him. But he heard a voice behind him and turned. Carry was standing down the platform, talking with some elderly gentlemen. She had on a travelling cap and ulster. She saw him and came forward—a step:

"How do you do?" she held out her little gloved hand. She was going out over the road with her father. Jim took off his hat and shook hands with her. Dick Rail saw him, walked round the other side of the engine, and tried to take off his hat like that. It was not a success; Dick knew it. Jim went.

"Who was that?" one of the elderly gentlemen asked Carry.

"An old friend of mine—a gentleman," she said.

"Rather run to seed—hey?" the old fellow quoted, without knowing exactly why; for he only half recognized Jim, if he recognized him at all.

They started. It was a bad trip. The weather was bad, the road was bad, the engine bad; Dick bad—worse than all. Jim had a bad time: he was to be off when he got home. What would his mother and Kitty do?

Once Carry came (brought by the President), and rode in the engine for a little while. Jim helped her up and spread his coat for her to sit on, put his overcoat under her feet; his heart was in it. Dick was sullen, and Jim had to show her about the engine. When she got down to go back to the car she thanked him—she "had enjoyed it greatly"—she "would like to try it again." Jim smiled. He was almost good-looking when he smiled.

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Dick was meaner than ever after that, sneered at Jim—swore; but Jim didn't mind it. He was thinking of someone else, and of the rain which would prevent her coming again.

They were on the return trip, and were half-way home when the accident happened. It was just "good dusk," and it had been raining all night and all day, and the road was as rotten as mud. The special was behind and was making up. She had the right of way, and she was flying. She rounded a curve just above a small "fill," under which was a little stream, nothing but a mere "branch." In good weather it would never be noticed. The gay party behind were at dinner. The first thing they knew, was the sudden jerk which came from reversing the engine at full speed, and the grind as the wheels slid along under the brakes. Then they stopped with a bump which spilled them out of their seats, set the lamps to swinging, and sent the things on the table crashing on the floor. No one was hurt, only shaken, and they crowded out of the car to learn the cause. They found it. The engine was half buried in wet earth on the other side of the little washout, with the tender jammed up into the cab. The whole was wrapped in a dense cloud of escaping steam. The noise was terrific. The big engineer, bare-headed and covered with mud, and with his face deadly white, was trying to get down to the engine. Someone was in there.

They got him out after a while (but it took some time) and laid him on the ground, while a mattress was got. It was Jim.

Carry had been weeping. She sat down and took his head in her lap, and wiped his blackened and bleeding face with her lace handkerchief; and smoothed his wet hair.

The newspaper accounts, which are always reflections of what public sentiment is, or should be, spoke of it—some, as "a providential;"—others, as "a miraculous;"—and yet others as "a fortunate" escape on the part of the President and the Directors of the road, according to the tendencies, religious or otherwise, of their paragraphists.

They mentioned casually that "only one person was hurt — an employee, name not ascertained." And one or two had some gush about the devotion of the beautiful young lady, the daughter of one of the directors of the road, who happened to be on the train, and who, "like a ministering angel, held the head of the wounded man in her lap after he was taken from the wreck." A good deal was made of this picture, which was extensively copied.

Dick Rail's account, after he had come back from carrying the broken body down to the old place in the country, and helping to lay it away in the old enclosure under the big trees on the hill, was this:

"By —— !" he said, when he stood in the yard, with a solemn-faced group around him, "we were late, and I was just shaking 'em up. I had been meaner 'n hell to Jim all the trip (I didn't know him, and you all didn't neither), and I was workin' him for all he was worth, I didn't give him a minute. The sweat was rolling off him, and I was damnin' him with every shovelful. We was runnin' under orders to make up, and we was just rounding the curve this side of Ridge Hill, when Jim hollered. He saw it as he raised up with the shovel in his hand to wipe the sweat off his face, and he hollered to me, 'My God! Look, Dick! Jump!'

"I looked and Hell was right there. He caught the lever and reversed, and put on the air before I saw it, and then grabbed me, and flung me clean out of the cab: 'Jump!' he says, as he give me a swing. I jumped, expectin' of course he was comin' too; and as I lit, I saw him turn and catch the lever and put on the sand. The old engine was jumpin' nigh off the track. But she was too near. In she went, and the tender right on her. You may talk about his eyes bein' bad; but when he gave me that swing, they looked to me like coals of fire. When we got him out 'twarn't Jim! He warn't nothin' but mud and ashes. He warn't quite dead; opened his eyes, and breathed onct or twict; but I don't think he knew anything, he was so smashed up. We laid him out on the grass, and that young lady took his head in her lap and

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cried over him (she had come and seed him in the engine), and said she knew his mother and sister down in the country (she used to live down there); they was gentlefolks; that Jim was all they had. And when one of them old director-fellows who had been swilling himself behind there come aroun,' with his kid gloves on and his hands in his great-coat pockets, lookin' down, and sayin' something' about, 'Poor fellow, couldn't he 'a jumped? Why didn't he jump?' I let him have it; I said, 'Yes, and if it hadn't been for him, you and I'd both been frizzin' this minute.' And the President standin' there said to some of them, 'That was the same young fellow who came into my office to get a place last year when you were down, and said he had 'run to seed.' 'But,' he says, 'Gentlemen, it was d——d good seed!'"

How good it was no one knew but two weeping women in a lonely house.

PRESENT IDEALS OF AMERICAN UNIVERSITY LIFE.

By Josiah Royce.

RECENTLY, in looking through some papers on file in our college library at Cambridge, I came upon a leaflet, dated New York, November 2, 1853, containing a report of a committee of the trustees of Columbia College, upon several matters, one of which is "The Establishment of a University System." The report also treats of proposed "Changes in the Collegiate Course," and defines, according to the ideas of the signers, "the Mission of the College." This mission is "to direct and superintend the mental and moral culture." "Mental and moral discipline, it is agreed," says the leaflet, "is the object of collegiate education. The mere acquisition of learning, however valuable and desirable in itself, is subordinate to this great work. . . . . The design of a college is to make perfect the human intellect in all its parts and functions; by means of a thorough training of all the intellectual faculties, to attain their full development; and by the proper guidance of the moral functions, to direct them to a proper exertion. To form the mind, in short, is the high design of education as sought in a College Course." The report hereupon proceeds to note that, unfortunately, this sentiment, "manifest and just" though it be, "does not meet with universal sympathy or acquiescence." "On the contrary, the demand for what is termed progressive knowledge . . . . and for fuller instruction in what are called the useful and practical sciences, is at variance with this fundamental idea. The public generally, unaccustomed to look upon the mind except in connection with the body, and to regard it as a machine for promoting the pleasures, the conveniences, or the comforts of the latter, will not be satisfied with a system of education in which they are unable to perceive the direct connection between the knowledge imparted, and the bodily advantages to be gained. For this reason, to preserve in some degree high and pure education and strict mental discipline, and to draw as many as possible within its influence, we must partially yield to those sentiments which we should be unable wholly to resist." The committee therefore "think that while they would retain the system having in view the most perfect intellectual training, they might devise parallel courses, having this design at the foundation, but still adapted to meet the popular demand."

After this fashion, then, the members of the Columbia committee propose to meet the public desire of their time for some modification of the traditional college course. The report next passes on to the question of the establishment of higher "University" courses to supplement the collegiate work. The members of the committee hope the desire for such additional instruction "may in part be reached by the plan suggested by them. But they are admonished that this design is not free from serious difficulties." In conse-

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quence the committee "simply report this subject as having engaged their attention." The "plan suggested" is simply the establishment of "parallel courses" as a concession to popular demands.

The situation at Columbia in the early fifties, as thus displayed, is not without decided interest even to-day. We have heard of this situation more than once since: On the one side stands the abstract ideal of something called "the perfect moral and intellectual discipline of the mind." On the other hand stands at least a portion of the public, demanding "practical and progressive knowledge." The lovers of the abstract ideal accuse this public of being "unaccustomed to look upon the mind except in connection with the body," while they of course imagine themselves, as lovers of ideals, quite able to accomplish the feat of "looking upon the mind" without any such connection whatever. They accordingly feel and express some contempt for the persons who cannot follow them in their abstractions. But these partisans of the ideal are still reluctantly forced to confess that just such "looking upon the mind in connection with the body," has somehow made the Philistine public wealthy, and socially powerful. Hence one must humor the Philistines a little, not by abandoning one's traditions about collegiate work, but by offering a few "parallel courses" of a more "progressive" sort. Meanwhile, however, in this connection, there soon appears an unexpected bearing of the new undertaking upon instruction of the higher "University" grade. The new courses, namely, will very naturally be offered to graduates of the traditional college work, whose minds having been more or less nearly "perfected" by the best system of "intellectual and moral discipline," may now be more safely supplied with "progressive knowledge." However, one feels that such an undertaking, even in case of graduate students, has its dangers. One is "admonished that this design is not free from serious difficulties." One is disposed to report the mere fact that the thing is under consideration and to wait further events. By such halting steps, in the midst of such serious perplexities, despite such unfortunate misunderstandings of the unity of life's great business—yes, even by means of this very conflict between the lovers of the "practical and progressive" and the people who "look upon the mind" out of "connection with the body," has the cause of the American University slowly and yet happily progressed during the last forty years, until to-day there is so much to rejoice in, and still so much before us to undertake.

It is the purpose of the present paper to give a brief sketch of certain facts relating to the development of the modern American University, to suggest some of the ideals that university instruction just now has in mind in our country, and to indicate hereby some of our present problems. I shall not care to speak from the point of view of any one institution as such. The "American University," using the word as a convenient general name, is just now at a critical point in its development. A number of our leading institutions are together engaged in the work of "modifying the collegiate course," and of supplementing it by "university work." If the report of Columbia's committee in 1853 very fairly represents the situation in those days in all our most prominent colleges, the latest report of President Low is an important indication of the present tendencies at work in more places than one. Meanwhile, the general public has frequently heard of late of the office which the University ought to fill, and is familiar, although perhaps even now not too familiar, with the idea that a University is much more than the traditional American "College" of former days, and that "University work," in the stricter sense, means work above the collegiate grade. A great deal has also been written about the function of the University as a centre of original research. I should not try to add to the already extensive literature of the topic, were I not impressed by the thought that we still, most of us, imperfectly understand the forces that are just now at work to produce this modification of the character of our academic institutions. The opposition which the Columbia committee made in 1853 between the

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"disciplinary" ideals of the traditional College course, and the "practical and progressive" needs of the relatively materialistic public, is still in a measure with us. But meanwhile, what many fail to understand is, that just these relatively "materialistic" demands and interests of the public, which have occasioned the call for "practical and progressive" studies, have been among the most potent factors in precisely that reform of higher study which is now making the American University daily more ideal in its undertakings, more genuinely spiritual in its enthusiasm and in its scholarship, and really far less Philistine in its concerns than was the American College of former days. This, to my mind, is the most deeply instructive feature of the modern University life. In 1853 we find a representative committee defending a really fine and ancient ideal of collegiate "discipline," against a thoughtless "practical" and "popular" demand. The history of academic life since has been in large part the history of the triumph of just that popular demand. Has the result been the degradation of our academic ideals? No, the result has been the evolution of the University ideal among us — an ideal higher, more theoretical, more scholarly, less "popular" in the evil sense of that word, and in the best sense more unworldly than its predecessor. Let us look a little at the history of the process, and see that this is so.

I.

A GREAT deal of this history I must indeed pass over here, partly because its outlines are familiar to every reader, partly because its details are too minute and too imperfectly accessible. What everybody knows is that the immense extension of the natural and physical sciences within the last half century has been of great significance in altering men's views as to the educator's business, and especially as to the business of the colleges. As the Columbia report shows, the interest in what we now call University work, was for a good while associated, in the minds both of those who magnified and those who belittled the importance of such work, with the growth of what were regarded as materialistic opinions and ideals. Strange, and yet inevitable and most instructive, union of the spiritual and the bodily concerns of men! The traditional college course was to "fit"—yes, so far as might be in a four years' curriculum, to "perfect" a man, by "culture," for this world, and for entrance on the future life. To this end, before he entered college, one first taught him the rules of Latin grammar, and all the even remotely conceivable forms of τύπτω. Then, in college, one not only continued this drill, but brought him "into contact with the greatest minds of antiquity," by teaching him to analyze their written words and sentences as they never could have thought of doing themselves. This plan was indeed in its way an excellent one; but after all it did not universally succeed in bringing about the close "contact." Meanwhile, since youth is wayward, one "disciplined" the student, following his steps with constant admonition, ordering his studies as precisely as his hours, and correcting his conduct as carefully as his exercises. By the Senior year he had already become learned in Logic, and a master of the devices of Oratory; and one now showed him the Evidences of Revealed Religion, and refuted for him the principal errors of infidelity. One also grounded him in "Civil Polity," and even taught him something of "Science." In mathematics, too, he was by this time well versed, insomuch that he usually regarded it as the most finished and complete of the departments of human knowledge, and supposed its business and its discoveries to be ended whenever Sturm's theorem had been demonstrated, and the Conic Sections had been exhaustively treated in a single small text-book. Thus his intellectual and moral life were rounded out; he now possessed "culture." Culture was something precise, definable, transmissible. The possession of it made him great on commencement day, and he "went forth," diploma in hand, into a wicked world which is "not accustomed to look upon the mind except in connection with the body."

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Far be it from one who, like the present writer, owes an incalculable debt to those who taught him a form, considerably altered and improved indeed, of this traditional course; far be it from such an one to belittle the worth of what he learned thereby. For very many American colleges, the traditional curriculum more or less modified still is, and will long remain, the substance of academic "culture." And as it has accomplished a great work in the past, so let the traditional college course continue for a season its services in its own field. I suggest its defects in my obviously too meagre sketch; but they were the defects of its admirable qualities. It could not of itself make scholars; but it has helped great numbers to become such. It could not insure true "culture." But many of its graduates have attained a noble culture. Its "discipline" was often crude, but was more often serviceable. I am glad that our most progressive institutions have modified it until it is no longer easily recognizable. I hope that in anything like its old form and methods it will in time become altogether a memory; but I am sure that as such it will be a good memory. Progress removes many old servants from office, but does not forget them, and does honor them. Classical scholarship, for the rest, will not die with the traditional college course, nor yet pine after that course is dead. Literature will not suffer by the dissolution of the old curriculum. The "greatest minds of antiquity" will still speak to our world long after the memory of those once tabulated forms of τύπτω has faded "like streaks of the morning cloud." "Discipline" will in the end prosper in the midst of much modified academic methods. Religion will arouse as much thought and devotion as ever, even if Seniors are no longer examined on the Evidences. And still all these great interests will look back to the days of τύπτω and of "discipline" with thankfulness and with affection. For the old way was indeed good in its time.

Over against this traditional curriculum, however, stood, during the sixties and early seventies, the new "Science curriculum," a still undefined thing, whereof, as many people imagined, Mr. Spencer had given the best general suggestion in his essays on Education, but of whose precise content nobody could speak with assurance. Its ideals were understood to be, as I have suggested, both "practical" and "materialistic." Meanwhile, in giving expression to these ideals, its partisans were fond of using a formula as amusingly abstract and meaningless as that of their opponents, who wanted to "look upon the mind out of connection with the body." This favorite abstract statement of the partisans of the "new" method was, that they, for their part, were minded to study "things," not "words."

It is curious to observe how fond educational theories have often been of such false abstractions. Herein, to be sure, they only follow the fashion of many political theories. Just as "freedom," or "balance of trade," or "money," have often come to be talked of as if all these were names for things that could exist all alone by themselves, and could be estimated without any reference to other social facts, or to anything else in the universe, so in educational matters, men love purely abstract catchwords, and love judgments founded upon such terms. Which would you rather study, "words" or "things?" Which would you rather possess, "money" or "credit?" Do you prefer the "law," or would you be more content with "freedom" instead? All such questions persist in reminding me of an illustration that I have written down, I believe, more than once before. It is, in case of them all, as if the soul of some still indefinite animal, not yet embodied here on earth, were to be asked, in some preexistent state, "When you come to be incarnated on earth, which of the two organs would you prefer to have in your body, a great toe, or a tail?" Well, even so it is with that favorite contrast between "words" and "things." Just as the Columbia committee regretted that people would not "look upon the mind" out of "connection with the body," so the partisans of the so-called "science-curriculum" in education used to ask us defiantly whether or no we preferred studying "words" to studying "things." Well, if that meant the

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same as asking us whether we preferred τύπτω and its forms to anything else in heaven or earth, the question might be faced and pretty easily answered. But if it meant to suggest that we could become rationally conscious of things without all the while reflecting upon our own words and the sense of them, the suggestion became too near the absurd for serious criticism. Is science to cultivate in us a sort of aphasia? Or is reflective self-consciousness to be discouraged as we grow in insight into nature's truth?

Meanwhile, the partisans of the traditional linguistic and literary training, somewhat disturbed in mind by this flippant accusation that their own task was merely a study of "words," were not slow to respond that they were really studying, in their classics and in their literary exercises, not words, but human life. The spirit, they said, is after all the concretest of "things," the most real, the most complex, the deepest-natured. Since this spirit is revealed to us in the history of humanity, we learn the wealth of its laws, the significance of its problems, the profound meaning of its facts whenever we wisely study a great literature. Life is not mere "words." The soul of the classics is more than their language. The minds of antiquity are the objects of a science as serious in its undertakings, as objective in its appeal to matters of fact, as extended in its field as any natural science. Continental scholarship has long since furnished us the example of scientific method applied to this world of truth that is embodied in literature. The science which studies life as it is thus embodied, is called Philology, using that word in Boeckh's sense, and after the fashion already sanctified, since his time, by more than one generation of long-lived and inquiring Germans. The moral, however, of this observation was, that if classical studies were to retain their strong hold on the academic public, they must become themselves more scientific. Classical Philology must transcend the traditional lore of the older college curriculum. The traditional course itself must be the first to modify its own ideals, and to break down its own limitations. Serious scholarship must be set as an ideal before the minds of even young college students. A higher learning must join itself to the old "discipline." The deadness of the old drill in memorized grammar must be quickened by an endeavor really to bring about that "contact with the true mind of antiquity" which earlier generations of college students had so often missed. Classical study, if it ever was a study of *mere* words, must learn a lesson from the example of natural science, and become indeed a study of the things of the spirit.

So, for the past twenty-five years, many of our best teachers have reasoned, and thus the "materialistic" interests that were once so feared, the "parallel courses" that were once so unwillingly tolerated, have proved to the lovers of true literature and of human life the most inspiring of rivals, the friendliest of allies, although disguised as enemies. The result of this "conflict" between the two ideals of academic work, has been the union of both in the efforts of all concerned to build up a system of University training, whose ideal is at once one of scholarly method, and of scientific comprehension of fact. For the scholar as such, be he biologist or grammarian or metaphysician, the exclusive opposition between "words" and "things" has no meaning. He works to understand truth, and the truth is at once Word *and* Thing, thought *and* object, insight *and* apprehension, law and content, form and matter. You understand it when you both conform your opinions to the facts and comprehend the force and the meaning of your opinions; when you get hold upon realities, and at the same time interpret your own knowledge of them. There is no science unexpressed; there is no genuine expression of truth that ought not to seek the form of science.

Now, such being the ideal of the scholar's business that has gradually grown up among us, in our best institutions of learning, one result has of course been, that however we have differed as to what we ought to teach to undergraduates, we have all come to feel that the work of the undergraduate

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course ought to be supplemented by higher courses, wherein the scholar as such should have a chance to say his say, to present his truth, to indicate the recent advance of his science, whether that science were Geology, or Sanskrit, or Latin Grammar, or Mathematics. Thus, then, the coming of the natural sciences, with their high demands upon the learner, and their strong assertion that they taught truth about "things," had seemed at first to threaten the purity and authority of the collegiate course of former times. To prevent such evil effects the device of "parallel courses" suggested itself; and in many Western Colleges this device has developed the system of the various so-called "Colleges"—departments of one large institution, whose concurrent courses all lead to degrees, while the degrees themselves have different names, according as the courses have more or less of the traditional character of the classical course in them. But this system of parallel courses, with or without differently named degrees at the end of the courses, could not suffice, in the larger institutions, to meet all the needs of the new situation. Such organization of natural history work as Agassiz initiated at Cambridge, demanded room for a higher sort of instruction. Other departments could not remain behind where natural science led. And thus it was that the call for what used to be called "post-graduate" study became general. And so, once more the "materialistic" interests, in getting a hearing for themselves, brought to pass the beginning of a revolutionary change. Those whom the Columbia committee accused of thinking only of the "body," began a process that is now transforming with the highest purpose the training of the soul. Such was the origin of the modern American University.

II.

A FRIEND and colleague of mine has given me a look into an interesting note-book of his own, written out in the first year of his graduate life, and, as it chances, in the first year of President Eliot's administration at Harvard. The notes are an evidence of the state of "post-graduate" work at Cambridge in the academic year 1869-70. A series of "philosophical lectures" was then offered to graduates, and formed, I believe, the first course of formal graduate instruction in metaphysical topics at Harvard. The lecturers were Professor Bowen, Mr. John Fiske, Mr. Charles Peirce, Mr. Cabot, Dr. Hedge, and—last and greatest name—Emerson. The lecturers followed in series, filling the winter with what constituted one long course. Examinations were held upon all the courses but Emerson's. The whole series, as represented by my friend's note-book, is a decidedly impressive one. Mr. Fiske's lectures, on "Positivism," afterward took shape in the "Cosmic Philosophy." Professor Bowen's and Dr. Hedge's contributions to the work were also substantially repeated in later publications. Mr. Cabot, now Emerson's biographer, broke on this occasion a silence that he has in general maintained far too rigidly. Emerson himself read those papers on the "Natural History of the Intellect" which have since been seen, in the original manuscript or in copy, by a few students, but which have so far not been published—papers in which, as he said, he was "watching the stream of thought, running along the banks a little way, but only seeing a little, knowing that the stream is hollowing out its own bed." Mr. Charles Peirce, on the contrary, expounded, in the highly technical form that he has since so much developed, that "Algebra of Logic" whereof he is still easily the first master among us in this country. Stronger and more interesting contrasts in thought and method could hardly have been presented to young graduates of philosophical ambitions. The courses, however, were regularly attended, I believe, by three students. Such was one beginning of a department of University instruction.

By this same year, however, the custom of offering some sort of "post-graduate" work, however little it might be in amount, was comparatively common throughout our country wherever there were ambitious teachers. Columbia College had taken definite action

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looking to the establishment of "University courses" as early as 1857, four years after the time of the report above referred to. As the organization of the higher work in science by Agassiz at Cambridge suggests, scientific specialties were from the first generally well in advance of the literary branches. Where laboratories and museums existed, graduate instruction was often a matter not only of choice, but of necessity. On the other hand, the unformed state of graduate instruction in other departments as late as 1870, is well suggested by the lectureship course in metaphysics at Cambridge, as above described. Everywhere graduate instruction suffered from the fact that, except in immediate connection with museums and similar enterprises, where research was a necessary adjunct of administration, courses for graduates were still of necessity looked upon so far as merely supplementary tasks. Either lecturers from without must be summoned, or else the time of already very busy college instructors must be taken for tasks which they might indeed love very much, but which seemed in conflict with their duties as disciplinarians, who were to "perfect" by an established system of "culture" the minds of undergraduates.

Nevertheless, as a recent report of the President of Yale University (that for 1889) points out, there were already in those early days symptoms at New Haven, as there were elsewhere, of a strong drift toward something better. As early as 1871, the movement at New Haven "for the securing of what is called the Woolsey fund" was, according to this report, an expression of the appreciation of the "need of the central or University life in our institution, which was then beginning to show itself." Similar movements in various places in those years show the same tendency. The real need, however, was for a change of the general policy, such as should tend toward much more than the mere offering of supplementary "post-graduate courses." As the President of Yale says, in the report just cited, "We look backward to a time which is within the remembrance of the older officers of instruction and many graduates, and we see very little of this which we may call the central or common life"—*i.e.*, of organized University management as such. "The several departments," that is, the college and the various schools, "moved along their own way, and in a large measure independently of one another. They accomplished their work, each one of them by and for itself . . . But within the last quarter of a century the University life has come into being, and it has brought its peculiar demands with itself." And the University thus began at New Haven to ask for special funds for its own peculiar tasks, and to seek a higher organization. A similar growth of a general desire for the coming transformation of the College into the University dates in Cambridge from the early years of President Eliot's administration. "Post-graduate" instruction, regarded as a merely supplementary matter, was thus but a small part of the needed undertaking. It was not enough to offer opportunities. They must be united, brought into close relation to one another, knit together by organic ties. The professional schools, which had long flourished side by side with the colleges, must be drawn into closer co-operation with one another, and with the new ideals. The graduate department itself must find instructors, laboratories, and libraries, adapted to its needs. Funds at all sufficient for such tasks were in the early seventies not forthcoming, either at New Haven or at Cambridge; and the ideals of University life were still necessarily very vague everywhere in our country.

It was in those days, however, that the rapidly growing interest in higher learning among our academic youth found vent in a positively passionate enthusiasm for the methods and the opportunities of the German Universities. Still it is the case, and long will it remain so, that a longer or shorter course of work abroad will be an ideal for the American student. But in those days there was a generation that dreamed of nothing but the German University. England one passed by. It was understood not to be scholarly enough. France, too, was then neglected. German scholarship was our

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master and our guide. In 1877, at the new Johns Hopkins University, in Baltimore, I heard Professor Sylvester say that when he dealt with young American scholars he found them feeling as if not England, but Germany, were their mother-country. The admirable hospitality of the German University toward the foreign student fostered this enthusiasm. A little travel and expense, a little necessary pains with the language—and then the American student found himself able to come into immediate contact, as it were, with the great minds of the German world of scholarship. Lotze, or Helmholtz, or Mommsen, was his master. He could hear and read his fill, in a world of academic industry, and amidst elsewhere unheard of treasures of books. The air was full of suggestion. To one who personally knew nothing of the rigid studious discipline of the German gymnasiast, through which the native German student had passed, there was little in the freedom of the German University to remind him of the old and narrow "disciplinary" ideals of his home. The quality of study seemed no longer "strained." The air of it seemed one of absolute blessing and power. One went to Germany still a doubter as to the possibility of the theoretic life; one returned an idealist, devoted for the time to pure learning for learning's sake, determined to contribute his *Scherflein* to the massive store of human knowledge, burning for a chance to help to build the American University.

Some sort of study abroad was indeed an ideal with our best students very long ago; and, as I have said, it still remains an ideal. But this enthusiasm for the German University reached its flood in the seventies. When, nowadays, I receive letters from our students abroad, I do not find their ardor so hot, their gratitude to Germany so enthusiastic, as it seems to me that our own used to be in the generation of young graduates to which I chanced to belong. One has opportunities on both sides of the water now; and one looks to other countries also, as well as to Germany. No doubt academic enthusiasm is all the while broadening. But the intensity of its one highest purpose of those days—to study in Germany—has somewhat diminished.

It was upon this well-prepared basis that the Johns Hopkins University began its epoch-marking work. The present writer enjoyed the kindly privilege of being one of its first company of twenty Fellows (graduate students receiving a stipend) in the years from 1876 to 1878. Here at last, so we felt, the American University had been founded. The academic life was now to exist for its own sake. The "conflict" between "classical" and "scientific" education was henceforth to be without significance for the graduate student. And the graduate student was to be, so we told ourselves, the real student. The undergraduate was not yet quite clear of the shell; but the graduate could imagine himself to have grown at least his pin-feathers. The beginning of the Johns Hopkins University was a dawn wherein "'twas bliss to be alive." Freedom and wise counsel one enjoyed together. The air was full of rumors of noteworthy work done by the older men of the place, and of hopes that one might find a way to get a little working-power one's self. There was no longer the dread upon one lest a certain exercise should not be well written, or a certain set examination not passed. No, the academic business was something much more noble and serious than such "discipline" had been in its time. The University wanted its children to be, if possible, not merely well-informed, but productive. She preached to them the gospel of learning for wisdom's sake, and of acquisition for the sake of fruitfulness. One longed to be a doer of the word, and not a hearer only, a creator of his own infinitesimal fraction of a product, bound in God's name to produce it when the time came. In all this, as one may be sure, a raw youth might indeed find temptations to hasty efforts at "original work," and some of us doubtless found them. And then again, the true academic freedom is a thing hard to acquire. With a great price one attains this liberty. Some of us did attain it only slowly. Graduate study, and halting efforts to produce this or that for one's self, involved one

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easily in controversy; exposed one to sharp criticism; and it is hard to learn how to bear criticism, even of the sharp sort, without feeling personally wounded; to hear that one's work is so far a failure, without imagining the statement a reflection upon one's moral character. The ideal of the truly academic person is of one who can criticise and be criticised, as to scholarly work done, wholly without mercy as to the scholarship that is in question, wholly without malice toward the person of his opponent. Among the little company at the Johns Hopkins University there was in general the best of friendly feeling; but I remember some signs and experiences of sensitiveness that indicated how slowly the purely academic traditions formed in our minds—and how much they were needed by us all. And I mention the matter here because it suggests one of the most important offices that a University has to fulfil, that of teaching its scholars, and through them the general public, how to bear without malice and without rebellion, the plainest of parliamentary speech in matters that concern the truth. Only the academic life can teach a nation the true freedom of enlightened controversy.

There used to be a tale, doubtless mythical, current among us at Baltimore, concerning one of our number, a certain X, a decidedly young man, who, according to this tale, had expressed opinions, on a particular matter of scholarship, such as did not meet the approval of his academic senior, a very popular professor, N. Hereupon, as it chanced, N very pleasantly announced his intention of reading, before a University Society (composed of specialists) a paper refuting the expressed views of X. The latter, as very decidedly the junior, was at once elated and terrified by his novel situation. Just before the meeting where the paper was to be read, N, who was the soul of hospitality, and who invited us young men often to his table, approached X, and, in his accustomed informal fashion, asked the latter to dine with him on the following Sunday. "Sir," replied the proud and blushing young scholar, in a tone of great self-control and earnestness, "I shall be delighted to dine with you, in case, at the conclusion of the controversy to-day, I find that we are still upon terms of cordial friendship."

Yes, the University spirit was in more ways than one a hard thing to acquire! The life of learning that was to be more than mere "discipline;" of love for truth that was to be also a love for seeking new truth; the life of academic freedom that was to involve at once the most loyal mutual friendliness of scholars, and the sternest justice toward all lapses in scholarship—this was still a somewhat new thing, after all, in America. I do not imagine that Baltimore had in those days any monopoly in the pursuit of this spirit. I know that it had not. But I speak of the hopes that used to bloom in those first days in Baltimore, because, after all, they must have been fairly typical; and if I have ventured for the moment upon what seems mere gossip, it is because I have fancied that it has some suggestions about it of the nature of the genuine academic ideal.

III.

I SUPPOSE that there can be no doubt of the great influence of the Johns Hopkins University upon what has happened since. The growth of the University spirit was in any case a matter foreordained; but the popular prominence not unjustly given to the admirable Baltimore enterprise has affected the remotest corners of the land. The endowment and beginning of three highly noteworthy Universities within the last few years, all of them with programmes of an ambitious character, and with ideals of a nobly academic elevation, has shown how much the public interest has now been aroused. These three institutions, Clark University at Worcester, the new University to be begun at Chicago, the Stanford University in California, are all of them indeed only buckling on the armor which, as one may warmly hope, they will never be obliged to take off. But if good resolutions are not everything, we are none of us yet free from the necessity of making our good resolutions go a great way toward determining our academic standing.

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The American University is still in its storm and stress period. The rapidity of its changes is often almost appalling. Yet one has every reason to believe that these changes are, for the most part, healthy.

If one asks for signs that the new movement is not a forced or an artificial one, the strongest sort of evidence is suggested by such experience as that of the last few years at Cambridge, in respect to our relations to the country at large. The philosophical department, in which I am a teacher, surely stands for something that one might call, in this "materialistic" age and country, an academic luxury, if any department deserved such a name at all. When I began to teach at Cambridge, nine years ago, philosophy still seemed to be generally regarded as such a mere luxury, at least outside of Cambridge. If ambitious students consulted one as to their chances of getting employment somewhere as teachers of philosophy, in case they should continue their academic studies with that intent, one had to tell them that the chances were poor. One had rather to discourage their ambition. Within these few years, how much the scene has changed! Now we hear with comparative frequency of new and still vacant places for which our advanced students have an opportunity to apply; and ambitious students of philosophy no longer timidly ask advice, but courageously demand an opportunity for advanced work, and often come from a great distance, from the Provinces, from the South, from California, to get it. Other departments have had similar experiences. The increase of the numbers, of the hopefulness, and of the academic ambitions of graduate students here at Cambridge is, however, in no wise an exceptional fact. The President of Yale makes mention of a similar increase in all his recent reports. In 1886–87, Yale University had fifty-six graduate students, in the following year sixty-nine; in 1888–89, eighty-one students, and at the beginning in 1890–91, one hundred and four, of whom "one-half of the whole body," as President Dwight tells us, are from other institutions of learning. Our own catalogue at Cambridge shows this year one hundred and ten resident students in the Graduate School, of whom a goodly proportion are from other institutions. Nearly all these persons aim to make teaching a part of their future career. Many of them hope with just confidence for high academic success.

The changes of organization and administration that in several of the old institutions have accompanied this increasing interest in higher graduate work, are too minute and complex in their details to admit of any fair discussion here. The most noteworthy transformation that has attracted public attention seems to be the reorganization at Columbia, attendant upon the new administration of President Low. Of this President Low's own Report, of October, 1890, gives us a full general account. The matter is one of representative interest. Up to the time of the change, as President Low tells us, the various "schools" at Columbia, including the Collegiate department proper, with its supplementary graduate courses, the "School of Political Science," and the Schools of Law and Mines, had each "its own faculty; and each school was administered without any reference to the others, almost without any consciousness of the others." In consequence, the true University spirit was of necessity lacking to the organization. Individual instructors might possess such a spirit or not. Yet "the attitude of the institution toward the student was one of multiplied opportunities, but opportunities held more or less out of relation to each other." The reorganization has been, then, first of all a unification under the influence of University ideals. One who has had any opportunity to learn of the progress of the discussion at Columbia which terminated in the reorganization, must observe with satisfaction how, despite considerable doubt and opposition, the University ideal finally triumphed, and that too at a moment almost precisely contemporaneous with an academic reorganization with us at Cambridge —a change much more limited in extent than the one at Columbia, but inspired by the same general ideals. What is common to our recent changes and to those at Columbia is, that they aim finally to free the Graduate department

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from its old bondage to the ideals and the paramount influence of the collegiate course, and to make it all the sooner what in time it is sure to become—the most important department in the University.

I have thus spoken of two characteristic recent movements: that toward the direct enlargement of the Graduate departments of our Universities, and that toward such a reorganization of the University life as shall put these departments obviously and prominently where they ought to be—at the head. Cornell University, which has also been prominent in the foregoing movements, has just given us a striking illustration of another and *third* tendency, whereof we can all of us show some examples, although few indeed among these examples could rival this of Cornell's. This tendency is one of the most important of all.

The University, as we have now seen, grows toward oneness of life, which is its great glory. It grows, too, toward academic freedom, which means the subordination of so-called "disciplinary" ends to the true goal of scholarship (namely, the advance of human learning). It also grows toward what one might call cephalization (whereby I mean the setting of the highest work prominently at the head, and the making of graduate instruction not a supplementary, but a paramount thing). But now, while all this goes on, the organism that is thus unifying as a whole, is at the same time sharply differentiating in its parts. If any tendency besides the two heretofore illustrated is characteristic of recent years among us, it is the high development and the clear distinction of the various "departments" in the strict academic sense of the word—such departments, I mean, as that of history or of philosophy. The cultivation and encouragement of original work by advanced students, the growth of laboratory and of "seminary" methods of doing such work, or of getting ready to do it, the academic interest in "specialties," the needs of well-defined elective courses for higher degrees—all these things have tended to force the various departments into a relatively distinct and independently self-conscious life, such as the old days of the collegiate course never knew. In historical instruction—as was shown by the elaborate government report on "Instruction in History in American Universities," prepared not long since by Dr. Herbert Adams, of Baltimore—the organization of departmental work has been for a number of years very progressive and elaborate. In the natural sciences also, which in this, as in so many other matters of University life, took the initiative, laboratories and museums have long since been natural centres of departmental organization. But in the other departments organization has grown in a very unequal fashion. Nowadays, however, the constant tendency is toward equality of organization in all directions. The department of philosophy, owing to the varieties of opinion and method prevalent among its teachers, seems an especially hard one to organize on a large scale, and still with a due respect for the freedom of teaching. However, we ourselves have tried to solve the problem at Cambridge, with six instructors in the department, and a considerable variety of opinions represented. And now appear the announcement of the "Susan Linn Sage School of Philosophy" at Cornell University, with eight teachers, with a Journal of Philosophy, with courses covering both undergraduate and professional work up to a decidedly high grade, and with attention given to the History of Philosophy, to Philosophical Theory, to Ethics, to Psychology, and to Pedagogy. And thus the cheerful emulation in well-doing goes on. By this step, meanwhile, Cornell gives the most brilliant illustration, easily possible, of the whole departmental tendency of the time.

To these three noteworthy tendencies of recent academic life must be added as fourth a constant increase in the number of University publications—journals of special science, monographs, and minor contributions to advancing knowledge. To the importance of this function of the modern University a separate paper would be needed to do justice. And this function is still in its infancy.

Fifth and finally, as a significant but still problematic tendency, indicated by more than one recent discussion, one

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may mention a disposition to re-examine the basis upon which the traditional degrees have been given. The proposed shortening of the course for the Bachelor's degree — the "Three-Years Course" (so-called) which the Harvard Faculty devised a year since, and which the Overseers have now set aside, was no entire anomaly among recent proposals, but only a suggestion of one fashion at least in which, in future, the development of the University in its wholeness is likely to react upon undergraduate life, namely, by altering for general and organic reasons the somewhat arbitrary lines of classification that tradition has adopted. The growth of the elective system at Cambridge is already an expression of this reaction of the developing University spirit upon the traditional college course. The permission of the substitutes for one ancient language in the admission requirements, is another instance of the same sort. The new plan was merely an effort to alter, mainly in the interests of the higher academic work, the conventional boundaries that separate the undergraduate from his more advanced brother. In its form as adopted by the Faculty, this plan now belongs to "ancient history." But similar alterations of classification are sure to be offered in the future, and, in one form or another, to succeed.

IV.

Such are some of the tendencies of the University life of to-day in this country. To sum it all up, desires that were often called by their enemies merely "materialistic" and "popular," mere cravings for the basely "practical;" and studies that were often rather unwisely praised by their admirers as being solely devoted to "things," and not at all, like literary studies, to "words:" these began to affect the American College of the second quarter of the century. The stimulus of these new interests broadened and intensified our national life, reacted advantageously upon literary study itself, sent our young men abroad for guidance, and at length prepared us to try in earnest for a higher University life of our own. This new life is just now in the midst of a most rapid growth, in which a large number of institutions share. Noteworthy is throughout the fact that the modern University does not tend to be either "materialistic," or merely "practical," but is daily growing more idealistic, more a cultivator of pure and noble theory, more devoted to truth for its own sake. No department is just now prospering with a more rapid progress in attracting students than is the department of philosophical study, notoriously the least "practical" of all. And yet, in all this, the modern University is not losing its hold upon the life of the nation. The old College was indeed a thing apart. The new University, with all its high devotion to theory, is yet, in a deeper sense, wisely near to the people, and is on the whole, as numerous generous endowments show, most cordially supported by them. Its labors, although in the highest degree theoretical, are losing more and more the false abstraction which has been too often characteristic of the learned. The modern University study of Political Science is educating the public for that serious time of grave social dangers which seems to be not far off. Academic work in Natural Science is constantly opening new fields to the industrial arts, and giving new insights into the business of life. Academic study of Philosophy is preparing the way for a needed spiritual guidance in the religious crisis which is rapidly becoming so serious. All these matters are of the office of the University. They were *not*, in former days, a prominent part of the work of the College.

If, in view of all this growth, one still asks, What is the Ideal of the modern University? then I venture to answer: The traditional college had as its chosen office the training of individual minds. The modern University has as its highest business, to which all else is subordinate, the organization and the advance of Learning. Not that the individual minds are now neglected. They are wisely regarded as the servants of the one great cause. But the real mind which the University has to train is the mind of the nation, that concrete

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social mind whereof we are all ministers and instruments. The daily business of the University is therefore, first of all, the creation and the advance of learning, as the means whereby the national mind can be trained.

But perhaps some reader may still ask the question: What, in all this growth of higher University life, is to become of the undergraduate? Will he not be made too subordinate a being, in view of these lofty ideals of the University? As a matter of fact, the great numbers and the large significance of the undergraduates, in every university, insure and always will insure the closest attention to their needs and interests, however much the ideal of the University grows upon us, however lofty the more organic and national purposes of our academic work become. Of undergraduates and their specific wants, of the relative merits of "disciplinary" and "elective" courses, this paper has not to speak. Yet of the proper place of the undergraduate in the organism of a great University I have a pretty decided notion, which I should like to express as I close. It is this: In the true University the undergraduate ought to feel himself a novice in an order of learned servants of the ideal—a novice who, if in turn he be found willing and worthy, may be admitted, after his first degree, to the toils and privileges of this order as a graduate or, still later, as a teacher; but who, on the other hand, if, as will most frequently happen, he is not for this calling, will be sent back to the world, enriched by his undergraduate years of intercourse with his fellows, and with elder men, and progressive scholars. The ideal academic life then is *not* organized expressly for him. And yet he will gain by the very fact that it *is* organized for higher aims and upon more significant principles than his individual interests directly involve. It is a mistake to think *first* of "disciplining" the undergraduate mind, and *then* of higher academic purposes. First let us seek the highest, which is organized scholarship. Then let us give ample time, teachers, and oversight to the undergraduates, but let what we do for them be informed by the true University spirit; that is, let us treat them just *as* novices preparing to enter the higher scholarly life in some one of the multitudinous departments of modern research, and let us train them *as if they were* all known to be worthy of such a calling. Most of them will not be worthy, and will return ere long to the outer world, or else, in the more "practical" of the learned professions will keep nearer to the world of research, but will not dwell in it. To such we shall have given our best if we have regarded them for the time as possible future colleagues, as beginners in constructive wisdom, and have tried to give them our best ideals as to how one labors when one is a scholar. For what is scholarship but spiritual construction. And what better "discipline" can a mind get than the contagion of the enthusiasm for serious, toilsome, and spiritual constructiveness, as he may get it in three or four years hard work under wise masters in any of the liberal Arts and Sciences?

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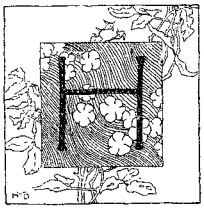
CAPTAIN JOE AND JAMIE.

A STORY OF THE TANTRAMAR TIDES.

By Charles G. D. Roberts.



OW the wind roared in from the sea over the Tantramar dyke!

It was about sunset, and a fierce orange-red gleam thrusting itself through a rift in the clouds that blackened the sky, cast a strange glow over the wide, desolate marshes. A mile back rose the dark line of the uplands, with small, white farm-houses already hidden in shadow.

Captain Joe Boultbee had just left his wagon standing in the dyke-road, with his four-year-old boy on the seat. He was on the point of crossing the dyke, to visit the little landing-place where he kept his boat, when above the rush and whistle of the gale he heard Jamie's voice. He hurried back a few paces before he could make out what the little fellow was saying.

"Pap," cried the child, "I want to get out of the wagon. 'Fraid Bill goin' to run away!"

"Oh, nonsense!" answered Captain Joe. "Bill won't run away. He doesn't know how. You stay there, and don't be frightened, and I'll be right back."

"But, pap, the wind blows me too hard," piped the small voice, pleadingly.

"Oh, all right," said the father, and returning to the wagon he lifted the child gently down and set him on his feet. "Now," he continued, "it's too windy for you out on the other side of the dyke. You run over and sit on that big stick, where the wind can't get at you, and wait for me. And be sure you don't let Bill run away."

As he spoke the Captain noticed that the horse, ordinarily one of the most stolid of creatures, seemed to-night peculiarly uneasy; with his head up in the air he was sniffing nervously, and glancing from side to side. As Jamie was trudging through the long grass to the seat which his father had shown him, the Captain said, "Why, Bill *does* seem scary, after all; who'd have thought this wind would scare *him?*"

"Bill don't like it," replied Jamie; "it blows him too hard." And, glad to be out of the gale, which took his breath away, the little fellow seated himself contentedly in the shelter of the dyke. Just then there was a clatter of wheels and a crash. Bill had whirled sharply about in the narrow road, upsetting and smashing the light wagon.

Now, utterly heedless of his master's angry shouts, he was galloping in mad haste back toward the uplands, with the fragments of the wagon at his heels. The Captain and Jamie watched him

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flying before the wind, a red spectre in the lurid light. Then, turning away once more to see to his boat, the Captain remarked, "Well, laddie, I guess we'll have to foot it back when we get through here. But Bill's going to have a licking for this!"

Left to himself, Jamie crouched down behind the dyke, a strange, solitary little figure in the wide waste of the marshes. Though the full force of the gale could not reach him, his long fair curls were blown across his face, and he clung determinedly to his small, round hat. For a while he watched the beam of red light, till the jagged fringe of clouds closed over it, and it was gone. Then, in the dusk, he began to feel a little frightened; but he knew his father would soon be back, and he didn't like to call him again. He listened to the waves washing, surging, beating, roaring, on the shoals beyond the dyke. Presently he heard them, every now and then, thunder in against the very dyke itself; upon this he grew more frightened, and called to his father several times; but of course the small voice was drowned in the tumult of wind and wave, and the father, working eagerly on the other side of the dyke, heard no sound of it.

Close by the shelter in which Jamie was crouching there were several great tubs, made by sawing molasses hogsheads into halves. These tubs, in fishing season, were carried by the fishermen in their boats, to hold the shad as they were taken from the net. Now they stood empty and dry, but highly flavored with memories of their office. Into the nearest tub Jamie crawled, after having shouted in vain to his father.

To the child's loneliness and fear the tub looked "cosey," as he called it. He curled up in the bottom, and felt a little comforted.

Jamie was the only child of Captain Joe Boultbee. When Jamie was about two years old, the Captain had taken the child and his mother on a voyage to Brazil. While calling at Barbadoes the young mother had caught the yellow fever. There she had died, and was buried. After that voyage Captain Joe had given up his ship, and retired to his father's farm at Tantramar. There he devoted himself to Jamie and the farm, but to Jamie especially; and in the summer, partly for amusement, partly for profit, he was accustomed to spend a few weeks in drifting for shad on the wild tides of Chignecto Bay. Wherever he went, Jamie went. If the weather was too rough for Jamie, Captain Joe stayed at home. As for the child, petted without being spoiled, he was growing a tough and manly little soul, and daily more and more the delight of his father's heart.

Why should he leave him curled up in his tub on the edge of the marshes, on a night so wild? In truth, though the wind was tremendous, and now growing to a veritable hurricane, there was no apparent danger or great hardship on the marshes. It was not cold, and there was no rain.

Captain Joe, foreseeing a heavy gale, together with a tide higher than usual, had driven over to the dyke to make his little craft more secure.

He found the boat already in confusion; and the wind, when once he had crossed out of the dyke's shelter, was so much more violent than he had expected, that it took him some time to get things "snugged up." He felt that Jamie was all right, as long as he was out of the wind. He was only a stone's throw distant, though hidden by the great rampart of the dyke. But the Captain began to wish that he had left the little fellow at home, as he knew the long walk over the rough road, in the dark and the furious gale, would sorely tire the sturdy little legs. Every now and then, as vigorously and cheerfully he worked in the pitching smack, the Captain sent a shout of greeting over the dyke to keep the little lad from getting lonely. But the storm blew his voice far up into the clouds, and Jamie, in his tub, never heard it.

By the time Captain Joe had put everything shipshape, he noticed that his plunging boat was drifted close to the dyke. He had never before seen the tide reach such a height. The waves that were rocking the little craft so violently, were a mere back-wash from the great seas which, as he now observed with a pang, were thundering in a little further up the coast. Just at this spot

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the dyke was protected from the full force of the storm by Snowdon's Point. "What if the dyke should break up yonder, and this fearful tide get in on the marshes?" thought the Captain, in a sudden anguish of apprehension. Leaving the boat to dash itself to pieces if it liked, he clambered in breathless haste out on to the top of the dyke, shouting to Jamie as he did so. There was no answer. Where he had left the little one but a half-hour back, the tide was seething three or four feet deep over the grasses.

Dark as the night had grown, it grew blacker before the father's eyes. For an instant his heart stood still with horror, then he sprang down into the flood. The water boiled up nearly to his armpits. With his feet he felt the great timber, fastened in the dyke, on which his boy had been sitting. He peered through the dark, with straining eyes grown preternaturally keen. He could see nothing on the wide, swirling surface save two or three dark objects, far out in the marsh. These he recognized at once as his fish-tubs gone afloat. Then he ran up the dyke toward the Point. "Surely," he groaned in his heart, "Jamie has climbed up the dyke when he saw the water coming, and I'll find him along the top here, somewhere, looking and crying for me!"

Then, running like a madman along the narrow summit, with a band of iron tightening about his heart, the Captain reached the Point, where the dyke took its beginning.

No sign of the little one; but he saw the marshes everywhere laid waste. Then he turned round and sped back, thinking perhaps Jamie had wandered in the other direction. Passing the now buried landing-place, he saw with a curious distinctness, as if in a picture, that the boat was turned bottom up, and, as it were, glued to the side of the dyke.

Suddenly he checked his speed with a violent effort, and threw himself upon his face, clutching the short grasses of the dyke. He had just saved himself from falling into the sea. Had he had time to think, he might not have tried to save himself, believing as he did that the child who was his very life had perished. But the instinct of self-preservation had asserted itself blindly, and just in time. Before his feet the dyke was washed away, and through the chasm the waves were breaking furiously.

Meanwhile, what had become of Jamie?

The wind had made him drowsy, and before he had been many minutes curled up in the tub, he was sound asleep.

When the dyke gave way, some distance from Jamie's queer retreat, there came suddenly a great rush of water among the tubs, and some were straightway floated off. Then others a little heavier followed, one by one; and, last of all, the heaviest, that containing Jamie and his fortunes. The water rose rapidly, but back here there came no waves, and the child slept as peacefully as if at home in his crib. Little the Captain thought, when his eyes wandered over the floating tubs, that the one nearest to him was freighted with his heart's treasure! And well it was that Jamie did not hear his shouts and wake! Had he done so, he would have at once sprung to his feet, and been tipped out into the flood.

By this time the great tide had reached its height. Soon it began to recede, but slowly, for the storm kept the waters gathered, as it were, into a heap at the head of the bay. All night the wind raged on, wrecking the smacks and schooners along the coast, breaking down the dykes in a hundred places, flooding all the marshes, and drowning many cattle in the salt pastures. All night the Captain, hopeless and mute in his agony of grief, lay clutching the grasses on the dyke-top, not noticing when at length the waves ceased to drench him with their spray. All night, too, slept Jamie in his tub.

Right across the marsh the strange craft drifted before the wind, never getting into the region where the waves were violent. Such motion as there was —and at times it was somewhat lively— seemed only to lull the child to a sounder slumber. Toward daybreak the tub grounded at the foot of the uplands, not far from the edge of the road. The waters gradually slunk away, as if ashamed of their wild vagaries. And still the child slept on.

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As the light broke over the bay, coldly pink and desolately gleaming, Captain Joe got up and looked about him. His eyes were tearless, but his face was gray and hard, and deep lines had stamped themselves across it during the night.

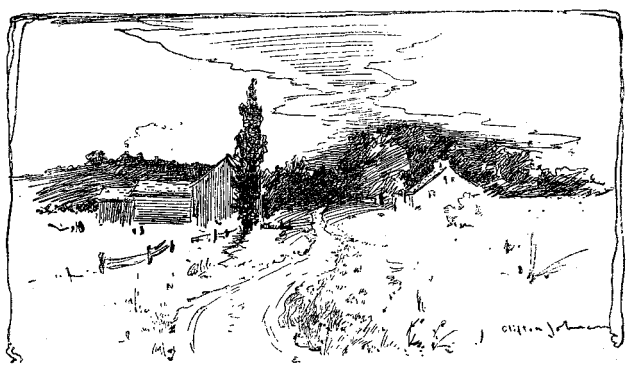
Seeing that the marshes were again uncovered, save for great shallow pools left here and there, he set out to find the body of his boy. After wandering aimlessly for perhaps an hour, the Captain began to study the direction in which the wind had been blowing. This was almost exactly with the road which led to his home on the uplands. As he noticed this, a wave of pity crossed his heart, at thought of the terrible anxiety his father and mother had all that night been enduring. Then in an instant there seemed to unroll before him the long, slow years of the desolation of that home without Jamie.

All this time he was moving along the soaking road, scanning the marsh in every direction. When he had covered about half the distance, he was aware of his father, hastening with feeble eagerness to meet him.

The night of watching had made the old man haggard, but his face lit up at sight of his son. As he drew near, however, and saw no sign of Jamie, and marked the look upon the Captain's face, the gladness died out as quickly as it had come. When the two men met, the elder put out his hand in silence, and the younger clasped it. There was no room for words. Side by side the two walked slowly homeward. With restless eyes, ever dreading lest they should find that which they sought, the father and son looked everywhere—except in a certain old fish-tub which they passed. The tub stood a little to one side of the road. Just at this time a sparrow lit on the tub's edge, and uttered a loud and startled chirp at sight of the sleeping child. As the bird flew off precipitately, Jamie opened his eyes, and gazed up in astonishment at the blue sky over his head. He stretched out his hand and felt the rough sides of the tub. Then, in complete bewilderment, he clambered to his feet. Why, there was his father, walking away somewhere without him! And grandpapa, too! Jamie felt aggrieved.

"Pap!" he cried, in a loud but fearful voice, "where you goin' to?"

A great wave of light seemed to break across the landscape, as the two men turned and saw the little golden head shining, dishevelled, over the edge of the tub. The Captain caught his breath with a sort of sob, and rushed to snatch the little one in his arms; while the grandfather fell on his knees in the road, and his trembling lips moved silently.



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THE POINT OF VIEW.

If the late M. Adolphe de Bacourt, who, nevertheless, is hardly a quarter of a century dead, could read the discussion now going on in France as to the "Mémoires" of Talleyrand, he would realize a puzzling change in the standard of history-writing. This most amiable and accomplished gentleman, to whose good faith and delicate sense of honor all who knew him bear most hearty testimony, was the survivor of the two literary executors, of whom the Duchesse de Talleyrand, the niece of the Prince by marriage, was the other, to whom the preparation of the "Mémoires" was entrusted, and it was to him that the completion of the work fell after the death of the Duchesse. His niece, Madame de Martel, known to lovers of modern French fiction as "Gyp," gives a most amusing account of the zeal and absorbing devotion with which the materials left by Talleyrand were worked up by her uncle. "It was," she says, "his unique preoccupation, his only idea. *Il en était comme hypnotisé.*" "He passed eight consecutive years *en tête à tête* with the papers, and knew them by heart." But now that the copy made by him has been printed, and, according to the Duc de Broglie, the editor, printed with absolute fidelity, it is found that the result is something very different from, and very much less than, what was expected. Naturally the first question that occurs to the mind of the modern student of history is: Where are the original manuscripts, with which the actual publication may be compared, the faith of the present editors be tested, and the nature and extent of the variations be determined? This question, raised with authority by M. F. A. Aulard, professor at the Sorbonne of the History of the Revolution, was at first politely and ingeniously evaded by the Duc de Broglie, who sought to hide it under an elaborate history of M. de Bacourt's copy. But it was pressed by M. Aulard, and after a while came this remarkable statement by the Duc de Broglie: "As to the notes, manuscripts, copies, and dictated matter on which M. de Bacourt declares that he worked, I have never pretended to have found them in the legacy made to us, the sole deposit, nevertheless, for which I was responsible to the public. The Talleyrand family, of whom I did not neglect to inquire, declare that they never possessed them." And so we have to-day in the "Mémoires" what is certainly a valuable work—there are chapters in it, such as those recounting his own youth, or describing the *ancien régime*, or the theatre at Erfurt, with its "pit full of kings," or the meeting of Napoleon with the Weimar demi-god of letters, that are unique—but still a work discredited in part, and in part obviously defective. It is not easy to see who is responsible for this unpleasant result if not M. de Bacourt, and if he was responsible he clearly felt that he was doing his whole duty. It is not that he was less scrupulous than the historian of to-day, but that the acknowledged obligation of the time was different. It was not to the truth, nor even to the text of the author, that an editor was bound to be faithful, but to the

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fame of his hero, as he believed it would be brightest. Americans ought to feel this change as deeply as the French. The Reverend Mr. Sparks was not less mischievously devoted to his conception of Washington than de Bacourt to his ideal of Talleyrand. And it is but within the last two years that we have begun to learn, from the admirable work of Mr. Henry Adams, what manner of man was the real Jefferson. Franklin, as we know him through Mr. Bigelow's edition of his works, with the autobiography, is not at all the Franklin of tradition. There are "brilliant" historians of America who are scarcely less *arrièrés* in method and conception than poor M. de Bacourt. Heaven knows where this change will land us. I remember with a certain shudder when I held on my knee the little lad who is now editing with singular care and sound erudition one of the most important collections of the correspondence of the "Fathers," and he does not call himself a historian.

One of the most amusing features of the current activity in American fiction is surely the attempt to Frenchify it. That such an attempt is being made must, I think, be plain to everyone who follows the literary movement among us and notes its eccentricities as well as its main drift — quite as easy a thing to do, by the way. "Gallicising" would perhaps be the better word if I meant the effort for greater perfection of form and a correcter literary attitude than is traditional with us. This effort is clear also in much of the contemporary experimentation in this field. Reviewers are constantly holding up French models to our writers of stories; much of the talk in our half-critical, half-gossipy papers is about current French literature; probably more people, "literary" and other, have recently received a new and stimulating sensation from Maupassant's stories ("chosen and translated" of course) than a short time ago had heard of his name. But the sense in which Anglo-Saxons are wont to use the verb "to Frenchify" is more accurately descriptive of the current effort, illustrated by many and applauded by more of our *littérateurs*, to widen the range of subject-matter in American fiction and deal with those sides of life which Anglo-Saxon literature of the present day in general assumes to be unfit for literary treatment.

The discussion of the advisability of more frankness in our fiction is very familiar, and anyone would be temeritous in hoping to throw any new light on it, no doubt. The paleness of the said fiction has been acknowledged on all hands, defended by some and deplored by others in most thoroughgoing fashion. But I must say I think the practice of the revolutionists—and though they are not so numerous by any means as their apologists and sympathizers they are respectably numerous, when you consider the *velléités* of many a short story as well as the *bravura* of the emancipated novelettes and novels — is considerably more illuminating than any express contribution to the theoretical discussion hitherto. And in this way. The argument for greater frankness is summed up in the declaration that it is puerile to neglect in literature any important side of life. Yet the practice of our writers of fiction who have either frankly "thrown their caps over the mill," or shown a coy disposition to do so on further encouragement, has been to neglect life entirely.

This is so plainly the fact as to be really ludicrous. By all odds the least realistic of our romancers have been these revolutionists, posing as protomartyrs in a cause which, to be sure, requires especial courage, but which is not at all the cause that they fancied it—which is, on the contrary, much more nearly the cause that their Philistine opponents fancied it. The sort of thing to deal with which was, in their estimation, to warm the pallor of American fiction, does not, for literary purposes, exist in American life. That is to say, though sporadically it may be frequent it is not frequent enough to be typical; and literature that deals with exceptions instead of types is not literature at all. It is not only that American society is, as Mr. Henry James (who seems to be becoming an excellent authority) says, "probably the most innocent in the world." It is far more that it is insufficiently specialized for purposes like those of the romancers who resent its pallor and sigh for a more incarnadined general tone. To take—in their way—the pallor out of the American girl or woman, for example, requires an effort of the imagination. And their attempts in

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this direction are invariably such efforts. Their work, in a word, is not realistic at all—which is its only excuse; it is purely imaginative—and, this being the case, no demonstration is needed to show that it is more than commonly inexcusable.

The induction, however, is not that American life is as pale as the conventional representation of it in literature—that our ordinary fiction, in other words, is an accurate mirror of our society. It is rather that our revolutionary romancers have had their imaginations so touched by a treatment which, thoroughly realistic in its own environment, is absolutely arid and artificial as applied to American society, that their works are as essentially conventional as those against which they are a protest; and that a treatment which should be really realistic might be as frank and free as it chose for all that can be inferred in the opposite direction from either the old native or the new exotic conventionality. The truth is, the "young girl" who is charged with such a hostile and credited with such a beneficent influence on literature is in great degree a myth, so far as her tyrannous censorship of literature is concerned. She exists, she is very articulate, she is in her way very influential, she must—perhaps—be counted with; but she can be circumvented. Hawthorne had no difficulty in doing so. She is the mainstay of societies devoted to the study of the authors of "Troilus and Cressida," of "Pippa Passes," and of "Anna Karénina." Possibly, indeed, she is destined to keep our literature pure in intention while permitting it to become realistic in fact; in which event she may be forgiven her inexorable and inexpugnable hostility to what is neither—to what, in brief, proceeds from a fundamental incapacity to deal with the only material American novelists have to deal with.

Is it not, when one comes to think about it, carrying the charitable appeal to rather a shrill pitch to ask an author to make a free contribution of himself to what are known as author's readings? In the author's reading what attracts is usually, not the composition or the elocution, but the author's personality. Some authors combine with authorship the avocation of lecturer or of platform reader or reciter; and the names of these may, indeed, allure to the author's reading by the promise of pleasure in the performance rather than in the spectacle. But such authors, while sometimes chosen, are not the most desirable for the author's reading, since they are before the public often, and curiosity has frequent opportunities to satisfy itself regarding them. The great "card" for the author's reading, the man who really makes the author's reading go, is the shy and sequestered author; the author who has brought his name into wide publicity but kept his person obscure. He, in nine instances out of ten, is a person with a piping voice, who doesn't know just where to look when he sits on a stage before a staring assemblage, and who, when he comes to read a passage from his writings, reads it as if it were a passage from some other man's and full of hard words. Nor do his writings always furnish a passage adapted to a reading-out. Yet the sight of him suffices; that alone is what the people came for. The sound of his voice adds, of course, a certain interest to the spectacle, giving assurance that the literary notability, besides being there in the flesh, is there also in life.

The author's reading, then, imposes upon the author the task of exhibiting, not his talents or achievements, but himself; of stepping before a company of curious spectators and showing them whether he is tall or short, fat or lean, fair or dark, well-clad or ill-clad, easy or awkward; whether he is the man they have fancied him as they followed him in his writings, or whether he is not. So far as the nature of the service is concerned, the case were no different were he called upon to stand behind a brass rail at the Eden Musée, like the World's Rulers done in wax, and be scrutinized from crown to corn.

If the author were a Chinese giant, or a play-house nymph, or a Boston classic posturer of Celtic extraction, looking mainly to his physique for his livelihood, he could submit to such a service as the author's reading exacts with a better grace. He would then be but continuing, for once as a gratuity, his wonted vocation—an honest vocation, if not a particularly high one. But for men outside this narrow circle, we all recognize that exhibition of oneself is not quite nice; and certainly sweet charity

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asks much when she solicits the author to it. Presenting herself, though, as she no doubt often does, in the guise of a maiden of slender waist, fresh cheeks, and fine eyes, and clad in a ravishing tailor-made gown, how can the secluded author, rarely much endowed with worldly wisdom, resist her, especially when she prefers her request, not as a plain business proposal—so much money for so much service—but as a very particular favor? A man may decline to make money for himself (though few ever try it) and incur no ill-will. But to refuse, when it is asked as a mere favor, to let himself be looked at for an hour or two—a thing that can cost him nothing—that involves the hazard of being set down as sullen, or selfish, or priggish.

However, it may be that the authors themselves are not in the least conscious of the embarrassments which the author's reading entails upon them; for this little token of sympathy comes from one who has never been called upon personally to deal with these embarrassments, and who is so remote from authorship that he isn't even eligible to disappointment at his perfect immunity. Possibly, by reason of this remoteness, he over-rates the author's sensibility as much as he has fancied that the zealous daughters of charity over-rate the author's vanity. With this possibility in view, he will send up no petition to the legislature, he will not even organize a club to eat a good dinner at Delmonico's, in reformation of the abuse.

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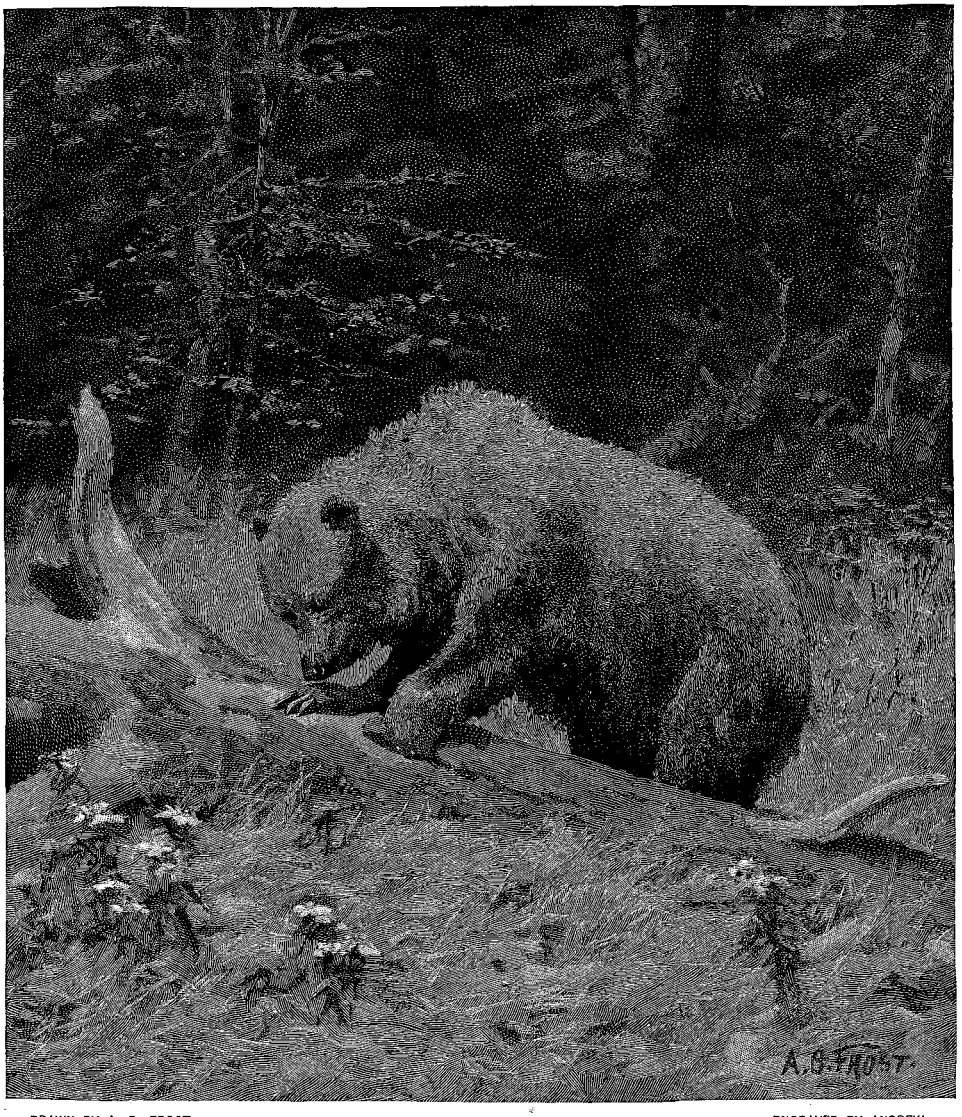

DRAWN BY A. B. FROST. ENGRAVED BY ANDREW.

BEAR IN THE MOUNTAINS.

"It is interesting to watch them . . . . tearing open fallen trees."

—*Hunting American Big Game*, page 450.

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